







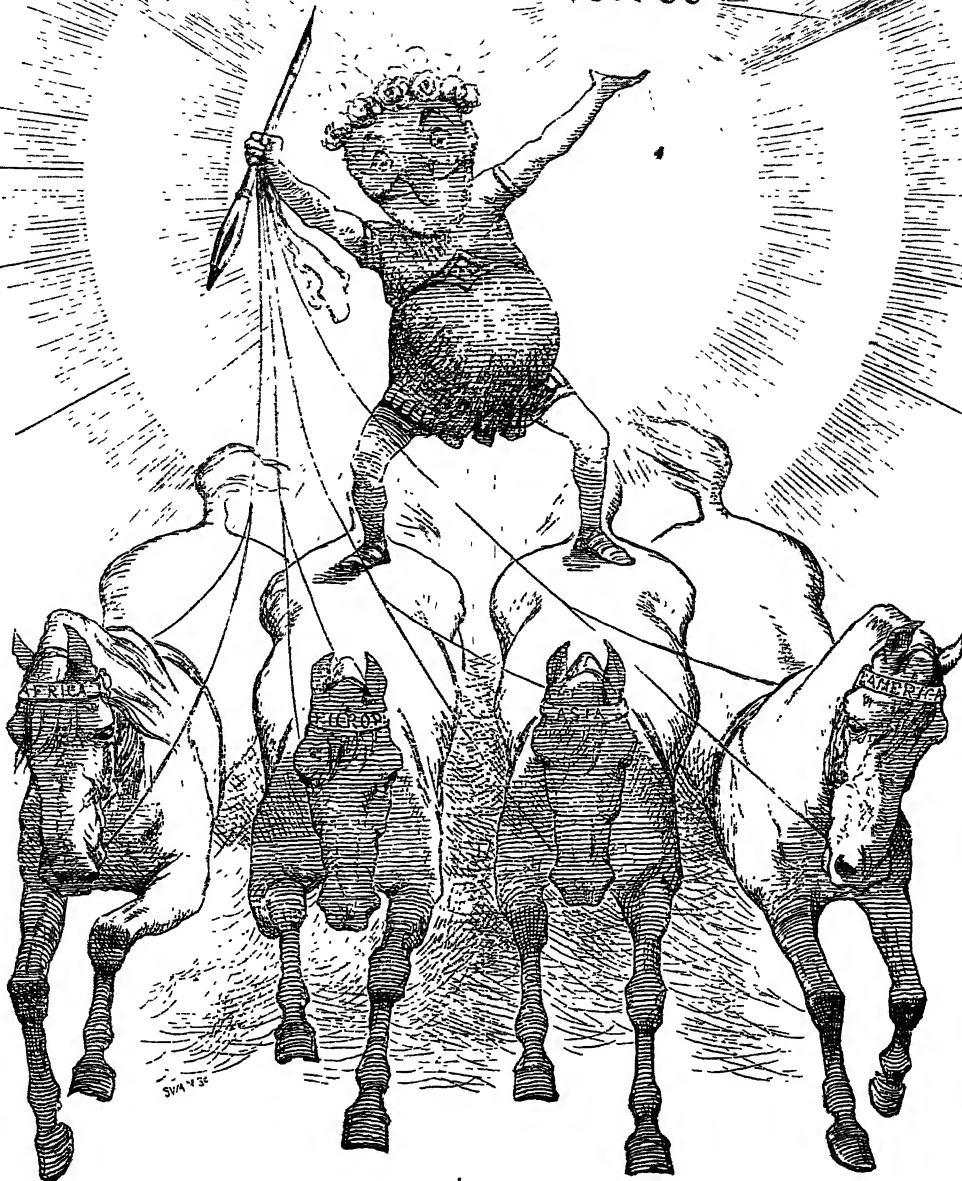






C-1865

VOL 85



27

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1883.

LONDON:  
SEALEBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



"I DRAW, and am not 'drawn,'" said Mr. PUNCH, with significant, though courteous sententiousness.

Brother JONATHAN cast his eyes, gleaming with appreciation and an imminent joke, around the Sage's "snuggery."

"Wal, Siree," said he, winkishly. "I don't know about 'drawn,' but I'll be hanged if you are not comfortably 'quartered.'"

TOBY, who was enacting the part of canine Ganymede, for the occasion, yapped suggestively.

"I guess the *genius loci* inspired me that time, TOBY," said JONATHAN, accepting, and appropriately applying, a tumbler of (sophisticated) hot water. "But *won't* you come, Mister PUNCH?" he continued, entreatingly; "won't you really, now, old hoss?"

"Too old a 'hoss' to be 'trotted out,' friend JONATHAN," returned the Sage, with a genial wink.

"Why, everybody, who is anybody, stumps the States, now," pursued Mr. PUNCH's visitor, persuasively.

"Zero multiplied by a million is—zero," remarked Mr. PUNCH, oracularly.

"The bearings of that observation lie in its application, I suppose," said the American, after a pause and some digital manipulation. "I confess I can't quite 'cipher it up' myself."

"How many WILDES make a—precedent?" queried his host, pleasantly.

"Oh! pass OSCAR, and—and JUMBO," said JONATHAN, showing his teeth. "Preposterously puffed Pachyderms, both!"

"BARNUM's Big Show is not confined to the *Pachydermata*, I presume," said Mr. PUNCH, suggestively.

"But I'm not touting for the Big Showman, you know," responded JONATHAN. "Pyramids and six-foot posters. No!!! I'm on my own hook, I am. I invite you as the great *Anti-Humbug*. Law and Literature, Beauty and Beauty's lisping Parasite, Grotesque Art and Lucid Culture, all have had their turn. We are a Big Country, Sir, and we like to have a look at 'em all. If your Madame TUSSAUD could get her whole collection animated, à la PYGMALION's statue, and just send 'em round posing or preaching, or lolling or lecturing, we should rayther relish it. We can't have too many opinions upon the Atlantic and Niagara Falls, upon New York City and ligneous Nutmegs, upon Democratic Manners and the Republican Outlook! COLERIDGE wasn't half bad, and IRVING is more than half good. But we yearn for you, Sir!"

"Very natural and proper," said Mr. PUNCH.

"Then you'll come?"

"The inference is precipitate. All natural yearnings are not to be gratified. The child yearns for the Moon. You Americans yearn for the 'Stars'—our 'Stars.' You have had a perfect galaxy of them 'cavorting round' amongst you lately. But the Star of Stars is not a Wandering Star."

The American gentleman looked disappointed.

"Wal, Sir," he pursued, after a pause, devoted to deglutition; "it's mighty good of you to allow me to interview you *here*. I suppose I am at liberty to——"

"Libbaty's a kind o' thing That don't agree with—*interviewers*," interjected his host, pleasantly. "My good friend LOWELL—his health!—will pardon the adaptation, I'm sure."

"But," continued the pertinacious Yankee, "if you travelled with me, you could have your own special 'Interviewer' and Opinion Collector. *Vox stellarum*—the Voice of the 'Stars,' as Old MOORE hath it—can now be transmitted to the Public through the 'Star's' private phonograph, as it were. And just fancy what a dazzling sensation you would be! NORMAN LOCKYER's wonderful sunrises wouldn't be in it with your auroral avatar!"

"You will not get that particular 'rise' out of *me*," responded MR. PUNCH, with decision. "There 's a flavour of BARNUM about the whole business uncongenial to the soul of PUNCH."

"Himself the great original Showman!" subjoined Brother JONATHAN, silyly.

"And, therefore, not requiring to be 'run' by any other 'Boss,'" added MR. PUNCH, quietly. "TOBY, another tumbler!"

"Sounds as if he were in the acrobatic line."—(TOBY gave a sly pug-chuckle all to himself.)—"Would *he* come?" inquired the American, gazing admiringly upon the Dog of Dogs.

"TOBY," said MR. PUNCH, "is as Cosmopolitan as his Master, and as indisposed to be *exploité*. TOBY loves your country, as I do. Witty LOWELL, and delightful ABBEY, and beautiful MARY ANDERSON share MR. PUNCH's warmest regards with classic ARNOLD, and honeyed COLERIDGE, and weird IRVING, and witching ELLEN TERRY. But I cannot follow them to the platform or the Stage."

"I guess, Siree, you're just tarnation particular, the platform has already had a pretty fair show. It has been brushed by the wing of PEGASTS. It has been graced by the sock of MELPOMENE and the buskin of THALIA. Even the wig of TRAGEDY has disported thereon. I *con*-clude that in time it will have trotted out all the Graces, and most of the Muses, with a good square contingent from the Olympian Upper Circles. But the *bâton* and bells of the modern MOMUS are, it appears, to be——"

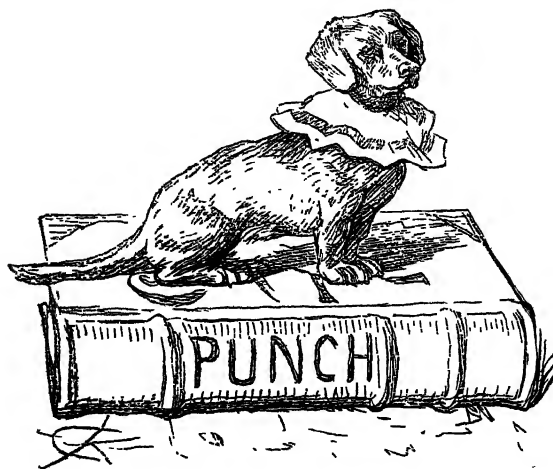
"Conspicuous by their absence. Precisely so," completed MR. PUNCH, politely.

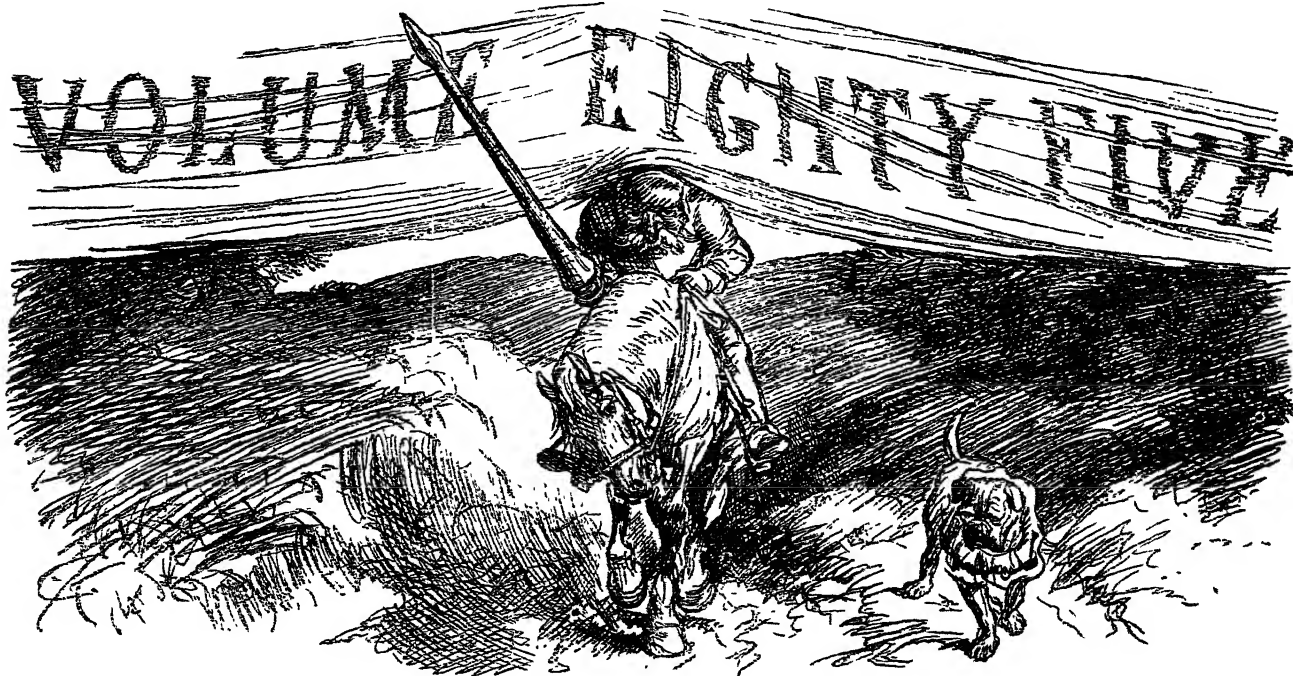
"Wal," said the American, rising reluctantly, "what must be, must be. But our people will be disappointed, you bet. You'll send 'em your love, and—well, no—not a lock of your hair, I suppose," added JONATHAN, airily.

"I will do *more*, Sir," said the affable Sage, beaming effulgently upon his wistful guest. "I will send them my best representative, my spirit's quintessence, my voice of voices, my *alter ego*. Take it! it will brighten your voyage home! It will not disappoint you as the Atlantic did OSCAR! You will find it pleasanter than pop-corns, and more exhilarating than Hop Bitters. It is more portable than JUMBO, and brighter than a Fashionable Beauty. It will give you more sound judgments than COLERIDGE, and more sweetness and light than the Gospel according to MATTHEW ARNOLD. It will make your peace with the insatiable 'Platform,' and save you from the Interviewing ERINNYES. Finally, it will bless you and all men, without Barnumising them. Take it, and be happy!!"

And MR. PUNCH presented to the delighted American his

## Eighty-Fifth Volume!





## ALL AT SEA;

## OR, THE PILOT, THE PEER, AND THE PREDICAMENT!

(A Story dedicated, without their permission, to the Lords of the Admiralty.)

HER Majesty's steam-ship *Joyful* was gaily careering before the wind, off the coast of Ireland, in a chopping sea.

"If I can but escape the Sow and Piggies," murmured the Admiralty-elected Pilot, "all may yet be well. The dreaded rocks in question should be here—that is, if I understand the chart rightly."

And the mariner anxiously regarded the horizon, and gave a new order to the eager crew.

"I must speak with you at once," cried a person who had ascended from below. "You must immediately hug the shore."

"Hug the shore!" echoed the Pilot (who was somewhat inexperienced), doubtfully. "Why should I hug the shore?"

"Because it is his Lordship's wish," continued his visitor. "You understand—his Lordship's wish, conveyed to you by his Lordship's Hairdresser."

The Pilot bowed respectfully, and nervously gave fresh orders to the crew. Still the ship rocked to and fro, and was anything but steady. The Hairdresser had retired, but his place had been taken by a second official.

"My fellow, why you not do what Milord he vant?" asked the new-comer, sternly. "Milord he say you not hug the shore enough."

"What have you to do with it?" asked the Pilot, angrily.

"Who are you?"  
"Who am I? *Ma foi!* How it please me! Who am I? Why, of Milord his French Cook!"

On hearing this, the respectful mariner dropped upon his knees, and gave fresh orders to the crew, which were obeyed with alacrity.

But soon the place of the "cordon bleu" was taken by another of his Lordship's household. In turns the Valet, the Coachman, the Librarian, the Chaplain, the Travelling Tailor, the Consulting Dentist, and the Cigarette-Maker put in an appearance to make the same request—"His Lordship was most anxious to get nearer to the shore, and trusted that the Pilot would be able to oblige him." Accordingly, again and again the *Joyful* changed her course, and turned her bows towards dry land.

"Sir, you are trifling with us!" at length said a young man of commanding appearance who had taken the place of the others. "You are trifling with us! His Lordship is still suffering inconvenience. Yes, listen and tremble. I am his Private Secretary, and I tell you so. He is absolutely suffering inconvenience!"

"No, no!" cried the Pilot, with his hands before his tear-dimmed eyes.

"But I say, Yes, yes. You have not hugged the shore nearly enough."

"With the Sow and Piggies before us, it would be unwise to go nearer—there might be danger," and the Pilot wrung his hands in despair.

"If you didn't there would be danger of his Lordship being—and the young man of commanding appearance whispered the rest.

"Anything rather than that!" shrieked the Pilot, beside himself with respectful horror. "Ease her! Stopper! Turn her astern, and port your helm!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, and five minutes later there was a crash, and the *Joyful* lay wrecked upon some jagged rocks. Clinging to a masthead appeared the Pilot talking to a Peer of the Realm.

"Oh, my Lord; this is too much! I am not worthy of such an honour!" and the Pilot actually blushed with pleasure.

"Pardon me; you *are* worthy of the honour," replied the Peer of the Realm, firmly; and he shook hands for the second time with his untitled companion. "I repeat, I am personally obliged to you."

"No, no—my Lord, my Lord, how *can* I thank you?"

"I require no thanks; on the contrary, you have deserved my respect—nay, gratitude—yes, gratitude," and the eyes of the noble filled with tears. Mastering his emotion, he continued, "Yes; the gratitude of the whole world is most justly your due; for, had you not lost your ship by hugging the shore, the Earl of HACKNEY DOWNS might have been—sea-sick!"

## A BLOW FOR THE BLOWHOLES.

THE RAILWAY VENTILATORS.—Before the Select Committee, Mr. SPINNIDGE examined: Is a practical chemist, and a Shareholder of a Railway Company; also a frequenter of the Thames Embankment. In relation to that magnificent Terrace, considers the Ventilators vast improvements. Thinks them both useful and ornamental at the same time. Ornamental not only in an architectural sense, but also by reason of the products of combustion of coke and coal, which issue from them in steam and smoke, and in so doing so gracefully curl, as the poet sings. Useful, too, in virtue of those same ingredients—the disinfecting gases and vapours they exhale, which include fumes of carbonic acid as well as carbonic oxide, and sulphurous acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen. Believes that their exhalations likewise contain a very considerable proportion of ozone, an æiform substance of acknowledged remedial agency in bronchitis and asthma. Is aware of the meaning of the Virgilian word, "Mephitis;" supposes it meant *Mephistopheles*, and considers that expression, applied to the sanitary and odoriferous effluvia of the Ventilators of the Thames Embankment, a reckless calumny. Is accustomed to send his children to that open space for change of air.





### SIC VOS NON VOBIS DRAMATISATIS, WRITERS!

*Wife of his Bosom (just home from the Play).* "AND THEN THAT DARLING WALTER LISSON, LOOKING LIKE A GREEK GOD, DREW HIS STILETTO, AND DELIVERED, OH! SUCH AN EXQUISITE SOLILOQUY OVER HER TOMB—ALL IN BLANK VERSE—LIKE HEAVENLY MUSIC ON THE ORGAN!"

*He.* "WHY, HE'S GOT A VOICE LIKE A RAVEN, AND CAN NO MORE DELIVER BLANK VERSE THAN HE CAN FLY."

*She.* "AH, WELL—IT WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL, ALL THE SAME—ALL ABOUT LOVE AND DEATH, YOU KNOW!"

*He.* "WHO WROTE THE PIECE, THEN?"

*She.* "WHO WROTE THE PIECE? OH—ER—WELL—HIS NAME'S SURE TO BE ON THE BILL SOMEWHERE—AT LEAST I SUPPOSE IT IS!"

### THE REAL "BIRKBECK" INSTITUTION.

THIS should be the title of the Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, where Messrs. BIRKBECK have done so much for the general good. When our young man had finished compiling his Official Guide, we went to see the show, and have no hesitation in recommending it to everybody as the place *par excellence* where to spend a Happy Day.

On entering, you will see something "lent by the Princess of WALES"—we forget exactly what it is, but it is very kind of Her Royal Highness, and we hope it will be returned all safe and sound—"safe and sound" like a cod in a refrigerator]—and that the children will not have missed it very much.

The pictures are, of course, rather piscatorial, but they are to the purpose, and that's something. Pass on—do all the models—and all the departments, not staying too long in the waterproof and oil-skin-fishing-wrappers' place, which, like the skull in *Hamlet*, "smells so! pah!" and made us feel so ill, as it conjured up reminiscences of a "dusty passage" and the sailors bringing unpleasantly odoriferous waterproofs, &c., that we could only just stagger across to the refreshment room, and call faintly for an American drink. Then, like an enfeebled giant slightly the better for a glass of anti-Lawson beverage, we lighted a cigarette, with a Sir-Henry-Thompson holder (our own patent, about which we shall make a great cry, but there's "no wool" in it), and strolled out into the Horticultural Gardens, where the Grenadier Guards' Band was playing, and the people—the

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

#### A RIVERSIDE LUNCHEON.

OUR Crew it is stalwart, our Crew it is smart,  
But needeth refreshment at noon;  
Let's land at the lawn of the cheery "White Hart,"  
Now gay with the glamour of June!  
For here can we lunch to the music of trees—  
In sight of the swift river running—  
Off cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The garden is lovely, the host is polite,  
His rose-trees are ruddy with bloom,  
The snowy-clad table with tankards bedight,  
And pleasant that quaint little room;  
So sit down at once, at your inn take your ease—  
No man of our Crew will be shunning—  
A cut of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

We've had a long pull, and our hunger is keen,  
We've all a superb appetite!  
The lettuce is crisp, and the cresses are green,  
The ale it is beady and bright;  
New potatoes galore, and delicious green peas—  
The Skipper avers they are "stunning!"  
With cuts of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

The windows are open, the lime-scented breeze  
Comes mixed with the perfume of hay;  
We list to the weir and the humming of bees  
As we sit and we smoke in the bay!  
Then here's to our host, ever anxious to please,  
And here's to his brewers so cunning!  
The cuts of cold beef and the prime Cheddar cheese,  
And the tankards of bitter at Sonning!

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, potted meat manufacturer, was, on Tuesday last week, sent to prison for two months, for preparing to use horse-flesh in the composition of his potted meats. BENJAMIN'S mess this! Serve him right. The case ought to have been heard before the LORD MARE.

CRICKETING QUESTION SENT UP TO COUNSEL.—What is the difference between a Westminster Senior briefly bowling a maiden over, and a Temple Junior being bowled over by a maiden brief?

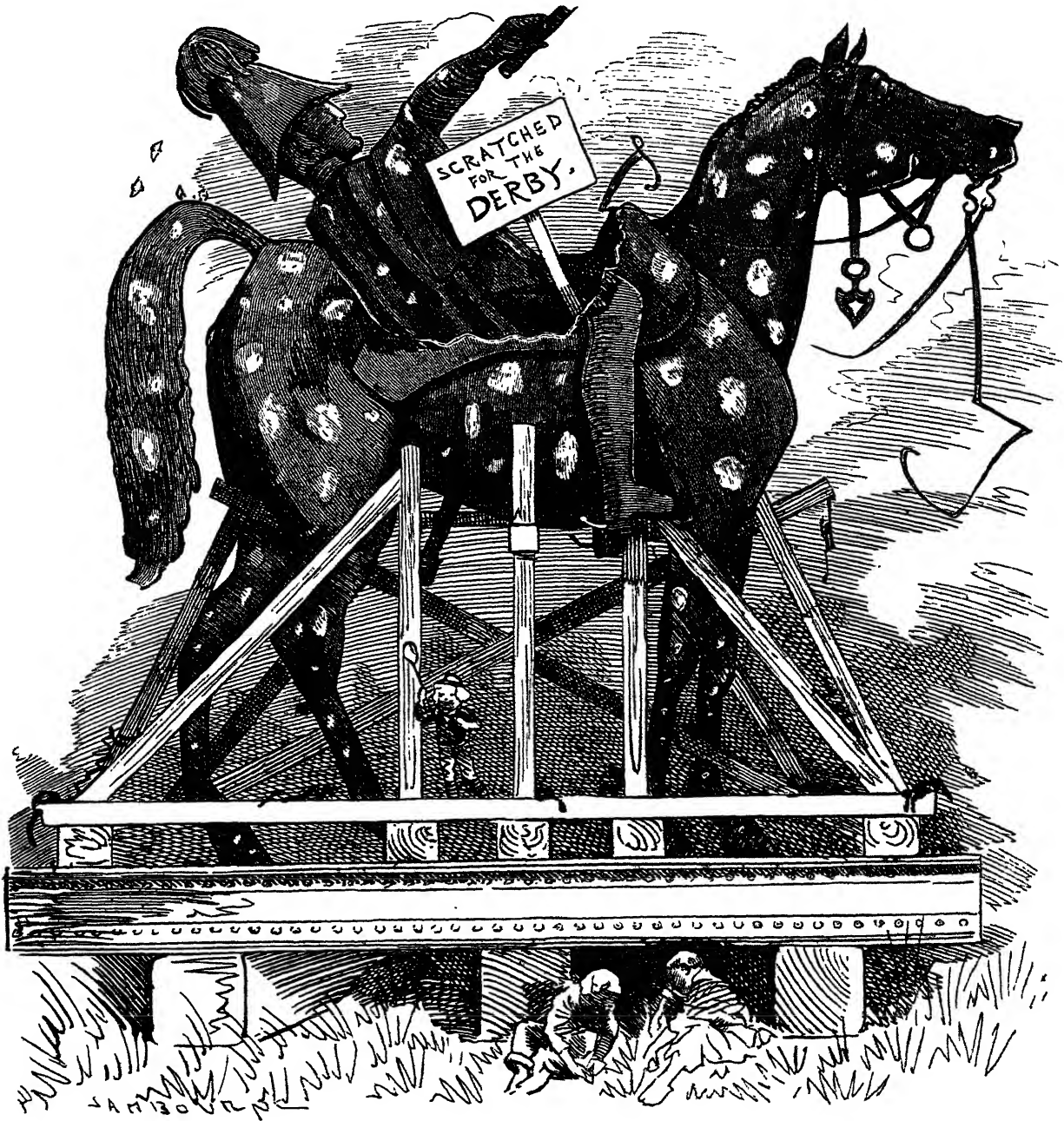
"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—Names will now be taken of Members wishing to join the "Lords' Preservation Society." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will, of course, be at the head of the list.

real people—thoroughly enjoying themselves. They applauded discriminatingly, and encored heartily. There were our Country Cousins and our Sisters and our Aunts, all looking hot and happy in the Sun, or cool and comfortable under the shade of the wide-spreading trees.

Here the old glories of the Polytechnic are revived, and there is a real Old Diver going down in at least four feet of water. I fancy he is stooping to hide himself, and then standing up erect to appear as if he were coming up again, with a great deal of trouble, from the vasty deep. The effect is good, and safety is an object. So is the Diver an extraordinary object. But we love him, and next time we can get near him we will be Polytechnic boys again, and chuck him a copper. An immense crowd was gathered round the basin where the Diver was washing,—we mean bathing,—and the junior portion evinced a strong tendency to throw him buns, under the impression that he was either a seal or a bear. Ah! the Children's Education is sadly neglected now that there is no longer a Polytechnic!

The diving operations were most interesting as long as an official in charge of the man in the iron mask—we mean steel helmet—was tying him up as if he were a Davenport brother, but the excitement cooled down when the enterprising operator had disappeared from view, and his helmet had ceased to afford a clear mark for the surreptitious nut. There was a sort of half-expressed hope that the Diver might not come up again, which gave a languid interest to what would have been otherwise a very dull five minutes while the Diver was under water. The Band and the lounge, however, are, and will be, the great attraction.

Now, why on earth cannot these Gardens be continued just as they



WHAT THE STATUE WILL COME TO, IF LEFT WHERE IT IS MUCH LONGER.

(A Warning from the Ghost of the old Leicester Square Statue.)

are, open to the Public for One Shilling from as early as possible up to midnight? Bands playing turn and turn about; electrically lighted; no fireworks, except on a rare fête day perhaps, and with the kind permission of Cromwell Road and South Kensington generally, but luncheons, teas, dinners, and suppers at all prices, and at all hours. Then, if it rains, in they could all go under cover, and the Concert could be continued inside the building, with smoking and coffee among the plants and Conservatories. This is what London wants, and this place could be made a Summer and Winter Garden instead of its being given up to "building purposes," and the life smothered out of it by mountains of bricks and mortar.

The BIRKBECKS have done a good deal here for which all Londoners have much to be thankful. Now let them get H.R.H. to lead the way (it is all to advance the interests of Music, who, "Heavenly Maid," is still "young") and this ground may yet be rescued to be one of the grandest and most enjoyable of all the projected open spaces for the people ("Open Spaces," your Royal Highness; more

in the Musical College interest, with several refreshment Bars' rest); that is, for those who can afford a Shilling in any one of five days out of the six, to go in and spend a happy day and evening too. Then on Sundays let it be opened free, a boon to all who cannot get out on any other day or night of the week, and let a first-rate Band be supplied by the Royal College of Music. There's a programme! Hooray for the Birkbeck Institution!

"I AM quite amazed, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, the other day, "at the number of Peers who are hung at the Academy this year; my Niece tells me there are pictures there by Viscount COLLE, the Marquis of STONE, and Prince SEPPE."

MADAME PATTI has determined to retire when she is forty. To avoid this, she is always going to be piano.

## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



W. E. G., painted by Ld. R. Churchill.



Ld. R. Churchill, by W. E. G.



Ld. Hartington, by Sir S. Northcote.



Sir S. Northcote, by Ld. Hartington.



Sir W. Harcourt, by Sir R. Cross.



Sir R. Cross, by Sir W. Harcourt.



J. Chamberlain, by J. Lowther.



J. Lowther, by J. Chamberlain.



The Speaker, by himself.



The Serjeant-at-Arms, by himself.



W. E. Forster, by C. S. Parnell.



C. S. Parnell, by W. E. Forster.



J. C. McCoan, by J. J. O'Killy.



J. J. O'Killy, by J. C. McCoan.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 25.—Asked RANDOLPH was it true he was going to Gastein in first week in August. Admitted accuracy of report. "Why Gastein, and why first week in August?"

"Ah, TOBY!" says he, playfully pulling my ear, "there's no getting over you. You know everything. But I hope you won't say anything about it."

Said I certainly would not. Pledge given with more confidence since I didn't know anything. Hadn't the slightest idea what he was at. But grinned and looked knowing.

"Yes, TOBY," continued his unsuspecting Lordship, thoughtfully arranging his moustache, "You've hit it, and I'm only afraid that when people notice that Emperor of AUSTRIA and Emperor of GERMANY are to be at Gastein in the first week of August they will put two and one together with natural result of making three of it. Emperor WILLIAM insists upon my joining the conference this year. FRANCIS-JOSEPH sees importance of it. 'You are old, Father WILLIAM,' the younger Emperor cried, 'and the future is to the young. Let us have RANDOLPH on our side, and we'll make all Europe sit up.' But I shall be cautious, TOBY. You may trust me. Care no more for an Emperor than I do for a Bishop or Home Secretary, and that you know isn't much. There are many things taking place, or about to take place, in Europe, it would be just as well to have a clear understanding about. Been so much occupied of late on home policy, had no time to look up foreign affairs. But have not forgotten them. Mean to travel *incognito*. There would be awful

rumpus in Russia and trouble in France if they knew what was in the wind. Not quite sure how Portugal would take it. So, for goodness sake, don't you mention it."

Said I wouldn't, and I won't.

Still on Corrupt Practices. Fatal subject to start. Every Member full of special information on the case. No one would suppose PETER had any knowledge of corrupt practices. In fact, he emphatically deprecated any, but told the Committee a good deal about the epidemic of butchers' carts that broke out during contested Election at Warrington, and had much to do with result. Every Member has his personal experiences, relates them at length, and Clause stands aside. "Experiences accumulate, and the Bill's delayed," as SOLICITOR-GENERAL says.

Business done.—Passed Clause Five Corrupt Practices Bill.

Tuesday.—Lord REDESDALE sometimes accused of coercing House of Lords. Remember Lord BEACONSFIELD one day saying to me, "REDESDALE is the only man I fear. Would any day rather drive a pig to market, or ride the length of the Row on an obstreperous donkey, than have dealings with him."

STRATHEDEN tells me (and CAMPBELL confirms statement) that REDESDALE has been offered more appointments in foreign parts than any Peer of his age.

"DIZZY entreated him to go out and govern India; Earl GRANVILLE has induced GLADSTONE to offer him Canada; whilst there isn't an Ambassadorship, with the exception of Paris, not been pressed upon him from time to time."



"No," says his Lordship, shortly. "If I were to leave, the House of Lords would go to pieces in a Session."

So stops in town, turns up with painful regularity every afternoon, takes Chair in Committee, sits on Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR, and snaps round wherever he be.

"No school lives in such terror of Head-Master as House of Lords does of Earl REDESDALE," says the Earl of WEMYSS, who is new to the place. "Even BOBBY LOWE is quelled, and daren't open his lips."

To-night LORD REDESDALE in new mood. Generally when he has proposition to make, claps it down on Table, growls out "There!" and regards with awful visage the trembling circle of noble Lords. To-night, having Resolution with respect to alteration of Standing Order prohibiting payment of interest out of capital, took quite new line. "Don't be frightened," he said, bringing down his ruler with a crash uncomfortably near knuckles of Lord AUCKLAND, who had Amendment on the paper, and happened to be standing by Table. "It is true Motion stands in my name, and in ordinary way you would agree to it without wasting time in talk. But to-night speak out freely. Give me your independent opinion on the question."

Lords couldn't believe this at first. Thought it was a trap, and that anyone who spoke would be instantly fallen upon with ruler. Lord HOUGHTON ventured a few remarks, but was so agitated as to be quite inaudible. As he was not eaten up, Lord AUCKLAND moved his Amendment, "and," as Lord DUNREAVEN observed, "like TOM MOORE'S Freedom, 'still he lives.'" When LORD CHANCELLOR, keeping well out of arm's length of Chairman of Committees, ventured, with his eye on the ruler, to differ from the Resolution, and nothing happened, noble Lords began to see it, and Lord CAIRNS, who had, of course, supported the Motion, began to tremble. Lord REDESDALE, though he had submitted the Motion, did not want it carried. When, by cautious feeling out on part of LORD CHANCELLOR, this was established, it became plain sailing. Everybody (including the Government, who had supported it in the other House) went against Motion, which was negatived without Division.

"A fine set of boys," said REDESDALE, as he returned the ruler to his trouser-pocket. "But they want managing—they want managing."

*Business done.*—House of Commons still dallying with Corrupt Practices Bill.

*Wednesday.*—Lot of Members went off down the river to the Tower to see the improvements. Pleasant journey. First Commissioner came out handsome with tea and shrimps served by marge of river.

"As near as we can get to Marge-gate, you know," he said, pleasantly, as he helped himself to another slice of bread-and-butter.

Seems a pleasant interlude in the week, but Mr. HICKS very gloomy on the subject. Says there's more in it than meets the eye. Always feel inclined to call him "Hicks Pasha" since that name turned up in the East. He would look well in a fez. In fact he'd look well in anything. A trifle annoyed just now; perhaps Hicks-asperated.

"It's the thin end of the wedge, my dear TOBY," he said. "It's beginning *ab ovo*. Once let it become a matter of custom that Members shall get into steamer at river steps, and be carried down to the Tower, and difficulties removed from the path of imperious minister like GLADSTONE. Some time critical Bill on. Perhaps for abolition of Bishops. Second Reading fixed for a Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon First Commissioner comes smiling round, inviting Members of Opposition to take trip down the river, see the Tower, and accept some light refreshments. They unsuspectingly accept; when Thursday comes, and Division Bell rings, Opposition absent. I may be wrong, or I may not; but when I take tea and shrimps it shan't be in company with GLADSTONE and his myrmidons."

Mr. WARTON stopped behind with Mr. HICKS, and as soon as steamer out of sight counted out House.

*Thursday.*—"Pater's a little dull," RANDOLPH said, as we stood below bar in House of Lords, listening to Duke of MARLBOROUGH, moving rejection of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. "W. H. SMITH would have done it better; CROSS couldn't have done it worse; STAFFY would have shone by comparison. And to think what pains I took with him! Put him up to the reference to CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Birmingham. 'Where shall I bring it in?' says he. 'Anywhere, where you feel stuck,' says I. 'Sure to fetch 'em.' But he gets stuck in wrong place, drags CHAMBERLAIN in head and shoulders, and the Lords laugh instead of cheer."

RANDOLPH very wrath. Expect the Duke will have a bad quarter-of-an-hour when he gets across him.

Debate not relieved from dullness even by Duke of ABERYLL, who crows and flaps his wings with usual energy. Bishop of EXETER delivers sermon of ordinary twenty minutes' length, but interrupted by uncanonical cries of "Divide!" LORD CHANCELLOR, his voice streaming with tears, renews protestations against the Bill.

Great excitement as the surprised Bishops pass out to vote against the Bill—a thin white line in the throng of black-coated Peers. Whisper gone round that they have sold LORD DALHOUSIE. Led him to believe Opposition yielded. Kept quiet on going into Committee; accepted compromise in Committee; made no fight on report stage;

let it be understood that Division on Third Reading was merely formal protest. Friends of Bill, lulled into false security, did not turn up as they had done at Second Reading. Duke of CONNAUGHT gave dinner-party; perhaps Peers went to his house instead of to their own. Consequence is Bill thrown out by Majority of Five.



A Match at Lords. "Out!—Third Ball!"

"Think we've done a pretty good day's work," says Bishop of LINCOLN to his Right Reverend brother of Exeter.

"Yes; but not for ourselves, I fancy," says Dr. TEMPLE, who has not lost all his clear-sightedness since he became a Bishop.

*Business done in Commons.*—Votes in Army and Navy Estimates.

*Friday.*—Commons still harping on Corrupt Practices Bill. Get along at the rate of two lines of Bill a day. At this rate, and in absence of unforeseen accident, hope to get finished by middle of November. At evening sitting, HARCOURT brought in Bill to make new Scotch Minister.

"It is not," he said, with wave of right hand, "a grandiose measure."

House tittered. Truthful JAMES audibly whispered: "No; but what a Grandiose Old Man!"

## HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

*By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.*

### HENLEY REGATTA.

ALL right—here we are—quite the waterman—jolly—young—white flannels—straw hat—canvas shoes—umbrella—mackintosh—provide against a rainy day! Finest reach for rowing in England—best regatta in the Eastern Hemisphere—finest pic-nic in the world! Gorgeous barges—palatial houseboats—superb steam-launches—skiffs—randans—punts—wherries—sailing-boats—dingies—canoes! Red Lion crammed from cellar to garret—not a bed to be had in the town—comfortable trees all booked a fortnight in advance—well-aired meadows at a premium! Lion Gardens crammed with gay toilettes—Grand Stand like a flower-show—band inspiring—Church-bells distracting—sober grey old bridge crammed with carriages—towing-path blocked up with spectators—meadows alive with pic-nic parties! Flags flying everywhere—music—singers—niggers—conjurers—fortune-tellers! Brilliant liveries of rowing clubs—red—blue—yellow—green—purple—black—white—all jumbled up together—rainbow gone mad—kaleidoscope with *delirium tremens*. Henley hospitality proverbial—invitation to sixteen luncheons—accept 'em all—go to none! Find myself at luncheon where I've not been asked—good plan—others in reserve! Wet or fine—rain or shine—must be at Henley! If fine, row about all day—pretty girls—bright dresses—gay sunshades. If wet, drop in at hospitable houseboat just for a call—delightful damsels—mackintoshes—umbrellas! Houseboat like Ark—all in couples—Joan of Ark in corner with Darby—Who is she?—Don't No-ah—pun effect of cup. Luncheons going on all day—cups various continually circulating—fine view—lots of fun—delightful very! People roaring—rowists howling along bank—lot of young men with red oars in boat over-exerting themselves—lot more in boat with blue oars, also over-exerting themselves—bravo!—pick her up!—let her have it!—well pulled—everybody gone raving mad! Bang! young men leave off over-exerting themselves—somebody says somebody has won something. Seems to have been a race about something—why can't they row quietly? Pass the claret-cup, please—Why do they want to interrupt our luncheon?—Eh?

STANDING Committee on Law to be re-named the Standing-Still Committee.

PEERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Counts Out.



## MISTRESS AND PUPIL.

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.* "AND HOW ABOUT YOUR DINNER-PARTY, LADY MIDAS? WHO'S COMING?"

*Lady Midas.* "WELL, IT'S SMALL, BUT PRECIOUS SELECT, I CAN TELL YOU. THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF CHEPE, VISCOUNT AND VISCONTRESS SILVERLACKE THE HON. OLEO AND LADY MARGARINE DELARDE, SIR PULLMAN AND LADY CABE, AND THE CHOLMONDELEY-MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS."

*Mrs. P. de T.* "MY DEAR LADY MIDAS, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE ASKED ALL THESE FINE PEOPLE TO MEET NOBODY BUT EACH OTHER! WHY, THEY'LL BE BORED TO DEATH, AND NEVER FORGIVE YOU! IT'S NOT AS IF YOU WERE ALREADY ONE OF THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW! YOU MUST WIRE TO GRIGSBY AT ONCE TO COME AND DINE AND BRING HIS BANJO, AND I'LL GET YOU NELLIE MICKLEMASH AND HER HUSBAND FROM THE JOLLITY. SHE'S NOT ACTING NOW."

*Lady M.* "BUT, MY DEAR, SHE'S NOT RESPECTABLE, I'M TOLD!"

*Mrs. P. de T.* "NO, BUT SHE'S AMUSING, AND THAT'S EVERYTHING! AND LOOK HERE, I'LL THROW OVER THE BOTHERBY JONESES, AND COME MYSELF!"

## ATHWART THE COURSE.

*Small Boy loquiter—*

*Out o' the way?* Oh, yes, I like the notion,  
What am I here for but to block the course,  
And raise the doose and all of a commotion?  
Lor' bless you, you may shout till you are hoarse,  
You won't scare me, my fine aquatic buffers.  
*J'y suis, j'y reste!* I'm here and here I'll stay;  
I'll not be driven by you noisy duffers,

*Out of the way!*

*Out of the way, indeed!* Whose way, I wonder?  
Like the whole river to yourselves, no doubt!  
Been used to have the lot of us knock under,  
And clear the course like steam when you are out,  
Walker, old cockalorum! Not my fashion,  
Can't cut me down, you know that wouldn't pay,  
So what's the good of howling in a passion,  
*Out of the way!*

My tympanum's not tender I assure you,  
And not the hardest words will break my bones,  
And as to pleading, yah! I can't endure you,  
And so it's no use trying suppliant tones.  
If I could swamp the lot of you together  
I'd do it. Anyhow your pace I'll stay,  
Bother your ear, and spoil your stroke and feather.  
*Out of the way!*

All very well for you to mock my sculling,  
Laugh at my tub and make a butt of me;  
My present purpose is to spoil your pulling,  
And when you're out of it—why we shall see.  
I'll foul a heat whene'er the Blues will let me,  
Don't care a pin for charges of foul play;  
And anyhow you'll find it hard to get me  
*Out of the way!*

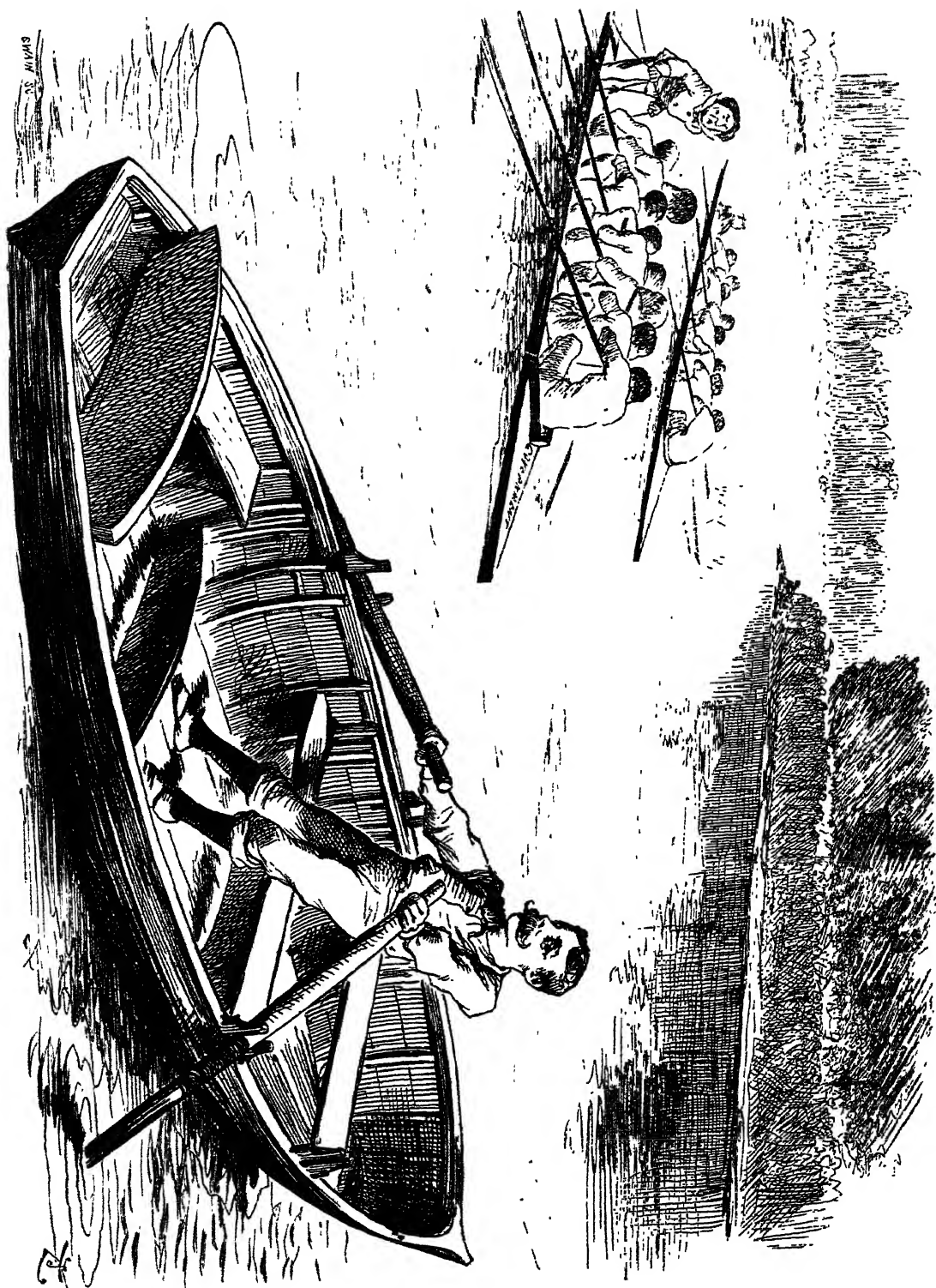
## PARLIAMENTARY POSERS.

SUPPOSE I stand a contested election for M.P., and bet any number of my constituents five pounds to one farthing that my opponent will be returned. Suppose he isn't and I am, and then I honourably pay them all. Will that be a case of Bribery or Corrupt Practice?

Suppose my Committee is composed of Ladies, that all my agents also are of the gentler sex, employed under a Woman in the Moon. Suppose they limit their operations to bribing the electors' wives only. Under the law which now secures the acquisition of separate property to married women, can it be that those who bribe them will be held also to bribe their husbands? If not, then how will it be possible for women to bribe women—for non-electors to bribe non-electors?

In order to secure absolute purity of election, will it not, therefore, be necessary to supplement the Corrupt Practices Bill by the concession of Female Suffrage?

MOTTO FOR THE BAR COMMITTEE.—"Mostly Stuff!"



## ATHWART THE COURSE.

R-N-D-I-PH CH-KOH-IL (*an aggravating Boy*). "IN THE WAY AGAIN! 'OORAY!!!"



## OUR AGREEABLE BIRTHDAY-BOOK SERIES.—No. 4.

CARLYLE—SCOTT—JERROLD.

[Method of using this :—The Motto to face page with dates where your Friends will inscribe their names. The Motto not to be shown till the signature is complete.]

JUNE 5.



Oh! within that car-buncled skin, what a confusion of confusions sits bottled!

JUNE 9.



Vanish, vile sorceress, into space!

JUNE 23.



They did want him, greatly!

JUNE 27.



Black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name.

JUNE 30.



An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man; not much note was taken of him while he lived.

JULY 3.



A strange, bold girl, half coquette, half romp; desirous of attracting attention by the freedom of her manners and loudness of her conversation.

JULY 10.



By Heaven, you are a greater blockhead than I thought you!

JULY 15.



More of a bully than a hero.

JULY 28.



The ugliest and most conceited coxcomb I ever met with.

JULY 31.



The society of half-a-dozen clowns to play at whisk and swabbers would give her more pleasure than if ARISTO himself were to awake from the dead.

AUGUST 7.



A hideous mountebank, owing the daily bread of daily hypocrisy to an adroit juggling with words.

AUGUST 12.



The most troublesome and abusingest girl on my beat.

AUGUST 16.



But you always were a fool!

AUGUST 21.



You're just one of those noses that liquor always flies to.

AUGUST 28.



She seemed to make the atmosphere about her cold by her very looks.

## To a District Shareholder.

NEXT time the Parliamentary sword you wield,  
'Twere well, if for your pocket you would cater;  
Your Bill should come less early in the field,—  
Your blowhole prove a little Venti-later!

NOTWITHSTANDING recent continued rainy weather, the Tourist Season appears to have commenced this year tolerably early in Eastern Europe. An Austrian paper announces that "The Inn is already full to overflowing."

FOOD AND DRINK.—A Public Meeting the other day, holden at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, in support of a particularly excellent Charity, the "Water-cress and Flower Girls' Mission," is reported to have been preceded by "a plentiful meat-tea, relished with evident zest by 700 women attached to the Mission." "Dis," said the Rev. JUMBO CHRISTY, the Converted Minstrel, "Dis am de sort of meat-ting one like to hear ob. Gollie! I'm dere, Massa."

THE Counsel for the Dynamiter who wanted to blow up Westminster Abbey, pleaded Abbey-ration of intellect.



## TAPPING THE WIRES.

Telegram (Thursday last) from  
H.R.H. Prince of Wales to  
H.R.H. Duke of Connaught.

CONNAUGHT, come and vote for  
D. W. S.'s Bill.

From H.R.H. Duke of Con-  
naught to H.R.H. Prince of  
Wales.

Got jolly dinner-party. Vote  
for D. W. S.'s Bill next year.  
Connaught come now. 'Scuse joke.

Leo XIII. to the President of  
the French Republic. [Free  
Translation.]

If you don't take care, in at-  
tempting to dish the Church  
you'll find you have only suc-  
ceeded in spilling the GRÉVY.  
Take our paternal advice, or there  
will be [using English pronun-  
ciation] a grave incommodum.

FROM THE IRVING BIRTHDAY-  
BOOK.

Henry Irving to Lord Coleridge.

It doth appear you are a worthy  
Judge,  
You know the law, your expo-  
sition  
Hath been most sound: I charge  
you by the law  
Whereof you are a well-deserving  
pillar,  
Proceed to—dinner.  
[Lord Coleridge takes the Chair.

OPPOSITION MAXIM.—"When  
you've no case, abuse CHAMBER-  
LAIN."

NOT VERY CHEERFUL.—The  
Lively Court-martial!

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 143.



"OUR MR. ERRINGTON, M.P.,"

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

## ELECTORAL PROGRESSION.

THE Corrupt Practices Bill, as  
voted by the House of Commons,  
altogether forbids treating, and  
totally prohibits the payment of  
expenses for the conveyance of  
voters. As long as the former of  
the two interdicted practices was  
lawful, the latter was in a great  
measure necessary to give it  
effect. The majority of the Elec-  
tors who had been treated to their  
hearts' content were in such a  
condition that it would have been  
impossible for them to record  
their votes at the polling-place if  
they could not have been carried  
thither from the public-house.  
They will in future be subject to  
no influence calculated to oblige  
them to ride in order to poll, or  
to occasion them to vote, or to walk  
either, otherwise than straight.  
Toast—in toast-and-water there-  
fore:—Here's to Temperance and  
Purity of Election!

If Mr. IRVING BISHOP accepts  
Mr. LABOUCHERE's polite intima-  
tion as to how to proceed in an  
action for libel, and sends to  
Messrs. LEWIS AND LEWIS, he  
may probably find it a rather  
Lewis-ing game. If we read his  
thoughts rightly, he isn't thinking  
of attempting it.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she's  
going to see a game of Roley-  
poley on ponies at Hurlingham.  
Her Nephew told her she ought  
to call this "real jam."

A VERY NARROW MAJORITY.—  
The Majority of five in the House  
of Lords against the Deceased  
Wife's Sister Bill. No majority  
could be narrower.

## THE NEXT LORD MAYOR INTERVIEWED.

In consequence of the intense excitement caused in Civic circles by  
the reports of the interviewing of the next Lord Mayor, Mr. Punch  
has telegraphed to the reporter of the *New York Herald*, and is  
now enabled to publish the following additional interesting par-  
ticulars:—

Mr. Alderman HADLEY is a gentleman of commanding presence  
but affable demeanour, and reminded us much of the late General  
JACKSON. He is about fifty years of age, and unmarried. We  
report this last interesting fact for the benefit of the unmarried  
Ladies of the Fifth Avenue. The next Lady Mayoress of the City  
of London, who, as is well known, takes precedence, on all State  
occasions, next to the Princesses of the Royal Family, and is allowed  
by the wealthy and generous Corporation the handsome allowance of  
£10,000, or 50,000 dollars, a year for pin-money, and, in case of a  
certain interesting event occurring during her reign, a solid silver  
cradle, or two solid silver cradles in case of the double event, is still  
unchosen.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to the Ladies of the  
United States—the most lovely and accomplished of the whole  
civilised world, as we all know—is the fact that the next Lord  
Mayor of London has been requested by Her Majesty's Government to  
spend a month or two among us, in hopes that something of an inter-  
esting character might occur that would tend to relieve the somewhat  
strained relations between the two countries at the present moment.

Upon suggesting this to the gallant Alderman as a probable solu-  
tion of the reason of his visit, his manly brow was suffused with a  
modest blush, but he at once changed the subject, by asking what I  
would drink. This afforded me the opportunity I had long wanted  
of learning the opinion of a real London Alderman on the important  
subject of liquoring up, and I availed myself of it to the fullest  
extent, both theoretically and practically.

It appears, then, that the ordinary drink of an Alderman is '47  
Port, which costs about a guinea a bottle. In former times the usual  
quantity was two bottles a man, but in these degenerate days it has  
declined to one. Any Butler or Waiter shaking a bottle of this  
costly fluid is at once dismissed without a character. No cork is ever  
allowed to be drawn from a bottle of '47 Port, but each Member of  
the Court of Aldermen wears on his forefinger a splendid diamond  
ring, with which he cuts off the neck of the bottle, so that not one  
drop of the precious contents should be spoilt.

He expressed great disappointment at our dinners. "Dinner,"  
said he, "being the important event of the day, must never, under  
any circumstances, be hurried. Two hours is the least amount  
of time that should be dedicated to this matter. A long experience  
has enabled us to decide with certainty the wines proper to each  
course. Madeira with Turtle, Château Yquem with Fish, Cham-  
pagne with Entrées, Burgundy with Game, and old Port with  
Dessert, will enable any man to fill any station to which he may be  
called, with grace, wisdom, and understanding. To prove the truth of  
my assertion," continued the gallant Alderman, "if proof be wanting,  
listen to this remarkable fact. Kings die, Princes die, Presidents die,  
ay, even Aldermen die, but a Lord Mayor never dies. Despite his  
hard work, despite the fearful responsibility that weighs upon him,  
his regular living of five courses at dinner, each with its appropriate  
wine, keeps him with a healthy mind in a healthy body, and he  
retires at the end of his brilliant year in as splendid condition as a  
favourite on the eve of the Derby."

I listened with becoming reverence to these words of wisdom, and  
inwardly resolved, should the opportunity ever occur, to follow most  
implicitly the directions so kindly given.

I then left the gallant Alderman and expectant Lord Mayor, with  
the sad conviction impressed upon my patriotic soul that, although in  
almost everything of importance we lick the Britisher, as we do all  
creation, in the article of Alderman he wins in a canter, and with  
both hands down.



## DENTAL.

*Village Veteran (to Benevolent Rector). "ONLY GOT ONE LEFT, SIR, AND AIN'T GOT ENOUGH FOR HE TO DEW, SIR!"*

## THE THAMES NUISANCE.

LET every patient angler who loves to spend a few hours on the beautiful waters of the Upper Thames, finding the delicious ripple of its gliding water so calming and cooling to his weary brain—let every boating-man who glories in one of the most fascinating and invigorating and healthy of exercises—let every lover of the beautiful river-scenery that those waters offer to his view, and every Artist who glories in transferring them to his canvas, give three hearty good cheers for the Thames Conservancy Board, and one cheer more for their hard-working Deputy Chairman, Admiral Sir FREDERICK NICHOLSON!

Every fisherman on the Thames, and every boating man, and every boating woman, knows what the one nuisance is that interferes so terribly with their peaceful enjoyment, and, if asked to name it, they would shout with one accord, "Steam Launches, badly managed!" And it is for more power to regulate these headlong, tearing, noisy, and dangerous nuisances that the Thames Conservancy Board are applying to Parliament. The evidence tendered to the Parliamentary Committee was so overwhelming that they declared themselves satisfied before it was half heard. It included that of Fishermen, Artists, M.P.'s, Literary Men, Members of Rowing Clubs, Eton Masters, &c., &c. The Fishermen complained of the destruction of the ova and small fry, the Artists hoped their brother Artist in his evidence "would give it 'em hot." The Boating-men spoke of the nuisance and danger of the great swells caused by these great snobs; the Eton Master, of the contemptuous insolence with which the grinning idiots treated all attempts at remonstrance.

Of course, the Launches had their defenders. There were but two, however, out of the 240 launch-owners, but they made up in quality for what they lacked in number.

Sir GILBERT EAST, Chairman of the Steam-Launch Association, of course considered everything perfectly satisfactory. "He had once spent a whole day in a punt, and every Launch that passed him 'eased.'" No doubt they did, and probably saluted their President.

Sir THOMAS NELSON, Vice-Chairman, agreed with Sir GILBERT, of course he did. He should consider the painting of a number on his beautiful mahogany Launch, which was his hobby, an indignity. Was a Knight to be treated like a mere Cabby, or a driver of an omnibus? The thought was too painful to be dwelt upon.

After long discussion, the important clauses were mostly agreed to, and the Bill passed through Committee; so we may reasonably hope to be able to have

a day's fishing or a few hours' boating on the beautiful waters of the Upper Thames without much danger of being either upset, or swamped, or grinned at, or discomfited by the loungers on board their hissing, smoking, steaming, whistling, shrieking Launches.

Carefully steered Launches can be, if their owners or hirers like, of great service to the small craft in towing, for example; and their advantages to those who wish to make the most of the little leisure at their disposal are obvious. To well-managed Launches there can be no more objection than to dear old *Maria Wood* in all her past glory.

## SONGS OF THE STREETS.

## A BALLADE OF BOND STREET.

THE Season is now at its height,  
And crowded each street and each square;  
At nightly receptions we fight,  
And pant for a place on the stair!  
If you're getting as cross as a bear,  
If life you consider a bore,  
If not quite the man that you were—  
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

The scene is bewitching and bright,  
The street is beyond all compare;  
The shops are all richly bedight,  
The jewellers' windows are rare.  
If money you've plenty to spare,  
And want to buy presents galore,  
Or wish to burke trouble and care—  
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

In Art if you take a delight,  
Of pictures you'll find plenty there;  
And stalls you may take for to-night,  
Or visit your artist in hair.  
If dulness you hope to forswear,  
And wish to meet friends by the score,  
Or revel in sunshine and air—  
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

## L'ENVOI.

If driven by duns to despair,  
If snubbed by the girl you adore;  
If feeling quite out of repair—  
Oh, toddle down Bond Street at Four!

## THE LORDS AND THE (OLD) LADIES.

FOR a time the obstructive "Old Ladies" of the Upper House and elsewhere have their way. They have postponed yet a little longer the coming of what they deem the "evil day" when one more artificial and arbitrary restriction upon personal liberty shall be removed. The evil day! To the Old Ladies of history, the future has ever appeared as a long perspective of evil days. And if they had been successful in postponing indefinitely the dreaded advent of those "evil days," how many good days would history have shown? But they are never successful, for very long—these fluttering, woe-invoking Old Ladies, or progress would be an impossibility, and the stream of history turned into a ditch or a duck-pond. This "evil day," like so many others, will come, and soon. It will be found—like so many others, again—to be a good day.

The Old Ladies themselves will admit it, all in due time. They will then have to cast about for some other case in which irrational restriction does cruel wrong to natural instincts and righteous needs. They will denounce the removal of *that* restriction also with equal fervour, and, in the long run, with equal fruitlessness. For the instincts of Old Ladies do not change; they learn nothing, and forget everything. They must have something to oppose. An "evil day" is an essential of their moral perspective, and when they have perforce to drop one, they take up another. They will shortly have to drop the "Deceased Wife's Sister" Bogey. In the meanwhile, they have the satisfaction—a strange one—of prolonging for yet a little time the imposition of arbitrary prohibition, the existence of absurd prejudice, and the infliction of needless pain.

OF COURSE!—The very place for a fowl—Henley!

## AFTER IT IS OPEN.

(Being a little further important evidence, as given, in futuro, before the "Channel Tunnel Closing Committee.")

## The Duke of Hythe and Westenanger's Opinion.

THIS great and distinguished soldier was yesterday examined at considerable length before the Joint Committee of both Houses, now sitting on this subject, and as his evidence, as will be seen below, is in distinct contradiction to that tendered by him some few years since, when called upon, as Lord WOLSELEY, to express his views as to the desirability of constructing the Tunnel at all, it can scarcely fail to be read with considerable interest by all those who have hitherto regarded the military verdict as unfavourable to this now almost popular, if not easy method of avoiding the occasional discomforts of the Channel passage.

He said, that he had now, after a varied, and, he might almost add, a "lively" experience of the working of the submarine communication at present connecting this country with the Continent, to admit that the judgment he passed upon the scheme in its infancy, appeared to him not only hasty, but quite unsound. He opposed the construction originally as a soldier, because taking a soldier's too rough and ready view of the situation, he thought that an invasion or two might follow, and probably do the country a considerable amount of serious damage. And he was right thus far; several invasions had occurred. But where, he asked, was the harm that had come of them?

After the Bank of England had been five times emptied by an invading host, it is true, there was a good deal of annoyance felt in commercial circles; but, in his opinion, commercial men did not form the true staple of the country. When he was a comparative youngster in the Service, the British Army was a mere expensive toy, consisting of but a handful of men, quite unfit to cope on equal terms even with the smallest Continental power. The military man of those days was, he granted, an insignificant factor in the national existence. But look at things now. Thanks to the Tunnel that had made involuntary service compulsory on every male adult between the ages of fifteen and five-and-sixty, you never met a man out of uniform. The taxpayer might, perhaps, find the expense a little heavy, still he had something better than a toy to show for his money. Every man was in fact a well-drilled, well-equipped, hard-worked soldier; and what with our three permanent second-class garrisons of 80,000 men at Dover, Canterbury, and Pegwell Bay, who could but say that we were ready to dispute the passage of the Tunnel again to-morrow with all the spirit, and probably with more than the success, that we had met with on the last sixteen occasions on which invading armies had managed to force their way through it? As for himself he had no reason to wish that exciting risk averted. Did he not owe the very title, of which he was so justly proud, to the memorable action in which, under cover of the Lord Warden Hotel, he withdrew the 300 men who were protecting the coast from Westgate to Bognor, and managed to get them in time to Hythe to catch the last train to town, and so bring the news that in the course of eighteen months roused the whole country north of the Tweed to pass a resolution to the effect that it was desirable to drive out the invader? He would therefore be extremely sorry to see the Tunnel closed. Though now a veteran, he still enjoyed the prospect of a good brush with the enemy. He would be unworthy of his profession if he did not feel something of this sort. His opinion was, therefore, that to block up the opening as contemplated, would be to ruin the national spirit, embarrass the War Office, and degrade the country to the position of comparative military insignificance it too long was contented to occupy in former times. At the conclusion of the noble and gallant Duke's evidence, that produced some sensation, there was a slight attempt at cheering made by a body of Army Contractors in the lobby; but this was speedily suppressed. The next witness called was Baron JOHN BRIGHT, V.C. Subjoined is the illustrious hero's evidence:—

## Baron John Bright's Opinion.

The Baron, who wore conspicuously on the breast of his surcoat a perfect constellation of orders, on taking his place at the table amidst a respectful and sympathetic hush which was quite remarkable, said—What he had to say on the subject of the Tunnel would be brief, and to the point. He frankly admitted that he had once publicly advocated its completion as a boon to those great commercial interests that, notwithstanding the military distinctions that had been forced upon him by circumstances over which he had no control, he yet regarded as the fairest jewels in that Crown that aptly symbolised a mighty nation's Imperial policy. He was not ashamed of this apparent weakness of front. He once thought that as soon as the commercial world opened in the sacred name and under the divine signs of those twin goddesses, Business and Humanity, the cotton products in which he was largely interested would be poured in a continuous stream, and at a remunerative figure, upon the eager and

expectant Continent. But what, he asked, had been the upshot of his dream?

He had seen, on the contrary, to his intense astonishment, a flood of better, cheaper, and more useful articles whelm in from the other side upon the defenceless markets of this country; and the Tunnel that he, in his wild frenzy of progress, had fancied would simply serve to fill the pockets of a few, had merely helped to diminish the price of the necessities of life for the benefit of the community at large. This was the chief curse this vile engineering monstrosity had entailed on the long-suffering people of the realm. Still, it had involved another, and one scarcely less terrible, in its results. Millions of armed men had, in spite of the dictates of common sense, the eternal principles of Free Trade, and the benefit of Manchester, rushed through that nefarious subway to slaughter and enslave by thousands,—he could hardly speak of it with patience,—the meek consumer! And the marauders had not stopped short even here. They had even sacked his own premises, and carried off his own goods wholesale, without demanding the fiction of an invoice! This had forced him into the very van of resistance. It was to the terrible and bloody contests in which this attack upon what he might term "his commercial honour," had hurried him, that he owed the valour that had won him the *insignia* that now adorned his breast, and the Continental distinction that even his enemies, no less astonished than he was himself at his prowess, had attached to his name. A great philosopher had said, Not till you pick a man's pocket will you discover his principle. Whoever said that, was a wise man. He and those who thought with him had had their pockets picked. And what was the result? He appealed to that Committee to say if the military organisation of the country could boast at that moment a tougher or gamier set of dare-devil fighting cocks than the "No-Quarter-Peace-at-any-Price Manchester Fencibles"? (*Applause.*) Of those "Fencibles" he was proud to be the Colonel; and until he got the good glorious old prices of former days back again, he would never lay down his sword—no, nor sell his flag! (*Renewed applause.*) He thanked the assemblage for that manifestation. It would encourage him to persevere without ceasing until the Tunnel was either battered in, blocked up, or blown to pieces, and the unpatriotic and dastardly Shareholders relegated, if need be, to the gallows. He had but one word more to say. Whoever urged that the Tunnel and its promoters should not be thus summarily disposed of, was fit only for Bedlam!

Upon the conclusion of the illustrious Baron's testimony, there was a scene of considerable excitement, during which he was carried on the shoulders of a few Manchester friends in triumph to the Horse Guards. The proceedings were then further adjourned until to-day.

## "EXITS AND ENTRANCES."

THE model theatre of the future will be built like a pigeon-trap, with sides that lift up and let down at the whim and fancy of the audience. Chapels and churches will have to copy this model, and so will concert and music-halls. The schoolrooms of the country and the temples of the London School Board will all be re-constructed—of course at the cost of the ratepayers; and taverns and eating-houses will have to conform to the new building regulations.

Nearly all the London theatres now have their outer doors so hung that they open outwards. This is done on the authority of the Board of Works, and in defiance of the Common Law and several Acts of Parliament. It is a pleasant thing for the few thousands of people who visit theatres, but not so pleasant for the few millions who walk about the streets. At any moment an unsuspecting passenger may be swept off the public footway. This, it appears, is not enough for an excited British Legislature. A Bill was nearly passed through the House of Commons which would have extended this street-door-out-and-out-legislation to nearly every mansion in London. Such a proceeding was perfectly logical, but likely to have been very troublesome. Many "at homes" are far more dangerous, in case of panic, than public performances, but what will those landlords and tenants say to this who hold that "Every Englishman's house is his castle"?

The excited British Legislature is not excited enough to do one thing—to repeal that portion of the 35 & 36 Vict., cap. 94, which compels all theatres to brick up all communications with adjoining buildings licensed as public-houses. Perhaps the Legislature of 1872 thought that theatres would corrupt taverns, or taverns theatres, forgetting that theatres can and do sell drink in any quantity demanded by the public. It savours somewhat of hypocrisy to make a fuss about an outer door opening outwards or inwards, while solid internal brick walls are built by Act of Parliament to prevent the panic-stricken public escaping through an adjoining pot-house.

MRS. RAMSBOOTHAM has not quite made up her mind with regard to Thought-Reading, but she is inclined to think a good many of its extraordinary effects may be due to unconscious celebration.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.





### "NEM. CON."

First Britisher, at Boulogne (shady-looking party, evidently resident—to Casual Acquaintance). "OH, I DON'T CARE TO GO BACK TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY. THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE AGAINST ME."

Second Britisher (respectable—Tourist), "GOO' GRACIOUS! WHAT, THE WHOLE TWELVE OF 'EM?!"

### OPERATIC NOTE.

THE greatest treat of this Operatic Season was the appearance of Madame ADELINA PATTI and Madame SCALCHI as *Ninetta* and *Pippo* in *La Gazza Ladra*. What a charming Opera! and how perfect were both of these Artistes. An equal triumph. The Chorus, however, was on one occasion as flat as a pancake. The Stage Management at Covent Garden, from what we have seen of it this season, seems to have brought ineffective arrangement to an Art. The Trial Scene was an example in point. Such a *tableau* in any serious Drama, and on any ordinary stage, would have been laughed out of Court. But a cultivated audience, because they still cling to the illusion that the Italian Opera is got up and performed entirely by "poor ignorant furriners who don't know no better," and who are merely singers without any brains—each a kind of "Singer Machine"—will tolerate at the Italian Opera what they would not stand at the Lyceum, the Haymarket, or, in fact, at any West-End Theatre.

The one mechanical effect of the *Magpie* upon which the latter part of the plot of the piece—the climax, indeed—turns, was a ludicrous failure, such as might have occurred on the first night of a Pantomime, when there are so many heavy mechanical effects to be managed, that one going a bit wrong is pardonable; but here, where it was absolutely the only one, its failure, greeted with derisive laughter, was most reprehensible. The *Magpie*, worked by a very apparent wire, should have flown up to the belfry, where immediately afterwards *Pippo* finds the spoon. The poor dummy made a fluttering start, was jerked up against a tree in the centre, tried back, started again with a pluck and determination worthy of a better mechanism, and coming once more blindly up against the tree, fell heavily on the stage, never to rise again, and *Pippo* and the Magistrate's Clerk had to go up to the belfry and "pretend very much," and find the spoon just as though the *Magpie* had played its part properly and given the cue correctly. The entire Opera should be re-stage-managed. The Chorus, too, should have a thorough drilling before the next performance if another be given; and if it be, we recommend everyone to see PATTI and SCALCHI in *La Gazza Ladra*.

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

#### HAYTIME.

BRIGHT is the sunshine, the breeze is quiescent—  
Leaves whisper low in the Upper Thames reaches—  
Blue is the sky, and the shade mighty pleasant,  
Under the beeches:

Midsummer night is, they say, made for dreaming;  
Better by far are the visions of daytime—  
Pink and white frocks in the meadow are gleaming—  
Helping in Haytime!

Sunshine, I'm told, is productive of freckles—  
Sweet are the zephyrs, hay-scented and soothful—  
Work is, of all things, so says *Mr. Eccles*,

Good for the youthful!  
Here let me lounge, 'neath the beeches umbrageous;  
Here let me smoke, let me slumber, or slay time,  
Gazing with pleasure on toilers courageous—  
Working in Haytime!

Fair little *funeuses* in pretty pink dresses,  
Merry young maidens in saucy sun-bonnets,  
Dainty young damsels with hay in their tresses—  
Worthy of sonnets!

Lazy the cattle are, red are the rowers,  
Making a toil of the sweet summer playtime;  
Hot are the hay-makers, weary the towers,  
Thirsty in Haytime!

Under the beach, round a flower-decked table,  
Pouring the cream out and crushing the berry,  
NINA and FLORENCE and MARY and MABEL  
Gladly make merry!

Laughing young labourers, doubtless judicious,  
Come for reward when they fancy it's paytime;  
Splendid the cake is, the tea is delicious—  
Grateful in Haytime!

GOING TO THE DOGS.—*Prince Regent*, the best mastiff of the year, was exhibited at the Kennel Club Dog Show at the Crystal Palace last week. It is to be hoped that this worthy winner of the Champion Prize enjoyed himself thoroughly at Sydenham. It will be remembered that the last *Prince Regent* we had in England was a very sad dog indeed.

NOT A RARA AVIS AT HENLEY.—A Water-foul.

### RIVER RUNES.

PORF!  
Pleasure!  
Roof  
Azure!  
Stream!  
Rippling!  
Dream!  
Tippling!  
Bright  
Channels!  
White  
Flannels!  
Blue  
Serges!  
Crew  
Urges  
Skiff  
Along!  
Whiff!  
Strong

Waft  
Roses!  
Draught!  
Dozes!  
Joke  
Bandy!  
Smoke!  
"Shandy!"  
Lunch!  
Salad!  
Munch!  
Ballad!  
Long  
Breather!  
Strong!  
Together!  
Miles  
Twenty!  
Smiles  
Plenty!

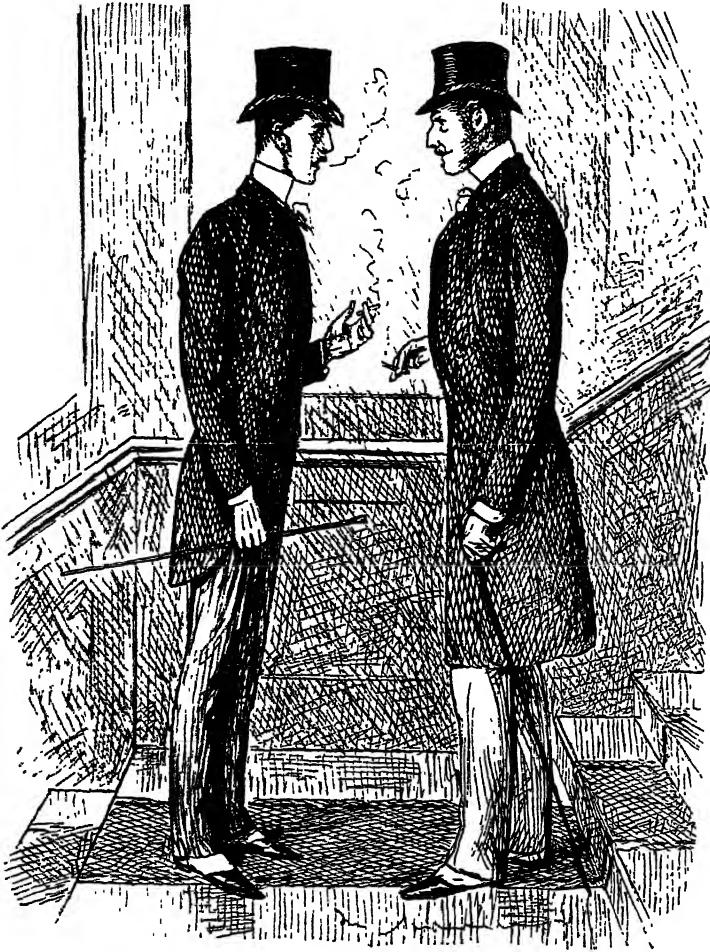
Girls!  
Chaffing!  
Pearls!  
Laughing!  
Doff  
Caps!  
Off!  
Traps  
Out!  
Up!  
Shout!  
Sup!  
Night  
O'er us!  
Light!  
Chorus!  
Nip!  
Creep!  
Strip!  
Sleep!

### What is the Next Art-icle?

WE are told that never was Art so patronised in England as it is in the present day. So it would appear to be from the following advertisement, which appears in the *Daily Telegraph* (July 3):—

TWO ARTISTS.—A City Firm has an export order for 2000 Oil Paint-ings, from 3s. to £2. Artists wanting Employment can address, &c.  
Here is a brilliant opening for merry old Academicians, festive flagstone "screevers," and "distinguished amateurs."

"A GENERAL BOOTH" on the site of the late Grecian Theatre sounds like a tent on debatable ground between Church and Stage. It was the latter: it isn't the former.



### A SENSITIVE PLANT.

"WHAT, BACK IN TOWN ALREADY, OLD CHAPPIE?"

"YES, OLD CHAPPIE. COULDN'T STAND THE COUNTRY ANY LONGER. CUCKOO GAVE ME THE HEADACHE!"

### A LOOK INTO LIMBO.

"THE neighbourhood," said I, "seems like one huge unvalled lunatic asylum."

My guide smiled significantly, and pressed his finger to his involuntarily curving lips.

"Do not put it in that way, please," said he, softly. "It may give needless offence. These poor people not so long since ruled Society. It is their pleasing delusion that they do so still. Pray do not disturb them in that soothing belief."

Such an odd assortment of head-gears I never saw as among these people. Some wore huge Mob-caps many sizes too large for them, so that they seemed like sons of Lilliput masquerading as Brobdingnagian grandmothers. These assumed airs of the most autocratic self-assertion. Others bore Phrygian caps of varied colour and cut, blood-red and black being the prevailing tints. These flaunted feverishly, and attitudinised most ludicrously; some, posing in postures of statuesque calm, coldly contemplated vacuity; some striking attitudes of Ajax-like energy, desperately defied the invisible. Yet a third class, and these the most numerous, sported Fools' caps of every conceivable variety. Their wild, bewildering differences of port and bearing defied classification. In one thing only were the crowds of cap-bearers alike: they all looked fatuously self-complacent.

"And you say that these singular creatures once ruled Society?" said I, incredulously.

"Yes," replied my interlocutor, "until the time of the 'Great Revolt,' and of their common banishment hither."

I solicited further enlightenment.

"Those persons with Mob-caps," said my informant, "were once known as 'Grandmotherly Legislators.' Their ears, which, did their

### BEFORE THE FOURTEENTH.

(Fancies among the Flags.)

THEY push them up with shoulders broad,  
And hardened hands, the classic blouses;  
They push them up, and louts applaud,  
And loafers the trite task amuses.

There 'POLYTE perched on cross-bars shouts  
A higher bar to GUGUSSE lower;  
And PRUDHOMME, gaping at them, pouts  
Because the work is getting slower.

But keener eyes than PRUDHOMME's, though  
The dust of time their glass besmirches,  
See May-poles into gibbets grow,  
And find the flagstaves sting like birches.  
The scaffolds make one think of spars  
Strewn by the winds of war pervading;  
And those same recreative bars  
Suggest to some some barricading.

Those self-same poles the Eagle bore,  
Than which poor Poll is now supreamer;  
Our *lycée* tunics once we wore  
Beneath that feebly-coloured streamer.  
They flung unto the summer breeze  
Crowned N.'s despite the scarlet scowler;  
Those N.'s are now nonentities,  
And we are men—a fate that's fouler.

And we are men, and tired beneath  
The paltry poles, the tawdry towers,  
We see a handcuff in the wreath,  
And *immortelles* seem all the flowers.  
The banners wave like whips; some souls  
Think R. F. silly as the lily;  
And sailing life's sea 'neath bare poles,  
Some find these July breezes chilly.

For we took Bastilles then at heart,  
*Quixotes* whose castles filled three Castilles;  
And now we know no human art  
Can batter down the basest Bastilles;  
Those Bastilles of the mind that hold  
Rebellion's recollections wizened,  
And white, like LINGUET, old and cold,  
And *à perpétuité* imprisoned.

It's only waiting swords, we know,  
These Gallic hands consent to twine a  
Garland of olives; they've a crow  
In peace-hymns—crow of Cochín-China.  
And *bonnets-rouges* as *coiffures* go,  
Less *chic* than shako and than casque are;  
And when they shout that war's a woe,  
An echo answers, "Madagascar!"

caps permit, you would perceive to be inordinately long, were ever open to the urgings of fanatics, the pleas of prigs, the plaints of Puritans. They were the hope of the ignoble army of Faddists and Crotcheteers, of all whose fancy inclined to folly, and whose temper tended to tyranny. Perched in high places, they, like a Dionysius' ear, listened to the multitudinous whims of fools, and, like the hands of a Briareus, carried out the imperious behests of fanatics."

"And people put up with them?" said I.

"For some time," replied my informant. "The Faddists were many, and even more noisy than numerous. When it comes to voting, six who shout do more than sixty who sit silent. Hence it was that their great hocus-pocus device of Local Option met with such huge success—until it was understood."

"What was Local Option?" I asked, curiously.

"A scheme for giving the six who love shouting, supreme control over the liberty of the sixty or six hundred who dislike noise, and so hold their tongues until, in self-defence, they are compelled to use them."

"And those personages in Phrygian and Fools' caps?" I pursued.

"They had various names," replied my guide, "Teetotalers, Anti-Vaccinationists, Free-Contagionists, Sabbatarians, Marriage-Restrictionists, and a hundred others. But they were all alike, in aim and temper. Their yearning was in most instances to narrow the scope of individual liberty, and extend that of restriction, prohibition, compulsion. In all, it was to make their own preferences the rule for the rest of Society. Those Gentlemen in the Phrygian caps claimed, indeed, to be the only consistent friends of freedom. But whether they wished to impose the yoke of the majority on the minority, or of the minority on the majority, it was the yoke they yearned for power to apply, and the conception of a rational liberty was entirely beyond their grasp."



AFTER THE COBDEN CLUB DISCOURSE.

(Adapted from "Après le Sermon.")

"And how came they congregated here?"

"Society revolted. It began to find itself cobwebbed round with restrictions, and nullified by negations. Wherever a man chanced to be, the probability was that some 'Local Majority' hindered him from doing what he wanted to do—say, drink a glass of ale—or compelled him to do what he *didn't* want to do—say, catch Small Pox. For liberty to do ten—perfectly innocent—things, he must travel into ten different counties. In Surrey, he could smoke, but not drink; in Durham he could drink, but not smoke. In Yorkshire he could do neither, but he might take snuff, which was strictly prohibited in Westmoreland. Nay, in Little Pedlington coffee was banned, in the adjoining Hookem Snivey buttered toast was anathema, whilst in the adjacent *Hole-Cum-Corner* bacon was as strictly under interdict as at Bagdad. He therefore had to take a round of a dozen miles in order to get his breakfast. This was soon found a bore, and people began carefully to consider the real nature and claims of 'Local Option.' Of course it was then all up with the Faddists, since it was seen that for six people to compel five to do or refrain from doing an innocent or indifferent action, *unless such compulsion were absolutely necessary to the well-being of Society*, was mischievous despotism. It was discovered that, in a large proportion of his actions, the individual may fairly and uninjuriously be ruled, *not* by the majority, or the minority, but by his own judgment or

taste, and that intrusion on *that* sphere is tyranny, whether the intruder be an individual, or a majority of 'all the world to one.'"

"Strange that people should ever have thought otherwise!" said I.

My interlocutor smiled—a slow wise smile of subtle significance. "People," said he, "do *not* think until they are obliged to. Hence the temporary sway of stupidity in its active form of fanaticism and faddiness, over stupidity in its passive form of blind acquiescence. At last, however, the complication of discomfort and disaster produced by the rule of 'King Crotchet' and his triumphant myrmidons *compelled* suffering Society to think."

"And the result?"

"The 'Great Revolt'—so it is known in History—of Common Sense against Crotchetdom, and the banishment of the Crotchetters, *en masse*, hither. Here they are happy in an imaginary *reductio ad absurdum* of their several theories, without practical injury to anyone."

"Like harmless patients in a spacious lunatic asylum?" said I.

"Perhaps," returned my guide, smiling ambiguously. "But we call it 'Noddy-Cap Country, or the Limbo of Fads.'"

### MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

With fair complexion, watchet eyes,  
With lips as red as any rose,  
With such an air of frank surprise,  
And TENNYSON'S "tip-tilted" nose;  
With bird-like music in each tone,  
And hair a most bewitching brown,  
In short, with charms she boasts alone,  
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She likes the Season, she declares,  
As I once liked it long ago.  
Though she encounters endless stares  
From languid loungers in the Row.  
She's always fresh for ball or rout,  
Though maiden Aunts severely frown;  
I trow it's but to gad about—  
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She cries "Academy," 'tis mine  
The task to take her; quite a brute  
She thinks me, if I draw the line  
At visiting the Institute  
And Grosvenor on the self-same day:  
And so I win the martyr's crown;  
'Tis just to go on in that way,  
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

She loves the ancient London sights,  
The Tower, TRUSSARD'S, and Monday  
"Pops,"

The theatres fill up her nights,  
The mornings she will spend in shops.  
We go to Greenwich where we dine,  
Or I to Richmond drive her down:  
For such enjoyments I opine,  
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

I wait upon her night and morn,  
Like some poor "Bobby" on his beat;  
I earn alternate praise and scorn,  
I carry parcels in the street.  
I know of all the ill-used men,  
That I'm—Why, what a charming  
gown!

I'm not so very wretched when  
My Country Cousin comes to Town.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW EXHIBITION.—  
Get up "An Exhibition of Temper." Make  
it International. Who'll get the first prize?  
If the evidence in a recent case may be taken  
as ground to go upon, there's a certain—or-un-  
certain—SARA B. who might stand a chance



## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, mostly done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



Ld. Selborne, painted by Ld. Cairns.



Lord Cairns, by Lord Selborne.



Earl Granville, by Mar. of Salisbury.



Mar. of Salisbury, by Earl Granville.



Earl Derby, by Lord Carnarvon.



Lord Carnarvon, by Earl Derby.



Earl Spencer, by Duke of Abercorn.



Duke of Abercorn, by Earl Spencer.



Lord Sherbrooke, by Lord Cranbrook.



Lord Cranbrook, by Lord Sherbrooke.



Duke of Argyll, by himself.



Bishop of Peterborough, by some one's Deceased Wife's Sister.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 2.—"Sorry we didn't get the Criminal Code Bill through Grand Committee," says ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "If it had gone on, meant to introduce Amendment, taking power, on deposition signed by two of his colleagues, to seize the Grand Old Man when he is coming down to House after dinner, carry him off home, and put him to bed. Reckon such power judiciously used, would shorten Session by from fortnight to three weeks, and lengthen his life by ten years."

G. O. M. certainly responsible for a pretty pickle to-night. Going on swimmingly with Corrupt Practices Bill. Clause after Clause added. Been nine days getting seven Clauses through. At to-night's sitting got eight Clauses. Ministerialists looking pleased. ATTORNEY-GENERAL beginning to think he doesn't manage so badly, after all; RANDOLPH sitting moodily pulling his moustache, inclined to be a little short-tempered with WOLFF, as if it was his fault that business was getting on. No one to wrangle with. Nothing to be done but go home, and let 'em go ahead since they were in the humour.

Just about to leave when G. O. M. appeared. RANDOLPH put down his hat, begged WOLFF's pardon for being snappish, and prepared for larks. Found opportunity forthwith. Referred to withdrawal of GREEN-PRICE from Radnor in order to make room for HARTINGTON thrown out in Lancashire. Five years later, GREEN-PRICE made a Baronet. That's a few years ago, but no matter. Then there was HARCOURT JOHNSTON retired from Scarborough. DONSON goes in for Commons, and H. J. goes up to the Lords.

HARTINGTON and DONSON both present during this recital. HARTINGTON looks lazily under rim of his hat at RANDOLPH. Wonders how he can fash himself so with thermometer at 90° in the shade!

DONSON studiously puts on appearance trifle more like wooden figure-head than usual. But G. O. M. in uncontrollable fury. RANDOLPH watches him, skilfully rubbing places that seem sore. JOSEPH GILLIS chimes in, WARTON laughs, RANDOLPH sits down, and Grand Old Man bounds to table like a mad bull. Hour and a half spent in rowing, after which too late for business, and progress reported.

"Not at all," said RANDOLPH, when they complimented him on the skill with which he got PREMIER to interrupt business. "Easiest thing in the world. WARTON can do it. JOSEPH GILLIS rarely known to fail."

Business done.—Eight Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill passed.

Tuesday.—Mr. WARTON had happy thought to-day. Has had them lately at rate of one a week. Last week varied monotony of counting-out by getting House dismissed before five on Wednesday. To-day, "gone one step further," as Sir WALTER BARTELOT says. House met for morning sitting. At ten minutes to seven progress reported on understanding that House would meet again at nine, and go on with Corrupt Practices Bill. If, between ten minutes to seven and seven, House could be counted, Evening Sitting impossible, Government arrangements upset, and everybody inconvenienced.

Member for Bridport sat through last hour of Morning Sitting in state of subdued excitement. Hardly keep his secret, especially from JOSEPH GILLIS. Would doubtless have confided it to him, but coolness which arose the other day through JOEY B. counting him out, not yet overcome. But JOSEPH would hear of it in good time, and his generous appreciation of a master-mind probably bring him to apologise. WARTON, his heart warmed by triumph, would forgive, and a friendship, sweet as that of JONATHAN and DAVID, be resumed.

Progress reported twelve minutes to seven. Members, believing business to be over, rush out to make the most of dinner-hour. WARTON sits on extreme edge of bench, eagerly watching departing throng. His hand trembles with excitement. Spills large pinch of snuff down

back of neck of Mr. MONTAGUE SCOTT, who sits below. MONTAGUE doesn't notice accident. Probably will by-and-by. Members fled out. SPEAKER running through Orders. In five minutes it will be too late. Four minutes is risky. In three all may be over. WARTON can stand it no longer. Jumping up, trembling with excitement, moves a Count. SPEAKER taken aback. Whips momentarily paralysed. Bell rings. Astonished Members stopped as they hurry off. Come trooping back a hundred at least, and WARTON's great coup fails.



"Lord Randolph Charges the Khedive."

me. Be prouder than ever of me down at Bridport. Rather think I have reached the highest standard of legislative capacity. Expected when RANDOLPH wouldn't go to Manchester that the Conservatives would invite me. Perhaps they will now. Must be proud of me."

*Business done.*—Passed two Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill.

*Thursday.*—"Toujours perdrix was bad about dinner-time," SOLICITOR-GENERAL observes; "but toujours Corrupt Practices Bill before dinner, at dinner, and after dinner, and ditto day after day, is a little worse."

"Reminds me," says Mr. PILESTON, "of my late friend, ARTEMUS WARD's experiences in personal confinement. 'The jale,' he writes, 'was an ornery ediffis, but the table was libally supplied with bakin and cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after the bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.' Debates here libally supplied with CALLAN and CHARLES LEWIS. When you don't hanker after CHARLES LEWIS, you can help yourself to CALLAN."

This not the whole of the truth. There is also JOSEPH GILLIS, who adds variety to any feast. JOSEPH with his thumbs in the armhole of his waistcoat, spectacles on the end of his nose, his head on one side, and his impressive "It seems to me" is worth a journey to behold. Effect on Members generally is that they immediately start on journey, but it is from their door outwards. On their return, probabilities five to one that JOEY B. is on legs again, and "It seems to me" reverberating through the House. Scored great point to-night. Objection taken to one Amendment that it was not necessary, affecting only the scum of the population, and therefore not requiring special legislation.

"Yes, Sir ARTHUR OTWAY," says JOSEPH, in his oratorical attitude, "but I know Cavan very well, and it seems to me that, at a general election, the scum of the population always comes to the front."

Committee cried, "Hear, hear!" and roared with laughter, which JOSEPH modestly appropriated as appreciation of his humour.

Late at night Treasury Bench threatened with thunderstroke. Mr. STANHOPE on legs discussing Amendment. Grandiose Old Man seated amid few Ministers present. Having had at question time a little fling at a vicar, and having since dined, was in good humour; made few jokes for Sir C. DILKE and ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and cheerful conversation goes forward. Mr. STANHOPE stops with air of surprise. Can it be possible that anyone would talk whilst he was addressing the House? Will not believe it for some minutes. Presently evidence of senses grows too strong. Stops and bends darkening brow upon Treasury Bench. Remarkable effect. Grandiose Old Man suddenly stopping, looks indignantly at DILKE, as if it were he who had sinned. DILKE tries to hide behind G. O. M. ATTORNEY-GENERAL and SOLICITOR-GENERAL become suddenly immersed in consideration of Amendments, and dead silence falls on Committee. Noting effect, dead silence falls on Committee. "We must be careful."

A Peerless Peer of the House of Commons. Mr. Warton as "The Count Out."

STANHOPE proceeds with speech. No one hurt. Offence not likely to be repeated. "Terrible eye young STANHOPE's got," the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whispered through blanched lips to his learned colleague. "We must be careful."

*Business done.*—Seven Clauses added to Corrupt Practices Bill.

*Friday.*—More Corrupt Practices in the morning, and at Evening Sitting proposal to extend full enjoyment thereof to Women. Mr. MASON mildly supports proposal; Mr. NEWGATE solemnly opposes it. BERESFORD HOPE draws pleasing picture of Act in full working. Ladies in Parliament: Lady for Prime Minister, marries Leader of the Opposition, and forms Coalition Government. ATTORNEY-GENERAL and COURTNEY wrangle from Treasury Bench. Resolution rejected by 130 votes against 114. Great outburst of cackling in Ladies' Gallery.

*Business done.*—Eight more Clauses of Corrupt Practices Bill passed.

## WIMBLEDON WHIMS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Officer in charge of the Range Department.



Pool Shooting.



Kneeling Position.



[Regulation IX.] "Blowing Off is not allowed except on presentation of a Ticket."



[Regulation X.] "Slings may be used in Shooting for a Prize."



Marking a Magpie.



Signalling a Miss.



Deciding a Tie. Chequered Stock.



Standing Order.



Tattoo.



Posting a Guard.



Telling Off.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM does not care much about the French Capital at the present day. What she really enjoyed was Paris under the Second Umpire.





### A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

*She.* "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"

*He.* "H'M—HAH—RATHER ROUGH-HEWN, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, ROBUST KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"

*She.* "WELL—ER—SOMEWHAT EFFEMINATE, YOU KNOW. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE EFFEMINATE WOMEN!"

### THE GOOD LITTLE PIG GONE WRONG.

A MONAGHAN MORALITY.

THERE were three little Pigs, three Hibernian Pigs,  
Who came from one litter or brood;  
Two were up to all manner of mischievous rigs,  
But the third little piggy was good.  
He was clean in his habits, and mild in his mien;  
And his tail had so natty a curl,  
That of all the young piggies could Ireland had seen,  
Little Ulster was reckoned the pearl.  
He was made quite a pet, and they tied up his tail  
With a smart orange-coloured silk bow;  
And he stuck to his sty, and his trough, and his pail.  
*He* ramble and root? Oh dear no!  
Those two other Pigs broke their bounds every day,  
And foraged and rummaged all round;  
But this good little Pig was contented to stay  
In his own little sty safe and sound.  
But alas and alas for this good little Pig,  
His neat tail, and his nice little way!  
In a neighbouring field, that was grassy and big,  
He beheld his two neighbours one day.  
They were rooting and grubbing with vehement snouts,  
And turning up all sorts of food;  
And that good little Pig he experienced doubts  
As to whether he wasn't too good.  
Orange ribbon was all very well in its way,  
So was honest sty-keeping repute;  
But then how delightful to ramble and stray!  
And was not a snout *made* to root?  
Mere wash got monotonous after a while;  
What tit-bits those fellows did find!  
Suppose he were just to pop over the stile,  
And join in. He'd a jolly good mind!

Then a black-a-vized bystander, watching him, said,  
"Go it, Piggy! Come, don't be a fool!"  
For a great deal too long by the nose you've been led,  
And succumbed to tyrannical rule.  
That rich field would be yours, if we all had our rights;  
Like those fellows there, take *my* advice,  
Go in for free forage and all its delights,  
You will find it uncommonly nice."

Alas and alas for that good little Pig!  
His proprietor's pet and his pride;  
For his pink little snout, his Arcadian rig,  
And his tail sweetly curled on one side,  
When next that Proprietor looked at the sty,  
Bad example had proved all too strong;  
There were *three* naughty Pigs on the rummage—why?  
The good little Pig had gone wrong!

### THE OVER-EATING AND 'ARRY MATCH; OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

*The Scene represents the interior of a well-known fashionable resort during the progress of a popular annual fête. Carriages full of loudly and over-dressed people, opening hampers, clattering knives and forks, munching cold chickens and salad, and drinking champagne-cup, are discovered jammed together fifteen deep, and surrounded by a seething crowd, rendering locomotion impossible in every direction. In the centre, somewhere out of sight, a few schoolboys, unnoticed by the general throng, who are indulging in gossip, scandal, flirting, small talk, shouting, plate handing, amidst peals of laughter, are doing their best to sustain the interest of a good old-fashioned English game, supported by occasional cheers from their more immediate partisans and sympathisers.*

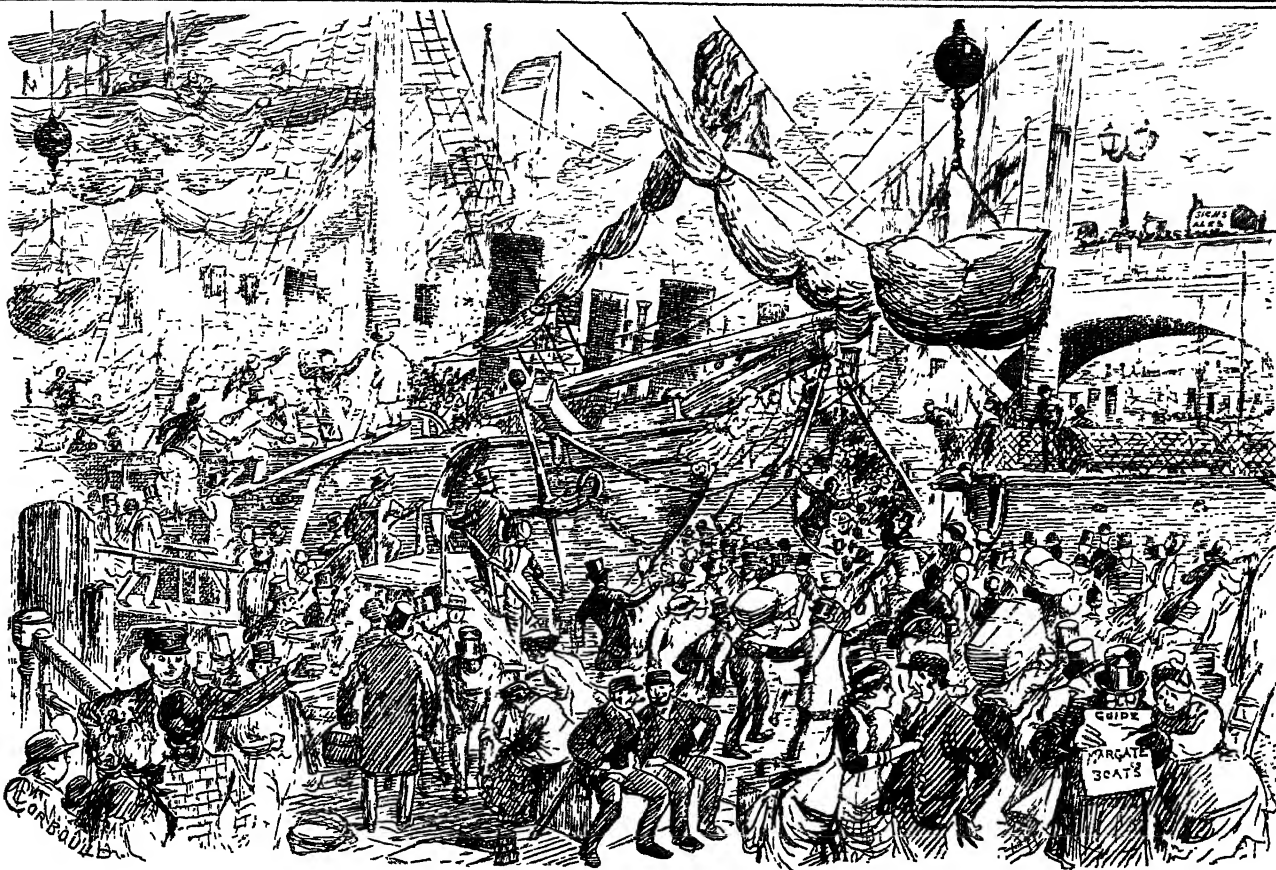
*Enter an Old Etonian, accompanied by an Unsophisticated Friend. Old Etonian (picking his way through the gate, enthusiastically). You'll see now if it isn't one of the freshest, healthiest, and prettiest*



MISCHIEF!!

P-RN-LL. "BEDAD, I'VE BIN AN' SPOIL'D HIS 'ULSTER,' ANNYHOW!!!"





## METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 5.

TO FIND THE STEAMER YOU REQUIRE, AND SO AVOID BEING TAKEN TO HOLLAND, WHEN YOU ONLY WANT TO GO TO MARGATE.

sights you've ever set eyes upon. And so manly, too, I can tell you, to watch the boys play out a fine innings pluckily! It's eight-and-twenty years since I saw the last match here, and I remember we had only one more wicket to go down when— (Slips over a sandwich-paper, and falls heavily.) Confound it! what's that?

[Endeavours to assist himself on to his legs by clutching at a pile of dirty plates. They fall with a crash.]

Military-looking Youth (with cruel collar, standing on step of a drag, good-temperedly). How's that, Sir? (Alluding to the number of broken plates, in same pleasant vein.) Three to slip, eh?

[He passes a jug of claret-cup to another military-looking youth, also with a cruel collar, and laughs long and loud.]

Old Etonian (recovering himself, but knocking his head against an unobserved carriage-spring in the process). Bother!—but, bless me, what's happened to the place? Why, where's the match going on? What's all this?

Unsophisticated Friend. A sort of Town Derby, ain't it?

[There is some applause in the distance. On hearing this, the crowd, who are inspecting the hind-wheels of carriages, try to struggle through some of the shafts. They are swept up against an open barouche.]

Old Etonian (losing his temper). Confounded crush! Call this the Eton and Harrow Match? Why, it's more like a prize-fight! It's disgraceful. Where are the Police? Why, the last time I was here, in '54, one could watch the whole thing as comfortably as— (There is another burst of distant applause that again suddenly excites the crowd, who are still inspecting the hind-wheels of carriages, to push, hustle, and climb frantically on to something. He is driven with a jerk on to the steps of the barouche, and his hat falls into the middle of an al fresco lunch. About to use a big D, but noticing that the luncheon is being devoured by Ladies.) Oh, thank you, I am sure, very much. (Receives hat.) I beg your pardon; but I really couldn't help it! (Observing that the fair occupants, who smile, are quite gay with blue satin.) Ah! perhaps you could tell me. Who are at the wicket now?

Observant Young Lady who knows Everybody (not heeding him, and continuing her conversation). Yes; and there are the BROTHERTON SMITHS; and that funny old creature in that Harrow carriage, the fourth on the left—is Lady POPPENHAM. And, yes,—there are the FILTER GRUBBS; and NELLIE and TOSY CLOWS. What hats!—do

look at them; and over there, just by the GRIMLEY's drag, do you see him, there's Major FOOTMAN, ah, he sees us. (Bows knowingly to someone in a white hat and a gardenia on a carriage-wheel two hundred yards off). Dear me, what a lot of people there are one knows here to-day. I think it's better than it was last year.

[Goes on with her lobster-cutlet.]

Fashionable Mamma who knows Everything (continuing another conversation in undertone to tremendously well-dressed Friend who is deeply interested). Well, after that, my dear, there was a terrible scene,—as you can imagine! (Whispers.) Yes—and she's at Paris now, and serve him right. Then, of course, you've heard all about that dreadful affair at Wimborne! Everybody knew how it would end. (Whispers again.) Oh, but she did! But people never believe anything till it's too late. And they've had to put down the carriage and everything. In fact, *Entre nous*, they do say—

[Whispers again, and continues to recount a long and stirring series of social horrors carefully gleaned, but not selected, for a quarter of an hour.]

Old Etonian (hearing another distant shout, and unable to restrain himself any longer). Might I ask you to be so good as to tell me who are at the wickets?

Fashionable Mamma who knows Everything (graciously). Well, I really don't know, but we can soon find out. Who is it, CRISSEY? Where are the wickets, dear? Can you see?

[Looks vaguely towards the entrance.]

Observant Young Lady who knows Everybody (glancing brightly over a sea of carriage-boxes). Oh, I think it must be Harrow! No, it's us, I think! (After deliberation). No, it's Harrow—at least, I think so. (Laughs pleasantly.) But, to tell the truth, I really am not quite sure which it is. Ah! there's some one out!

[Loud shouting to celebrate the conclusion of the match. After a desperate struggle for life, during which he is jammed against a wall, tripped up, deafened, and dusted, the Old Etonian, hopelessly separated from his Unsophisticated Friend, finally finds himself, exhausted and with his hat crushed, swept forward among a chaos of cabs to a secure spot outside Lord's. Old Etonian (saved at last). Well, if they call that beastly picnic Cricket—I'll be—

[Uses a final big D. And there is every excuse for Old Etonian.]





*Little Wife* (indignant. She had just let him in, 12:30 Midnight). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU GAVE ME THE SLIP TO-DAY, YOU UNMANLY WRETCH!"

He. "SUSH A PLACE THAT FISH'RIESH-EXSH'BISH'L, MY DEAR! SHIMPLY COULDN'T FIND YER. WENT 'SHIBERIA, 'N SHINA—NOT THERE,—SHPAIN—NOT THERE! LIFE-BOASH—'FRESH-MENSH"—(this seems to remind him)—"FISH-DILLER VER' SHEAP—BUT MAKESH Y ULCOOM'LY SHIRSHY!"

### THE WARDROBE OF THE KHEDIVÉ.

(An Additional Chapter to "the Important Revelations.")

THE Englishman, by means of a heavy bribe, had managed to enter the bedroom of the Viceroy of Egypt. He was accompanied by a poor Fellah, who trembled in every limb.

"I have looked over the correspondence of your Master, and have obtained all I want," said the Frank, "and now I wish to examine the contents of this cupboard."

The poor Fellah sank upon his knees, and protested that were he to open it, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Plying him with gold and threats, the Englishman overcame his objections. The doors were opened.

"And what is this?" asked the European, pointing to a costume consisting of an ulster-coat, a pair of fustian breeches, and some silk stockings.

"Those articles were worn by my master," tremblingly answered the Northern African, "in the British House of Commons."

"He was there!" echoed the Englishman, overcome with astonishment.

"He was," replied the Fellah, "disguised as a Parnellite. It was his object to obstruct the

British Government. You remember that the head of his house (the Padishah) is of Hibernian extraction?"

"So I have been told," returned the Englishman. "And what is this costume?"

"Those feathers adorned my master when he was in Zululand."

"Zululand! What was he doing there?"

"Woe is me!" cried the unfortunate Fellah. "I have betrayed my master! I thought that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had discovered the presence of His Highness in South Africa. It is well known in Egypt that the Khedive was the right hand man of CETEWAYO!"

"Indeed," murmured the Englishman.

"And what is the meaning of these blue spectacles, and suit of quaker-cut clothes?"

"Oh! those," replied the Fellah, with a quaint smile, "are only worn by my master when he is stealing books from the principal European libraries."

"And does he descend to such paltry pilfering?"

"Only in hours of relaxation," answered the Egyptian, quickly. "As a rule, His Highness prefers large things to small. You will see sartorial reminders of his career in the shapes of the umbrella he carries invariably to Capel Court when he goes there to rig the market, and the white waistcoat he wears when he takes the chair at a meeting of a Bubble Company."

"And what are these uniforms?" further inquired the Englishman.

"He wore this in Afghanistan when he was fighting the British and their carefully-chosen Emir. This when serving in the army of the Boers. He was merely a boy when he opposed you in Abyssinia, and only assisted the Ashantees with arms and money."

"Dear me! He seems to have been very treacherous!"

"Seems! Why, had I time I could prove to you that he has been at the bottom of every intrigue directed against the maintenance of British prosperity. His last effort to destroy you was to take shares in the Channel Tunnel Company, and secretly agitate in favour of the Air-holes of the Underground Railway!"

"The villain!" murmured the Englishman between his clenched teeth. "And now I will ask but one more question. Although his name is TEWFIK, I see that everything is marked with a large B. How is this?"

The Fellah refused to answer. He declared that the risk of revealing the secret was too great. At length, however, by promising him the written protection of Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, and offering him the title-deeds of a large estate in Ireland, the Englishman carried his point.

"You want to know why all his things are marked with a big B.?" whispered the still apprehensive Fellah, looking round to see that they were not overheard. "I will tell you. Because his name is not TEWFIK! He calls himself TEWFIK; and when away in his native country, leaves a deputy to play his part. But I repeat, his name is not TEWFIK!"

"Not TEWFIK! Then what is his name?"

The Fellah looked round once more apprehensively, and then replied in a voice tremulous with terror—

"The real name of the Khedive of Egypt is BISMARCK!"

Five minutes later a telegram was despatched from Cairo to London. It was addressed, "Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

WHY ought my eldest brother to be a Clergyman?—Because he's our Pa's son.

## A BALLAD OF BATHING.

"The universal experience of our race has shown the value of sea-bathing in both preventive and curative medicine."—*British Medical Journal*.

WHEN we go to the Sea, shall we bathe?—that must be For all men a practical question;

For enjoying your dips in the sight of the ships Is sure to promote good digestion.

Now the sound *British Medical Journal* has said

From bathing you'll get satisfaction;

But don't bathe if you're old or it makes you feel cold, And brings on no proper reaction.

For a child under two no sea-bathing will do,

It's too great a shock to the system;

But hard-workers, they say, should take baths every day,

And won't feel quite right when they've missed 'em.

So go down to the shore when your labours are o'er, Plunge into the waves in commotion,

For far better than pills, as a care for your ills, Are the numberless smiles of the Ocean.

AGITATION among Barristers. Election of "Provisional Bar Committee." Clearly, all the SPIERS and POND's girls will be eligible.

THE QUEEN distributed the Red Crosses to the Nurses last Friday. The "Red Cross Nurse" doesn't sound like a very gentle attendant in a sick-room. Rather Betsy Prigish, eh, *Mrs. Gamp*?

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 144.



MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.

"AND WHATSOEVER TENOR REIGN, I'LL BE YOUR BARITONE, SIRS!"

## STARTLING SURMISE.

IN the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury, only a few days since—

"The Archbishop expressed his fear that the Welsh-speaking population in English towns slipped through the fingers of the Clergy, and endeavours should be made to prevent that."

This very grave account of the Welsh-speaking population in English towns can hardly fail to remind the reader of a rather peculiar passage relative to the Welsh language in one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, wherein, Act III., Scene 1—

"GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words and then the Music plays.

*Hotspur*. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh."

If such is the case, there may indeed seem to be special reason for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S apprehension that the Welsh-speaking population referred to "slipped through the fingers of the Clergy." Certainly, endeavours should be made to prevent that; but that, perhaps, may be nothing more dreadful than their slipping into the hands of the Dissenters.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.—A Scotch friend has suggested that Mr. IRVING should adopt, as his motto when away from England in America, the words, "Dinna forget!" But the eminent tragedian says he can never cease to remember "The Banquet of the Fourth."

SAYING of old *Mr. Weller's* adapted by the KHEDIVE—"O SAMI, SAMI, why were there an ARABI!"

## IRVINGITES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE Irving Banquet at St. James's Hall was a remarkable sight. As a demonstration of friendship, esteem, and respect for Mr. IRVING, it was an unqualified success; but, as a real dinner, and not a Stage Banquet of "properties," it was about as unsatisfactory as such monster feeds generally are.

On entering, we meet everybody whom we have been meeting every day during the Season. Everybody is delighted to see everybody else. Yet, somehow in every recognition there is an element of suppressed surprise—a sort of raising the eyebrows, and a mute inquiry of, "Hallo, old chap! what you here?" which, as the admission is two guineas, does not seem a very flattering comment upon the state of finances generally.

Where was our "ROBERT"? The undisciplined waiters had a rough time of it. At first, the guests being hungry and thirsty, are irritable, and nothing can be obtained fast enough. Then the next phase of conduct, on the part of the guests towards the waiters, is a sort of cringing servility. Finding that angry violence has no effect beyond scaring away the ministering angel, and so losing the small chance that previously existed of getting something to eat and drink, the guest begs, implores, and holds out lavish promises of fees, to be paid after the banquet is over, if the waiter will only fetch him something, no matter what. The knowing hand goes so far as to give the waiter a trifle in advance, as earnest of what is to come (but which doesn't), if he will only see that the supply is equal to the demand throughout the evening. Then follows the third phase when the guest, so to speak, expands, and, becoming good-humoured and jolly, cuts a friendly

joke with the waiter, and beginning to take a more roseate view of everything, nods and takes wine with friends at a distance, and addresses the waiter genially as "My good fellow," or "Just ask that gentleman, there's a good fellow!" or "Get me a little more so-and-so, there's a good fellow!" which state of amiability, when the speeches have commenced, is succeeded by a sudden burst of strong adjurations to the unfortunate waiter to "Stand out of the way there!"—"Get out!"—"Don't block the passage!"—"Lie down!"—"Go away!"—"Don't make that noise!" and so forth, until the perspiring attendants efface themselves against the walls, and refuse to come out at anyone's bidding, until the most interesting speech is well on in its career, when they have their revenge by letting off soda-water bottles in various parts of the Hall.

There is a "Table of Honour" on a lofty dais: here sits the Guest of the evening on the right of the Lord Chief Justice who looks every inch a Coleridge, and not altogether unlike a polite version of the Ancient Mariner in evening-dress. When the Ancient Mariner, later on, holds the five hundred guests with his glittering eye, and evinces a marked tendency to be prolix, the resemblance becomes stronger than ever. Behind the Chairman (the representative of the Ancient Mariner aforesaid), rising like a Cleopatra's needle from among the banked-up flowers, is a column of ice, which, from our point of view, seems to threaten Lord COLERIDGE'S head, either with a violent cold for the next morning, or with toppling over, crashing down like an iceberg, and smashing him. This causes me for some time a considerable amount of anxiety; but, finding that nothing happens, and that I am losing my dinner by keeping my eye on the safety of the Lord Chief, I come to the conclusion that the danger is only imaginary, and that the ice-block has been placed behind the

guests at the Table of Honour to cool their enthusiasm. The dinner ended, a flourish of trumpets proclaims silence for the Chair, or rather for the Ancient Mariner in it. The Toastmaster's voice is audible, but, speaking for some of us at our table, it is not always intelligible. He waves a *bâton*, apparently under the harmless delusion that he is directing something or other, probably the cheering, but no one

pays the slightest attention to his movements, except when he becomes very demonstrative, when the Guest of the Evening and the Ancient Mariner keep their heads well out of the reach of the formidable weapon.

LORD COLERIDGE proposes "The QUEEN," whereupon a comic band in the Upper Gallery,—led by a really humorous Conductor, who has hitherto shown a strong tendency to come over the balustrade at all risks and join in the festivities below,—plays a comic version of the National Anthem with a burlesque part for the fife or flute, such as the fife-boy used to play in the Army of *Bombastes Furioso*. Though this performance gives universal satisfaction, it is not repeated. Then, as an appropriate musical illustration to the toast of "The Prince of WALES," MISS ANTOIR-



The Irving—Bank Wet.

NETTE STERLING sings something about "Here's to the soldier that bled—" but upon whom the soldier, who it may be presumed was a properly diploma'd Army-Surgeon, performed this operation, I am unable to ascertain.

Then the Ancient Mariner, being once more started, proposes the health of the American President; whereupon MR. CHARLES SANTLEY, unable to restrain his feelings, springs on to the platform, and, after an enthusiastic reception, sings "*O Ruddier than the Cherry*,"—whether out of compliment to the American Minister (he was standing with his back to MR. LOWELL all the time) or as a graceful allusion to the dessert, was not stated.

Once more the Ancient Mariner rises to give us the toast of the evening,—which toast in the Mariner's hands is rather a dry one. The Ancient One does not appear to be well up in his subject, and the subject (perhaps this is owing to the Coleridge manner) seems to be less and less congenial to him as he goes on. He tells us in effect that a living Actor is better than a dead Dramatist; and alludes occasionally to someone of "the name of SOPHOCLES." He is by turns flattering and apologetic. He finishes his line of illustrious Actors at MACREADY, omitting all allusion to PHELPS, CHARLES KEAN, and ROBSON. In speaking of living Actresses he forgets MRS. KEELEY, and in the body of the hall we rectify the omission, much to our own satisfaction.

LORD HARDWICKE, as representing Literature, Art, and everything else, smiles approbation throughout, but occasionally a shadow passes over his genial countenance as he surreptitiously eyes his cigar-case,

presses it with regretful tenderness, and then returns it to his pocket with a suppressed sigh (evident from a distance), and once more looks up, broad and beaming, with the air of a man who is thoroughly pleased with everything and everybody, specially himself, and delighted to see his friends rallying round him on an occasion like the present. Except for that cigar-case, and for the restriction on tobacco in that assembly, his Lordship is the happiest man present, and, with a very little pressing, he would soon yield to the illusion and rise to return thanks heartily



Professor Tyndall's Entertainment.

and gracefully for the distinguished honour done to him this evening. But ever and anon the cloud passes over his countenance—the cloud of unsmoked tobacco—and reminds him that he has not had the good fortune to be on the stage, and that at present, and for the next quarter-of-an-hour or more he will be under the

glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner in the Chair. And so the cigar-case disappears till happier times. The Ancient is still speaking. He gives us the usual twaddle about "purifying and exalting the Dramatic Art," and the audience is becoming restless under the inflection, when the Chairman commences a sentence with "When I was a young man,"—which rouses everybody. We all anticipate a good story, or perhaps a song, telling us "How I became a Lord Chief Justice." But the Ancient Mariner loses his opportunity. The anecdote was evidently on the very tip of the Chairman's tongue,



"The Bay of Biscay" and "The Vicar of Bray."

and Lord HARDWICKE was leaning back in his chair, smiling on the audience with a sort of "I know-what's-coming—you'll-like-it" expression, when the Chairman seemed to catch somebody's eye, whether SIR JAMES HANNEN's, of the Divorce Court, who doesn't like the sort of thing, or SIR JOSEPH CHITTY, who had heard it before and didn't care about it, it was impossible at our distance from his table to decide; but, be that as it may, the momentary light faded from the Chairman's eye, and giving up the idea of telling that racy story, and subsiding once more into the Ancient Mariner, he button-holed the five hundred and fifty guests with a firmer grip than ever. By the time he has arrived at the finish, we are under the impression that he had alluded to himself as a mere amateur (whereat there was some applause), that SOPHOCLES had something to do with America, and that at some time or other, not mentioned in history, CICERO had been the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre.

Then MR. IRVING makes a modest and sensible speech, noteworthy for being untheatrical, and for its taking the honour paid to himself as a tribute to the entire profession of which he says he is proud to be selected as the representative. He speaks it trippingly, and acted it to perfection, the business with the Ancient Mariner being especially good.

At this point LORD HARDWICKE becomes enthusiastic, under the impression that smoking will now begin. But his Lordship is once more doomed to disappointment, though he cheers up again on seeing MR. SIMS REEVES step up, to sing, out of compliment to the Coleridgean representative of the Ancient Mariner, the "*Bay of Biscay*" in his best style. And though MR. LOWELL made the best speech we've ever heard from him (we shan't say how many we've heard—that's no matter), and though Professor TYNDALL gave a humorous entertainment, popping up and speaking like a Punch-doll, with his legs apparently hidden in the works of the grand piano, and though MR. TOOLE, in proposing the Chairman made a capital hit by resuscitating the once popular phrase, invented by Counsel COLERIDGE in the Tichborne Trial, "Would you be surprised to hear"—yet the success of the evening, beyond all the speeches and all the songs (though SANTLEY's inimitable "*Vicar of Bray*" ran it closely), was the "*Bay of Biscay*," sung by SIMS REEVES, and that,—strangely enough, considering the aim and object of the great banquet,—was the verdict of us all.

The Church was not represented except by an epistle from an Archbishop to say he couldn't come, and by the Chaplain of the Savoy (MR. D'O'LY CARTER's chapel of ease), who said grace.

Talking of grace, the gallery was crowded with Ladies, chiefly of the theatrical profession, who had the extreme pleasure of seeing the animals feed, of getting a fragrant sniff of the food, of feeling hot, and, we should say generally, of getting as much boredom for half-a-guinea as could possibly be had for the money. Miss ELLEN TERRY is going to America,—why don't the Professional Ladies give her a five o'clock tea, with MRS. STERLING in the Chair?

A propos of America, neither the Ancient Mariner Chairman nor MR. LOWELL, nor anyone else, ever made the slightest allusion to the one IRVING—Christian name WASHINGTON,—whose memory Englishmen and Americans will always delight to honour. It would have sounded like a happy augury for the success of the IRVING whom we are now sending over to them.



"Johnnie" Toole and "Chappie" Coleridge.

Johnnie. Your health, Chief.  
Chappie. Yours! [Dashes his wig.

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## CRICKETIANA.

*Ethel.* "IT'S SUCH A SPLENDID MATCH, AUNT JANE! JUST FANCY, ALL THE STUDDS ARE PLAYING!"

*Aunt Jane.* "THE STUDDS! AH, YOU MEAN THE STUDENTS, I SUPPOSE—JUST AS YOU SAY THE UNDERGRADS FOR THE UNDERGRADUATES."

## CONVERTED SAVAGES AT THE ALBERT HALL.

(By a Visitor from the Society Islands.)

If ever the promoters of an English Fancy Dress Ball had a splendid chance of dispelling the Continental idea that we Britishers take our pleasures sadly, the Savage Club,—composed of Artists, Dramatists, Authors, Journalists, Musicians, and Comedians of all sorts who pride themselves on keeping alive the free-and-easy spirit of true Bohemianism,—in giving their *Fête* at the Albert Hall last Wednesday, under Royal patronage, in the presence of Royalty, for the endowment of a Scholarship in the Royal College of Music (of which Institution we've heard something before, if we remember rightly) most certainly had that splendid chance, and having signally failed to avail themselves of it, must reckon it as among the lost opportunities.

Never was anything more brilliantly dull, that is, up to 1.15 A.M., when there having been nothing in the previous entertainment to warrant a hope of something lively coming later on,—that is, after supper,—a considerable number of disappointed and wearied spectators followed the example of Royalty,—which, specially the better half of it, must have been tremendously bored,—and got away from the realisation of glittering melancholy as quickly as possible. Perhaps those who left might have been the Kill-joys and *Incubi*, and of course it is open to those who remained late to say that the fun did not begin until after supper. If this be so,—and no Savage I have met has protested that such was the case,—then it was a very poor compliment to their Royal Highnesses to have given them all the weariness, and kept for themselves all the amusement. It would not be a very nice thing to tell their "Royal Brother" that "we had such fun when you were gone,"—but, most undoubtedly, they did not have it while their Royal Brother and the Princess of WALES and all the other Royalties were present. It seemed as if the Savages, in assuming their native costume, had wrapped themselves in wet blankets, and put a damper on any little jet of fun or humour that dared to flicker up in a vain attempt at enlivening the proceedings.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, as a comic Policeman, after a few struggles to infuse some life into the business of the scene, gave it up in despair, and it was in a voice broken with emotion that he gasped into a friend's ear, "My boy—I—

can't—get 'em to do anything. It's awfully slow." Once he braced himself up for a powerful effort: he pretended to "run in" somebody of importance; but this spasmodic burst of pantomimic humour met with no response. People in fancy costume only stared, and said to one another by way of explanation of the extraordinary proceeding, "That's BROUGH," as if such conduct would be just what was to be expected from a Low Comedian who didn't know any better, and who was eminently out of place on such an un-festive and solemn occasion as a Fancy-Dress Ball given by the Savages.

Mr. COWEN, who had composed an admirable Barbaric March, was almost heartbroken at the lack of spirit with which it was performed. "The Savages," he said, "didn't march up to it!" The two GROSSMITHS—GEORGE and WEEDON—in first-rate costumes, were perpetually hiding themselves away in corners to avoid being taken on to a distant platform and forced to share with the gaunt Mr. ODELL the penance of contributing towards the general depression.

Excellent were the songs and recitations chosen; first-rate were the individuals, such as Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, for example, who gave them. But nothing of that sort could succeed in that vast building. The music was heavy, and, even when the dancing commenced, the principal part was played by "The Waits,"—for the intervals between the dances were so long and so dull—no set of masquers taking advantage of the *entr'acte* to do anything—that the time hung heavily on all except those happily constituted persons who are never tired of sitting and gazing on Royalty. The fact is there was no one at the head of affairs to give it the necessary go and spirit. It should never have hung fire for a minute. It should have been wild, rollicking, reckless, the fun getting fast and furious towards the small hours. But the Savages were as tame as *Friday* after a month of *Robinson Crusoe's* society, and there was no one inclined to rollick. The Savages seemed overawed by the presence of Royalty, and appeared anxious to show how respectable they could be.

Everyone had looked forward to the "Buffalo Dance." Here, at all events, they said, was a chance. For this, many, who would have gone long before, stayed, in spite of the Royal Party having disappeared from their box,—in itself a bad omen for the "Buffalo Dance." At last on came the Savages, and in came the buffaloes. It may have amused the performers and a few intimate friends, but it neither amused nor interested anybody else. It was vague, pointless, and irritating. The question was, who were most to be pitied,—the idiotic buffalo dancers, the unfortunate musicians who had to play the stupidly monotonous tom-toms, or the audience that witnessed the performance, staying on and hoping against hope that something amusing would be done at last. But though it began well,—and for one second a Savage, who might have been Mr. JOHN D'ARBAN, did some excellent pantomime, which, being lively, was instantly suppressed,—it soon settled down again into the same hopeless weariness that characterised this Fancy Dress Ball up to 1.15 A.M., when, as the song says, "Weary, so weary, of waiting,"—which might be a chaunt for our "ROBERT," by the way,—I wrapped my auld cloak about me, and hied away to a cheerful supper-party, when, being treated much after the fashion of a drowning man by the Humane Society, I was slapped heartily on the back, restoratives were applied, and in a few minutes I was able to recount how I had suffered and escaped from the Converted and Too Respectable Savages.

TO-NIGHT, a Great *Fête*, whereat Royalties take stalls,—and actively preside at them,—for the establishment of an English Church at Berlin. All sorts of exceptional entertainments are to be given, and the two Archbishops will probably play a match at Lawn-Tennis for the benefit of the new fund. Mr. and Mrs. BREERBOHME TREES are playing a duologue. When you are Trees, it is just as well to make yourselves Pop'lar Trees.

"WHAT with the horse-boats," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "the steam-lunches, the condolers, the out-riggers, the Canadian caboose, and the banyans, we had the greatest difficulty, at Henley, in getting from one side of the river to the other."





"UP WENT THE PRICE OF MEAT!"

(Mr. Chaplin obliges the Farmer with his new Comic Song.)

### BOOTHERATION.

THE recent decision in the Booth, Eagle, and Grecian Contract Case must have been "*caviare* to the General." But why, whenever Salvationists are brought, by their own fault or misfortune, into Court, are they "taken up tenderly," and treated with such special consideration? Is noise made by Salvationists in their so-called religious meetings to be tolerated any more than noise made by any other sect? Would a procession of Roman Catholic Orders, with banners, music, and chanting, and all the paraphernalia of their religious ceremonies, sanctioned by the use of centuries, and "no new thing" of the day before yesterday, be protected by the Law? Isn't such a procession illegal? And, if so, why shouldn't sauce for the Roman Goose be equally sauce for the Salvationist Gander? Or *vice versa*.

But why any processions? whether of Ritualists, Reformers, Salvationists, Romanists, Bradlaughites, or Freemasons? A Procession is a nuisance at any time, and should only be permitted on rare and exceptional occasions. As to the noisy Religious Services which disturb the peace and quiet of neighbourhoods on the Day of Rest, they should be all confined within the four walls of their own Tabernacle, Camp, Church, or Conventicle, whatever it may be, and those walls should be, by Act of Parliament, of a sufficient thickness to prevent the escape of all noise. And what a benefit to the worshippers within, as all noise outside would be excluded also.

If the maxim of "Keep yourselves to yourselves, and don't say nothing to nobody," were acted upon by all these so-called, or self-styled, Religious Bodies, how much happier we should all be. "Inquirers after Truth" can call on them, and if they find Truth at home (not *Truth's* proprietor and representative, Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., of course he is always very much at home in the House), they can step inside and remain there. Only don't let the different parties parade the streets, and come out and disturb good folks who, unable to forego their absolutely necessary work even on Sunday, are compelled to remain at home and to find their religious service in the practical maxim *Laborare est orare*; or those more fortunate who would make holiday of rest in the open air, away from the Screechers, the Preachers, the Ranters, and Canters. An Englishman's house is his Castle,—if it is a public-house it may be his Elephant and Castle,—and an Englishman's House of Prayer should be as private as his Castle; but, even in his own house, if an Englishman is a nuisance to his neighbour, the "aggrieved parishioner" has his remedy. Liberty for all, but don't make too free with Liberty.

### SONG ON A SUMMER BEVERAGE.

WHEN the Summer skies are glowing,  
And the Swains the hay-crop mowing,  
And the cornfields yellower growing,  
Whilst young lovers whisper bosh  
In the hawthorn shade together,  
During warm and sultry weather,  
When the bloom is on the heather,  
Slake your thirst with Lemon-Squash.

Jove, of Mount Olympus Rector,  
Gods' and mortals' Lord Protector,  
Daily draining bowls of Nectar,  
Went, at Hebe's hands, to wash  
Down Ambrosia, robed with kirtle  
Gilt sky-blue, in crown of myrtle  
Twined with olive, fared on turtle;  
Quaffed a kind of Lemon-Squash.

Fresher than the crystal fountain  
Alpine Traveller, his account in,  
Says he met with up the mountain,  
Where he heard the *Ranz des Vaches*:  
Cure for morning qualm, that crosses  
Chest o'erlaid with wines and sauces,  
Last night's work, to cool hot fauces  
Nought will serve like Lemon-Squash.

Sometimes put a slight addition  
To its simple composition,  
Tending to augment fruition;  
Islay, Lorne, or Farintosh.  
If your whiskey be not handy,  
As for Jove's own Nectar, SANDIE,  
Let us mingle rum or brandy,  
So make Punch of Lemon-Squash.

### Cricket.

LAST week the usual match "Gentlemen v. Players" (invidious distinction!) was played at Lord's; the Gentlemen distinguishing themselves greatly. The force of emulation could further go if we had a theatrical contest, Amateurs v. Professionals, playing a new and original piece. The palm to be awarded by a Critical Committee. An umpire could be present to score the laughs, tears, applause, and hits made in the course of the piece by each Actor. Good notion. Let the School of Dramatic Art, if it still exists, try it.



## METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 6.

THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION STATION. ANY TIME IN THE DAY. PREOCCUPIED TRAVELLER—FORGOTTEN WHICH STAIRS TO TAKE. TWO MINUTES TO CATCH TRAIN. Puzzle—To find a Porter, or any Official, or anyone, to put you (HIM) RIGHT.

## ROBERT AT GREENWICH.

I AIN'T bin werry well lately, praps just a leetle too much igh living, so as I was reckmended a change of hair for a week or two just to invigerate my constitushun, I accepted a offer for Grinnidge where the Wite Bait Season has just about begun. Grinnidge is a nice place, Grinnidge is wen it tayn't low water and wen there ain't no bad smells from the River. There's generally 2 or 3 smoking steamers a rushing along to make the plaice lively, and wen the sun's a goin for to set and is throwin quite an alo of crimson glory on the back of the Ile of Dogs, and you've had a good dinner and a few glasses of our '47 port, which ain't quite all gone yet, you might amost fancy yourself in Venice, or in any other lovely waterin place, always exceptin Margate, which has a charm of its own for the Citizens and the Citizenesses of our grand old City as amost nothink can equal.

We gits a good deal of wariety in our warious companys at Grinnidge, not exactly from the tighest to the lowest, coz we never has none of the lower orders here, a reel fish dinner wouldn't suit them to begin with, and one of our little bills wouldn't suit them to end with; but from the lordly four horse drag with a dook or a markis on the box, and a lot of swells, who not only don't care what they pays, but who axshally seems to like it all the better the more we charges 'em, down to the little City Club as comes down by the four-penny steamer, and laughs and talks away all dinner time, till I takes 'em the Bill, there's naterally a great many degrees of hungry humanity, but, as the Poet says, "one taste of dinner makes the hole world kin," and I've seen a reel live Dutchess make as hearty a dinner as if she had been nothink but the wife of a Fishmonger or a Lorriner, whatever mysterious gentleman that may be.

There's one thing as always strikes me on these instresting ocasions and that's the wonderful stories—I think that's the genteel name for 'em—as is told by gents as is quite old enuff to know better. I heard one on 'em only yesterday say, ashally without blushing, that he heard Professor HUCKSLEY say that on the coast of Norway there was a mountain of codfish nearly 200 feet deep! I think that about as

good a staggerer as even a Waiter ever heard. Of course the first thing that suggests itself to my perfeshnal mind is, with a mountain of cod how about the necessary oysters? but of course nobody bleevved him.

By way of wariety we had quite a swell Wedding Breakfast last week, and that's always a most instresting ewent for all on us.

There's a certin kind of sumthink about a Wedding Breakfast that it's werry difficult to describe. Nobody seems to be quite at his ease. The poor bridegroom tries werry hard to look as if it was all a mere ornary ceremony as he went through about wunce a month, but fails miserably. The poor bride in all her magnificent array, so unnateral at breakfast time, generally feels no doubt as uncomfertable as she looks. But that wasn't the case with our Bride, not by no means. Having reached that all serene period of igsistence when blushing is looked upon as a thing of the past, our Bride marched her young husband about with a air of triumph beautiful to see. The Bridesmaids giggled as usual and whispered as usual, and the young Mashers wore such fearfully stiff collers that they didn't dare turn their heads round for fear of cutting their throats. And the rich old uncle who paid for the Brekfast without a grumble, and behaved werry well to us—so he must have been a reel gentleman, for we laid it on pretty thick—proposed the elths of the appy cuple in one of the shortest speeches as I ever heard, and then the young husband proposed the Bridesmaids with such a degree of unnecessary warmth, and the prettiest of the lot blushed and trembled so werry perecepterly, that the middling-aged Bride gave a sort of suppressed scream and a gasp and flopped off into a regular fainting fit before you could say Jack Robinson!

It must be a wery fine thing to be married to a great fortune, I should think, I never had that good fortune myself, so I can't speak from igsperiance, but I should think so, never the less I did not envy that young husband his ride with his wealthy bride on his wedding day after she'd recovered when going to catch the train, and I should think from what I saw, and from what I heard from MARY, that all the honey he tasted during his long long wedding-month could have been gathered by the laziest bee as ever improved the shining hour, from the werry smallest flour as ever opened.

ROBERT.





"Then there is another fact," he was heard to say above the uproar.  
 "Oh! oh! oh! Yah! yah! yah! 'Vide! vide! vide!' Four hundred Gentlemen in frantic stage of indignation. HOWARD more beaming and benevolent than ever, though increasingly difficult to follow in his remarks.  
 "Looking at these things," says he, "I have come to the conclusion—"  
 "Hear! hear! hear!" House ringing with cheers.  
 "I have come to the conclusion—" renewed cheers—"that the time has now arrived—" Deafening applause, amid which HOWARD, after some gesticulation in dumb show, resumed his seat.

*Business done.*—CHAPLIN's Motion, which MCNEDELLA says will practically prohibit importation of Foreign Cattle, carried by 200 votes against 192.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—Something like old times in House to-day. During epoch of spirited Foreign Policy fairly night passed without British Fleet sailing for the Bosphorus, or sailing back again. Russians at the gates of Constantinople, or report of one of the Grand Dukes being seen crossing the Caucasus. This afternoon PREMIER described how Gallie Cock has been crowing in Madagascar—even sticking his spurs in British Consul. Also a Missionary been appropriated by devastating French Admiral.

"Never," says EVELYN ASHLEY, "knew war begin, or threatened in foreign parts, but there was a Missionary in it. 'Cherche la femme,' TALLEYRAND said, when there's a social difficulty. 'Cherche le missionnaire' when there's a war in remote corners of the earth."

Grand Old Man, in quietest way, which evidently meant business, intimated that explanations had been demanded in Paris, and they were expected to be of a certain kind. No bluster or responsive wing-flapping. But House feels the affair will be properly attended to.

*Thursday.*—Quite a pleasant evening spent in Committee of Supply, with Corrupt Practices to follow. Mr. DILLWYN observing Irish Members absent, endeavoured to get up debate on old lines. PETER informed of situation, patriotically left dinner, and hastened to Committee. Vote going forward on Stationary. Sir GEORGE BALFOUR makes important discovery. Stationery Expenditure at War Office decreased during Egyptian Campaign.

"Always does," says Sir GEORGE. "When war going on no time for useless correspondence."

Shall look into this question. What we want to do is to keep down Estimates. War is costly. But if there are more than corresponding savings in Stationery Department, war becomes duty of Political Economists, like myself, PETER, and DILLWYN. Shall summon meeting in tea-room, and talk this over.

Meanwhile PETER in pursuit of Economy, urges that private Members shall have privilege of franking. "Members of Government," says he, "can frank up to any amount of postage. Get their private letters franked," he added, amid groans from WARREN, who begins to think not so bad to be a Minister. "It would," PETER adds, "be much more economical and lead to large saving, if this privilege of franking were extended to private Members."

Go entirely with PETER, more especially since Parcels Post coming in. Feel people of Barks would take deeper interest in me as their Representative, if I could not only frank their letters, but move about their parcels on economical terms. *Business done.*—Ten Votes in Committee of Supply. Progress with Corrupt Practices Bill.

*Friday Night.*—Excitement about Sir ARTHUR HAYTER's hat revived by report that it was PARNELL who took it. Fresh crowds in cloak-room round the bandbox in which the mysterious hat reposes. Various opinions among Members. Many remember that PARNELL wore band of crape on hat. Mysterious hat has deep band of crape. On other hand, hat is marked with initials, "A. M." That a poser.

EDWARD CLARKE, fresh from Old Bailey, pooh-poohs difficulty. Says if a man once gives himself up to dissipation of exchanging his hat, initials in the last he leaves are of no consequence.

"All very well for him to be uncrowned King of Ireland," says Sir ARTHUR HAYTER, with some bitterness. "But he's no right to go and crown himself with my hat."

What with worry and excitement, alternating hope and despair, Sir ARTHUR falling away. Used to be plump, well-featured, carefully dressed, and happy. Now clothes hang on him loosely. Cheeks sunken, eyes haggard, and developing unaccustomed fretfulness. Pretty to see Sir CHARLES FORSTER in these circumstances. Follows Sir ARTHUR about at deferential distance, anxiously eyeing him. True delicacy of soul shown in fact that he never wears his hat when he passes him. This silent, unobtrusive sympathy only aggravates Sir ARTHUR in present temper.

"Wants to play BILDAH the Shubite, or ELIPHAZ the Otherthingite, with me," he growls. "Wants us to sit down on the ground together, and mourn. But I haven't the patience of Job. I don't want a comforter; I want my hat."

Corrupt Practices Bill through at last. Amendments towards end swallowed wholesale. WARTON pathetically protests against this indecent haste. "SOLICITOR-GENERAL says no one opposed this suggestion," he says, speaking of one of five hundred Amendments. "Why, I opposed it." House emphatically of opinion that it comes to the same thing. CROSS (who on this happy occasion mustn't forget to call Sir RICHARD) fussing about in grandest Cross style. Bill ordered to be reported. DODDS falls upon ATTORNEY-GENERAL's neck, is dragged off by SOLICITOR-GENERAL as if he were BRADLAUGH, and all go home.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England has accepted an invitation from the New York Bar Association to be present at its next annual meeting. The New York Bar Association sounds like "Liquoring-up."

## LAWN-TENNIS LOBS.

*Scanned by Dumb-Chaplin Junior.*



Gentlemen's Doubles.



Smart Service.



Ladies Singles.



Back Play.



A Splendid Rally.



Smothering the Bawl.



Deuce!



Two Sets to One.



Playing up to the Net.



Love Game.

## IMPRESSIONS OF AN "IMPRESSIONIST."

THAT an "Impressionist" is not impressive  
 In a "claw-hammer" on a public platform;  
 That cheek's not *chic*; that two hours' talk's  
 excessive;  
 That "form" is a fine thing, but not quite *that*  
 "form";  
 That fish-like gasping and complacent gloating  
 Are not the choicest of rhetoric graces;  
 That there is tedium in stale anecdoting;  
 Sprinkling a prairie-flat of commonplaces;  
 That elevated chin and sidelong glances  
 Are very ancient tricks—in MARY-ANNE;  
 That maid-of-all-work coquetry enhances  
 The nauseousness of the æsthetic manner;  
 That "Beauty-worship" is a bogus *cultus*,  
 As urged by spirits maudlin, morbid, muddy;  
 That played-out Charlatans with cant insult us!  
 Who recommend their cult to—"Evrabuddy"!



THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE ACTOR HAS IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS, BUT STILL LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

Walter Lissom (the Jeune Premier of the Parthenon). "I ASK YOU ALL, LADIES, HAS AN ACTOR EVER YET BEEN MADE A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, OR EVEN HAD THE REFUSAL OF A PEERAGE! NEVER!"  
 Chorus of adoring Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses. "SHAME!"

A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

Reynard loquitur—

CHARMING! A really capital arrangement.  
 (Seeing I cannot wholly kick you out)  
 Will quite prevent deplorable estrangement  
 Between old friends, removes all lingering doubt.  
 An *entente cordiale*, indeed, *mon ami*!  
 Pledge of enduring peace and lasting love,  
 (Should like to serve you—well, as they served SAMI!)  
 Typed by the olive-branch and cooing dove.

Those "Forty Centuries" of our Little Corporal  
 Never looked down on such a scene as this.  
 (Had not your countrymen been lulled to torpor all  
 They ne'er had managed such a chance to miss)  
 How nice to have you for a friendly neighbour,  
 Co-operative in civilising toil,  
 Ready to share—this time—the glorious labour  
 (Yet waive the Lion's portion of the spoil).

How strong you look, how muscular, how sturdy!  
 What music in your clear sonorous voice!  
 (Sac-r-r-e! I'd sooner hear a hurdy-gurdy!)  
 Concessions to the comrade of my choice,  
 My love and magnanimity displaying,  
 I make with joy. Our interests are conjoint.  
 You seem prepared for toiling. (And for paying,  
 Which, after all, is the important point!)

A Lion so Titanic, so imposing,  
 Egyptian sands have never seen before.  
 (All giants are susceptible to glozing,  
 From Polyphemus downwards.) He who bore

Atlas's load, as *locum tenens*, never  
 Showed broader shoulders or more mighty thews.  
 (Dieu merci, Hercules is seldom clever!)  
 C'est magnifique! My paw you won't refuse?

C'est un succès pyramidale—colossal,  
 Our *solidarité*; the heavens must smile  
 Upon our love. (I wish that I could toss all  
 Your "traps" and you yourself into the Nile,—  
 All? Well, no, not the millions; they'll be useful!)  
 How pleasant to reflect that in despite  
 Of little tiffs, and journals of abuse full,  
 We are so (Sac-r-r-é!) thoroughly "All Right!"

Leo loquitur—

All right? Hold on! You take too much for granted.  
 'Tis pleasant—on fair terms—to be allied,  
 But this "arrangement" is not quite what's wanted;  
 The reciprocity seems all one side.  
 Concessions? Heaven forbid that friendship's purity  
 Should be disturbed by too great greed of pelf;  
 But what do you concede? Eh? What? Security?  
 My friend, I will look after that myself.

Rising Seat in Surrey.

WITH regard to extension of the Parliamentary Franchise in any measure the Government may contemplate, their consideration should be given to the present anomalous condition of Wimbledon. Although the territorial division of that part of Surrey has not as yet been erected into an electoral district, nevertheless nearly the whole of Wimbledon Common, now the Volunteers are encamped there, is under Canvas.

PROSPECTS OF THE GROUSE.—No fear of M.P.'s much before September.



## A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING.

M. REYNARD DE L-SS-PS (*un Français avant tout*). "ENCHANTED TO MAKE CONCESSIONS SO VALUABLE TO A COLLEAGUE SO OBLIGING. AND AS FOR SECURITY——"

BRITISH LION. "'SECURITY'! THANK YE, MOSSOO! WHEN I *DO* MAKE AN ADVANCE, I'LL LOOK AFTER THE 'SECURITY' MYSELF!"







### "A WORD AND A BLOW!"

*First Gent (Celt).* "YE MET 'M AT ME BROTHER'S, THE MIMBER, I THINK?"

*Second Gent (Saxon).* "YES, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY FAVOURABLE IMPRESSION OF HIM—'N FACT—'UM—HE STRUCK ME AS A LIAR."

*First Gent.* "DID HE, THIN! ? I HOPE YE HIT 'M BACK, SURR!"

### CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

"The control of the traffic will be under the direction of a British Naval Officer."—*Concession Item.*

Is it absolutely necessary that he should be a good Sailor?

Ought he to be of a distinctly melancholy turn of mind?

Will he be received on his arrival with a salute of one gun?

If this can be amicably settled by skilful diplomacy, will the British Government undertake to pay for the necessary powder?

Will M. DE LESSEPS have occasionally to cap him?

Will he have occasionally to cap M. DE LESSEPS?

Will they, on this account, occasionally avoid each other?

Will he, on his decease, have a right to a public funeral?

Will he, meantime, be expected to dine on board every vessel going through the Canal either way?

Will he be compelled to wear a cocked hat on Sundays?

When no business is doing, will he be permitted to dance a quiet hornpipe on the margin of the Bitter Lakes?

Will he say that this reminds him of a Bank holiday?

Will M. DE LESSEPS complain of this remark as a "regrettable incident"?

If a 5000-ton ship gets aground, and blocks the Canal, will he have the privilege of directing it to move on?

If, notwithstanding, it find itself unable to move on, what will he be expected to do with it?

Will he have a right to blow up the Canal as a precaution, in time of war?

Will the Company have the right to blow him up, as a recreation, during a period of peace?

When the dividend on the traffic touches 50 per cent., will he be allowed a bonus of half a farthing in the pound, and be presented with a new suit of clothes?

If he gets this within the next ninety-nine years, will he be really happy?

If he doesn't, but falls overboard when nobody is looking, will he be much missed?

And will M. DE LESSEPS, or will he not, on suddenly hearing the news, dance a cancan, and make an "unseemly manifestation"?

PLACED BY M. DE LESSEPS:—*The Suez Canal*, 1; *La France*, 2; and the *Rest of the World*—nowhere!

### "THE TITLE ROLE."

MR. IRVING made an excellent speech at the supper given to him by Mr. BANCROFT last week. Among many sensible things said by him on that occasion, he intimated that he would rather not accept a title, and prefix "Sir" to "HENRY," as long as he was Knightly appearing before the Public. But when he retires—a day long distant—surely he would then accept a title if he considered it a compliment to his profession, and a public recognition of the Actor's social status.

For ourselves, we should wish to see a new Order established, say of Knights of the Round Table of Art and Literature, which should be equivalent to a C.B., and be accompanied by a decoration. For a Knight of the Drama a "Star" would be evidently the appropriate insignia of the Order.

The Sisters of the Brush must not be forgotten. Mrs. BUTLER, Mrs. JOPLING, and Mrs. PERUGINI would hold rank equal to the "Ladies of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," or be Baronesses, unless their husbands were decorated, in which case they would share with them, by Royal Licence, the honour of the title.

On the Stage the rule would be the same, when it would be an advantage to the Actresses to retain in the playbill their married names, instead of continuing to pass themselves off on the Public as spinsters,—a form of deception, which, in its commencement, was not entirely innocent. But we have latterly changed a good deal of that for the better.

Then, again, in conferring titles would arise the question, are we to Knight the Actor, whoever it may be, in his professional, i.e., his assumed name, or his real name? For, contrary to the custom in every other profession,—with which it is true, the profession of an Art does not stand precisely on the same ground—the man who goes out to the Stage, no matter from what class of Society he may come, assumes, as a rule (to which, at the present moment, we are only acquainted with one recent exception), an *alias*; and this, too, in some instances, where he has come from a theatrical stock, been

brought up to the footlights, and inherited a good theatrical name, on which he is unwilling to trade. This last instance, however, is intelligible. What a revelation of real names there would be, if the *Heralds' College* had to go into the matter, in order to confer the titles, unless the *Crowns*, the *Source* and *Fountain of Honour*, decreed that, as the compliment was intended for the profession, the professional name should be retained and distinguished.

No Actor has ever been knighted: yet WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE must have had a pretty good chance of the distinction at the hands of ELIZABETH. His *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* and his *Sir John Falstaff* were perhaps against him.

On the whole, we fancy everyone who takes any interest in the subject would rather see a special Order—(nothing to do with the Theatrical "Orders"—"not admitted after Seven")—created for the recognition of distinguished services to Literature and Art, than to have our few and exceptionally good dramatic Artists included in the rather mixed assembly of East-End and West-End Knights. An English Order of St. Cecilia could be created for the Musicians, and the distinguished order, with collar, of "S.S. Genesias and Gelasinus, Comedians and Martyrs, A.D. 286 and 297," for the worthy Actors. Mr. P. is not much of a Hagiologist, but ALBAN BUTLER was, to whose learned work the reader is hereby referred. Their festival is kept on August 26th, when the Order might be instituted. There can be no objection to bringing in Saints as Patrons, while we have a Theatre dedicated to St. James the Apostle, under the management of Messrs. HARE AND KENDAL, and a Hall of Entertainment, the Home of the Gallery of Illustration, dedicated to the Patron Saint of England, Saint George, under the management of Messrs. ALFRED REED and E. C. GRAIN. We present these hints to the Rouge Dragon at *Heralds' College*, or any other learned monster who may happen to be on the premises.

For the present the Channel Tunnel is "floored." When will it be roofed?



DIARY OF AN ATHLETE  
IN THE DOG-DAYS.

(Suggested by the "Fashionable Fictures" in the Morning Papers.)

7 A.M.—Run on a bicycle. Did ten miles before breakfast. About 60° in the shade.

9 A.M.—Lawn-Tennis. Two hours' bout single-handed. About 70° in the shade.

11 A.M.—Cricket. Stayed in for a couple of hours, and made sixty-two runs. About 80° in the shade.

1 P.M.—Rowing. One hundred and twenty minutes of really good practice against the tide. About 90° in the shade.

3 P.M.—Polo. Another two hours' work in the roasting sun. Might be almost anything in the shade.

5 P.M.—Skirmishing drill and the new attack with my Volunteers. So busy, that had no time to discover whatever it was in the shade.

7 P.M.—Public Dinner. Hardest work of the day. Nothing to eat, dull speeches, and temperature fever-heat in the shade.

9 P.M.—Two hours at the play. Frightful crush. Judging from the Stalls, about 100° in the shade.

12 MIDNIGHT.—At a dance. Waltzed incessantly until the morning. Heat awful. In the conservatory amongst the fernery at least 120° in the shade.

3 A.M.—Dumb-bells and bed. Thoroughly done up. Tropical temperature of no great importance now, as all my senses are just at present—like my atmospheric readings—"in the shade!"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 145.



"SELF-HELP,"

BY SMILES.

## "SUN-SPOTTERY."

"Mr. OLIVER arrives, after much argument, at the conclusion which might have been anticipated, 'that Sun-spottery is not what it is represented to be, but is, for the most part, humbug.'"—*The Globe*.

THEY say that great wars have begun  
From horrid spots upon the Sun,  
Each national calamity  
Springs, so it seems some sa-  
vants say,  
From spots upon the orb of  
day,  
Destructive of all amity.

They also note each spot ap-  
pears,  
At certain intervals of years,  
With fatal periodicity;  
From SABINE and from WOLFF  
we learn  
They make the compass-needle  
turn,  
And bring on electricity.

Professor JEVONS—here's a  
game!—  
Declared that Sun-spots were  
to blame  
When English commerce got  
awry;  
But Mr. OLIVER has thrown  
A new light on the Sun, and  
shown  
The humbug of Sun-spot-  
tery!

"It's always a sign of  
stormy weather," said delight-  
ful Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, at Mar-  
gate one day, "when you see  
the purposes rolling about in  
the orphan."

THOUGHT UPON THOUGHT-  
READING.—LABOUCHERE v.  
IRVING BISHOP: *Nolo Epis-  
copari*.

## SUNDAY AT THE SALON.

AND the last. Delicate acquaintances suggest breastplates and scent-bottles, or, at least, getting up very early in the morning, and paying my franc for a privileged peep from eight till ten. But as "the play" has long since ceased to be "the thing," the Pictures have given way to the People with a democratic devotion that should make even Birmingham's JOHN and JOSEPH put up patronising eye-glasses at them. And the People's day is Sunday, from ten till six.

Breakfast first. The Champs Elysées on a Sunday are wofully destitute of decent inns. The "Moulin Rouge" is no more, and the "Ambassadeurs" bears an ill name as a breakfast-place. The *diletanti* who take a roll, some Lyons sausage, and a *chopine* in their pockets, are not to be imitated. The Administration thinks it is enough to feast the eyes, and its myrmidons vigorously discourage peripatetic luncheons. No rows of cabs and broughams at the door, but an unceasing *queue*—a tail in interminable numbers—come to see its own illustrations by the best Artists. Not very many sterling hall-marked working-men, perhaps; there is the Fête de Neuilly on the same day, you see, and the grass and trees at the Buttes Chaumont are green, and solicit smokers in shirt-sleeves. Middle-class artisans, shopmen and girls, tradesmen, provident fund-holders come to save a franc, students come for fun, writers come for character, a few painters come to feel the pulse of public opinion, and a sprinkling of politicians come to do the democrat. The tail winds in slowly but surely, beset by cheap Catalogue vendors—from two to ten sous—containing information enough to satisfy anybody save the painters who don't happen to be named therein; and after running a blockade of fair but irrepressible angels of charity in twelve-button gauntlets, who want money for the Orphelinat des Arts, the Alsace-Lorraine

schools, &c., shudders at the sculpture, and rushes, panting, to the *salon carré*.

*Bara* must be seen first of all. The *Baras*—there are two of them—have put the people's taste to a sore test. There is the rude nude *Bara* of HENNER, a meagre Paris *gamin*, whose uniform consists of a pair of drumsticks, and not a bit of historic upholstery or scenic carpentry about him. "That *Bara*," the *prudhommes* who know their history, say, with veiled eyes, "if it had only been a nymph or a Venus, clothes wouldn't so much matter;" and they pass on to that other *Bara* of M. WEITZ, the true heroic youth in red and gold lace, a sublimated *Sandford* and *Tom Brown*, in the act of exclaiming, "We must not say 'Vi-ve le Roi!' for that would be naugh-ty." This is a very popular work with the mothers, who have all a fondness for heroic cherubim.

More patriotism in oils—not olive oil generally, nor oil upon the waters. FLAMENG's "*Camille Desmoulins*" draws the young patriots and patriotesses. It is nice and rosy and touching. *Camille* tells the messenger to sit down to dinner, plays with his pink baby facing his pink wife, and a pink servant in grey takes away the plates. "What a pity he's so ugly!" the Girl-critics from the Faubourg say. "*Marat*," flanked by ROBESPIERRE and DANTON, by M. SOUDET, is one of those pieces of hectic tawdry that always attract—as subjects, not as works—pictures that need half a page of description in the catalogues. Before ALEXANDRE BERTIN's fine canvas, the "*Funeral of Hoche*," the old soldiers take their stand for a quarter of an hour; and you hear hoarse talk of *parement*, *brandebourg*, *calotte panache*; while the young warriors study the anatomy of a Lady dressed by Madame GODIVA, *couturière*, two frames off. The "*Femmes de Paris demandant du Pain à Versailles*" is out of date in more than one respect, and the general apathy of the multitude abundantly proves



## COURAGE!

*Papa.* "GLAD TO SEE YOU TO-MORROW EVENING. MY DAUGHTER ALICE WILL SING, AND BEATRICE WILL RECITE TO US A NEW POEM SHE'S COMPOSED. WE SUP AT NINE."

*Young Man.* "THANKS! YOU'RE VERY KIND. 'MOST HAPPY. I'LL BE WITH YOU AT NINE!"

it. Famine and Versailles are no longer closely linked in the popular mind, and M. BROUILLET's careful work only suggests LOUISE MICHEL and the bakers' shops to the Sunday Art-patrons—the more forcibly that he has dressed his figures like 1880, not like 1789.

A distinct current bears one towards PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, and it needs a strong flood to do it. It is composed of the little *rentiers* who have some ideas about Art, and whose daughters have taken prizes for sepia—the destined Puvists of all time. "Poor man, and when he wakes!" "It is always something to have dreamed!" are the profound criticisms of the holiday makers around M. DE CHAVANNES' fagged peasant asleep on a hillock with supernaturally clean Love, Wealth, and Glory hovering about him. Another allegory, "*Judith*," is popular, chiefly for the reason that the Bethulian widow wears a Tartan costume of the latest pattern, and that a number of enthusiasts think the chief figure is JUDIC.

GERVEX appeals to the Sunday folk in another fashion. They don't know his name, but gravitate instinctively towards his little bits of varnished realism. "*Comme c'est ça!*" is uttered three hundred times a day before the "*Bureau de Bienfaisance*"—a pigeon-hole where meagre women wait for alms, and a vigorous harridan in a red shawl argues

with an angry clerk. It is certainly that—particularly the shawl. BASTIEN LEPAGE is one of the few modern Painters whose names mean anything to Sunday spectators. With them it is "*Faut voir M. LEPAGE*"; he painted GAMBETTA." He is worth seeing, even this year. His "*Village Love*" is a love of a picture in townfolks' eyes: the exaggerated rustic is making such rurally robust love to a stout country lass with such an intensely bucolic eagerness to believe everything! And if the houses and trees in the background look as if they were about to fall on the lovers' heads, it would only be what they deserve, an ancient Lady remarks to a dilapidated husband, who has been looking too long, under the pretence of analysing "*l'œuvre*."

*Andromaque* is studied as a matter of duty. The People always runs to the pictures with a label on them, and is prepared to find anything *hors concours* superb. An ingenious young haberdasher who had discovered that the Ministère des Beaux Arts out of fourteen purchases had bought twelve nudities, even he found himself irresistibly attracted by the *acquis par l'Etat*. *Andromaque* is strongly, almost violently, conceived and executed, but it is a sore puzzle to the Catalogueless. M. ROCHEGROSSE's heroine is throwing herself on the swashbuckler who has seized her son by ULYSSES' order. She is held back by the Greeks, and ASTYANAX is about to be cast from the walls. There is blood everywhere—ROCHEGROSSE has HENRI REGNAULT's insatiable thirst for gore; and the captor of the young Trojan has the head-piece of a Huron, not the helmet of a Greek; but, for all that, the suspended breath of the common spectators is enough to prove the power of the composition. The mother touched if the Greek didn't.

And when one comes away with *Prudhomme* and the real "*Salon* headache" in the evening, it was refreshing to see the *cafés* open, and to know that our virtuous countrymen had been loafing round tavern-doors from three to six, accumulating thirst, and with never a wicked picture to see.

## THE PRICE OF MEAT.

AIR—"The Sands of Dee."

AYE, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off,  
That come from foreign lands;  
At mild MUNDELLA sniff and scoff,  
And force the Government's hands.  
Posing as potent champion  
Of Agriculture sweet;  
But what of the effect upon  
The Price of Meat?

Aye, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off!  
It matters scarce at all  
To gentry of the genus "toff"  
If rumpsteaks rise or fall.  
But to the poor Consumer, prey  
Of all who scheme or cheat,  
It is the question of the day,—  
The Price of Meat!

Aye, CHAPLIN, warn the Cattle off,  
And win the Farmer's smile;  
To you the Landlord well may doff  
The complimentary "tile."  
But the poor proletariat throng  
Quite otherwise will greet  
"Protection," which will lift, ere long,  
The Price of Meat!

THE GREATEST CONVERSAZIONE IN LONDON.—A sitting of the House of Commons.

## PLAIN ENGLISH.

ONLY the other day, due to the frequent and increasing presence of certain "Continentalisms" in the communications addressed to him at the Foreign Office, Earl GRANVILLE had, by means of a Circular, to direct the attention of "all members of Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Services to the necessity for greater care as regards the use of pure English in Official Correspondence."

A Rider to the above, further enjoining on his subordinates the use of "plain" English, has just been issued by the noble Lord, and at the present moment it will probably be read with some interest. The following are a few specimens selected for their guidance:—

*Phrase as formerly couched.*

*Future rendering of same.*

We express no appreciation of your annexation of this Colonial possession.

We should like to know what the dickens you're up to now?

Would you, at your convenience, kindly signalise to us your veridical course of action?

If you don't let us know what your little game is, and precious quickly too,—then look out for squalls.

It will be our endeavour to oppose the suscitation of national excitements.

You seem to think JOHN BULL has put his spirit into his pocket! Not yet, Mossoo, I can tell you.

The difficulty can be easily categorised as quite unmotivated.

Confounded impudence—that's what it is. Come now, what do you mean by it?

An increase of your profits out of the Canal, and partial arrestation of our commercial prosperity, is what we shall not disrecommmend to you.

Fancy we're going to lay an embargo on our trade for ninety-nine years, for your special benefit? Why, you must be a "pack of greenhorns!"

Our minimal assistance will be £8,000,000 sterling at 3½ per cent.

You surely don't think we're going to find that for you for nothing?

It would distress us greatly further to ruffle our mutual antecedent solidarity.

Unless you take jolly good care what you're about, I tell you what it is, my boy,—we shall be coming to blows.

Regrettable incident.

Show your sense, then, and apologise!

## JUSTICE—VERY MUCH—IN THE FUTURE!

SCENE—Interior of one of the Royal Courts under the Amended-Improved-Recently-Re-revised-New-Rules. The well of the Court full of starring Solicitors. Briefless Silks and Stuffs are heard giving vent to deep emotion in the pews reserved for their use. Sharp Judge on the Bench perusing a Daily Newspaper.

Sharp Judge. I really must beg the Bar not to sob quite so loudly. It really is impossible to read in such a hubbub. Any cause to be tried this morning?

Official. It will be within your Lordship's recollection that the Court has wiped off everything, and that most probably there will be no further business before it until after the Long Vacation.

Judge. Ah! to be sure!

[Continues his perusal of the Morning Paper.]

Enter a Small Tradesman, who looks about vaguely, as if in search of a resting-place.

Small Tradesman. If you please, my Lord, I am a Juryman.

Judge (taken aback). A what? [General astonishment.]

Small Tradesman. A Juryman.

Judge. Why, my good man, it is impossible. There must be some mistake. We haven't had a Jury case for the last five years!

Official (who has looked into the summons). Please, my Lord, it is a practical joke. The poor man has been imposed upon.

[Exit Small Tradesman.]

Judge (indignantly). Too bad! I only wish I had the perpetrator of the hoax before me! I would assuredly commit him for contempt! (Aside.) Should like to have the chance. It would give me something to do!

[Resumes his reading.]

Enter a Plaintiff, timidly.

Plaintiff. Oh, I beg your pardon, but can anyone tell me where I can get advice?

The Entire Bar (rising like one man). This way, please.

Judge (severely). This is most indecent! Until I know the case I cannot say that he will be allowed Counsel. (The Entire Bar subsides, and recommence their weeping.) Now, what do you want, Sir? Have you a Solicitor?

Plaintiff. No, my Lord, but I should like to have one.

All the Solicitors in Court (speaking as loudly as their famished weakness permits them). This way, please—

Judge (angrily). Silence! (To Plaintiff.) Now then, you Sir, what is your case?

Plaintiff. Oh, please, my Lord, Mr. JONES owes me £10.

Judge. Then you can get on without professional assistance. Under Rule 432, as your claim is so small, I cannot allow costs either for Counsel or Solicitor. (Deep wailing heard from both branches of the Profession.) Silence! And now, where is the Defendant?

Defendant (rising from a bench at the back of the Court, where he has been seated.) Here, my Lord, and I would observe that—

Judge (interrupting). You must not waste the time of the Court, Sir! Now then, the Plaintiff will state his case in as few words as possible.

Plaintiff. Well, my Lord, it was just like this. You must know, about October last—

Judge (excitedly). Stop, stop! That won't do at all. Here I will help you. Did you lend Defendant the money?

Plaintiff. Yes, my Lord, and—

Judge (interposing). That will do. You mustn't say any more under Rule 879. And now you, Sir—do you owe the money?

Defendant. No, my Lord, I do not; for it was just like this. When I found that—

Judge. No, no! Stop! I can't hear any more from you under Rule 342, which limits the defence to a sentence of not more than six words. (Referring to an enormous volume.) Ah, I see that by Rule 27,431, in such a matter as this, no Witnesses are allowed. (Closing book.) So the case is complete.

Plaintiff (urgently). But, my Lord, may I not say—

Defendant (imploringly). And can't I explain that—

Judge (very angrily). Be quiet both of you! According to the Rules now in force, you have had ample opportunity of bringing the matter fully before me! (More composedly.) What I gather is this. That the Plaintiff says that he has lent some money to the Defendant—an assertion which the latter denies. Thanks to the novel procedure, you are not put to the expense of Counsel, Solicitors, Witnesses, and Juries. (Renewed sounds of lamentation.) Silence! (The sobs subside.) In fact, matters are simplified all round. In the olden days I myself should have felt it my duty to have carefully summed-up after weighing the evidence and listening to the arguments. But having no Witnesses, you have no evidence,—and employing no Counsel, you have no arguments. Under these circumstances my duty is plain. I have here in this pocket a small coin of the Realm. I produce it. (Suits the action to the word.) I toss it into the air—so. And catch it in my hand as it descends—thus! I then decide in my mind, before looking at it, that the head shall represent the interests of the Plaintiff, and the tail the interests of the Defendant. And—

[Scene closes in upon the Suitors anxiously awaiting the Judge's decision.]

## THE BRADSHAW JUBILEE.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the first British Railway Guide having just taken place, it has been suggested that a Grand Procession (something after the fashion of the Lord Mayor's Show) should be organised to proceed from one given point to another—say from Hanwell to Colney Hatch—in honour of the interesting occasion. Should the idea come to anything, no doubt the following will be found to be a more or less accurate "programme of precedence":—

Railway Managers to stop the Traffic.

Deputation of Trains that arrive before they start.

Deputation of Trains that start but never arrive.

Deputation of Trains that neither start nor arrive but only run.

Railway Passengers who have not read Bradshaw, wearing tweed suits, and accompanied by their portmanteaus.

The Chief Official of Bethlehem Hospital.

Railway Passengers who have read Bradshaw, wearing straw in their hair, and accompanied by their Attendants.

The Boy at Mugby Junction.

Supported by the Young Ladies of the "Refreshment" Department.

Bradshaw's prototype—the Sphinx of Egypt.

Practical Jokers (admirers of Bradshaw) two and two.

Persons who, after consulting Bradshaw, have caught a Train—rejoicing.

Persons who, after consulting Bradshaw, have not caught a Train—swearing.

Engine-Drivers in full dress, with their Trains.

Misanthropes and Cynics (admirers of Bradshaw) two and two.

The Editors of Rival Railway Guides, in chains.

Band, playing "The Sleeper Awakened."

Grand Triumphal Car, containing the 600 Monthly Volumes that have been published during the past half-century.

Public Orator, repeating "Lines from Bradshaw."

And the Public in general, attempting to discover "what on earth it all means!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

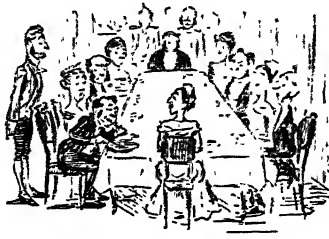


## GOOD-WOOD MADE BETTER AND BETTER.

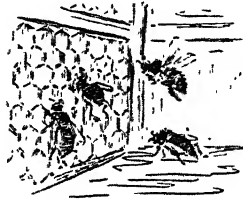
By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Good Woo'd.



Staying the Course.



A Ceiling Race.



Struck Out of his Engagement.



No Takers.



The Pick of the Stable.



A Rank Outsider.



Bet's Off.

## A PURELY TECK-NICAL MATTER.

An advertisement in the back page of a daily paper at the commencement of last week, informed the public that a very interesting ceremony was fixed to take place on the 26th of July and following day, at the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Riding-School. The occasion was to be the sale by auction of many remarkable things, including "two antique sedan-chairs richly carved and gilt, formerly the property of H. M. Queen CHARLOTTE (unless previously disposed of)" and "an Egyptian Cabinet inlaid with mother o' pearl." The last item was suggestive of the military glories of an illustrious commander of Volunteers who has recently been presented with a field-officer's commission in the Regular Army, and no doubt its birthplace was not far from Tel-el-Kebir. The advertisement concluded with the intimation that the collection "might be viewed at the Palace by special orders with Catalogues (price one shilling each), to be obtained at the Auctioneers." A visit to those persons elicited the further facts that the Palace was Kensington, that the special orders were easily obtained on the presentation of twelve pence, and that the property was being sold "by command of H.R.H. the Duchess and H.S.H. the Duke of TECK."

The Catalogue which was presented with the "special order," was an unpretending little pamphlet. Bound in green, it bore on its cover nothing but the words, "Kensington Palace," and the names and business address of the "Auctioneers and Land Agents" who had been "commanded" to dispose of the "little lot." The title-page was more pretentious. What are technically known as "bold lines," were given to a "superb richly-carved Bombay Drawing-Room Suite," an "elegant Gilt Suite in crimson satin," and some "Chippendale Cabinets and Chairs." Much smaller type was devoted to "a Dining-Room Suite in leather," and "a few Oil Paintings;" while "Ormolu Wall-Lights, Candelabra, and a variety of other effects," was scarcely legible. No doubt, to account for the absence of *articles de toilette*, &c., the collection was announced as "the valuable surplus decorative and ornamental furniture removed from the Palace."

The Catalogue contained over three hundred items of a miscellaneous character. This will be easily credited when it is stated that No. 1 consisted of "a 4ft. iron fender, brass fire-guard, and a 5ft. 6in. bright steel fender, with ormolu moulding," No. 13 of "a 7ft. carved walnut easel, with shield and foliated scroll mount," No. 15 of "a pair of finely-executed bronze busts of 'Her Majesty' and the late 'Prince Consort' on a pair of 48-inch Scagliola pedestals," and No. 322 (to jump from the beginning of the Catalogue to the end) of "five kitchen chairs and a beer stillion." The furniture was displayed in the private apartments, and can be dealt with in their respective rooms:—

**Council Chamber.**—Fenders and busts as above. Also "The superb Bombay Suite." Also warlike trophy, described in italics as "A very fine specimen from Egypt." After the last two items,

"Three 7-feet-6 mahogany cornice-poles, with gilt ends and brackets and lacquered rings," and "A japanned purdonium and scoop" are comparatively uninteresting.

**Drawing-Room.**—After a couple of "Marqueterie and buhl cabinets," and a "grotesquely-carved figure of a Negro boy, supporting a tray for cards," comes the gem of the collection, "The richly-framed Louis XVI. drawing-room suite," with its "richly-figured crimson satin damask, stuffed and spring seats." Shortly afterwards the Catalogue describes "Three pairs of Madras curtains," a good deal of miscellaneous china, a bust or two, "A very fine Louis XIV. chiming bracket-clock in ebonised case." The contents of this room concludes with "136\*. Chinese Fish"; "137. Twenty Dessert Plates, painted in Japanese subjects, with gill-shaped edges"; and "138. An Antique Pistol-case, with carved top and silver entablature, presentation to Prince of Wales, 1799." Altogether a curious and interesting collection!

**Ante-Room.**—Another "4-foot iron-fender." Then some "what-nots." Then a small chintz drawing-room suite, politely described as "elegant." Then a number of small articles, inclusive of "155. Three Jasper Vases"; and "153. The extra chintz covers to the suite." Nothing of importance after this till a family relic, "160. A Superb Bronze Bust, 'King Charles the First,' 30 inches high, in armour, after VAN DYCK." Next, more ancestral presentments, "162. An Oil Painting, three-quarters portrait, 'King George the Second,' in gilt frame"; and "163. A ditto, ditto, 'The Queen.'" The effect of these exhibits is a little spoilt by an oil painting, described in the catalogue as "a spirited production," and called "The Cock Fight." However, the "first day's sale" is brought to a mildly waggish conclusion with "166. An Occasional Table, with inlaid marble top and drawer, on a quaintly-carved stem and plinth."

**Dining-Room and Library.**—The fender, as usual. Then "A noble chimney glass." Next a Turkey carpet. Of the remainder, perhaps the most interesting item is, "A gaselier, with Sugg's patent burners and reflector."

**Sitting-Room.**—The invariable fender, a few chairs, and "208. A Terrestrial Globe, on mahogany tripod stand, with magnetic compass and green-baize cover."

**Books and Engravings.**—A number of family portraits, such as "Prince George of Denmark," "Anne, Princess of Orange (1734)," and "Sophia of Brunswick (1700)." Then some good oil paintings. The "whole to conclude" with a family library, consisting of "the works of Kings CHARLES THE FIRST and JAMES THE FIRST."

And, at this point, it may be as well to stop without entering the Hall, the Vestibule, or the Offices, although in the latter appear a "Set of six metal dome Dish-Covers in sizes," and "A capital Refrigerator in japanned oak case." Considering that this is a sale of the "surplus furniture" (family portraits and kitchen chairs!) of one of the most deservedly popular ladies in England, the "Bonnie Princess MARY," it is impossible to read the Catalogue with satisfaction,—no, not even when it is regarded as a stimulant to satire or a feeding-ground for laughter!



## ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

A SKETCH IN A BALL-ROOM.

## 'ARRY AT THE ROYAL EVENING FETE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

You *must* cut the "turmut's" and come up to Town, my dear boy, London's gettin' more lummy each day; there's sech oshuns to see and enjoy! And now you can mix with the toffs—reglar toppers I mean—on the cheap;—It's a sin to go wasting your days amongst chawbacons, 'taters, and sheep.

If you'd only bin with me larst night! I was "in it," old man, and no kid, As a chap of my form *can* be in it, if ready to blue arf a quid. 'Twas the "*Feet* of the Season," and 'ARRY, I tell yer, old pal, was all there, With a claw-'ammer coat a *lar* Masher, stiff collar, and 'igh-scented 'air.

You'll 'ave 'eard of the Fisheries, CHARLIE, the Kensington Show. Well, larst night, They'd a *Feet* in them Gardens, old flick, as was somethink too awfully quite. Fairy Land not a patch on it, CHARLIE,—Cremorne reglar out of the run, For pootiness, Royal Princesses, swell yum-yum, and general fun.

Ten bob and snap togs took me in, and I chummed with the very *elect*, Which, for what I call "Haffable Mix," give me this 'Aughtykultooral *Feet*. 'Twas the Charity lay, doncherknow, and that covers a lot, as a rule, But the Fanciest Fair I have bin at, to *this* little game was a fool.

Real jam—in all senses, my boy, for the crush was a caution to snakes,—But the lights and the ladies—*such* swells!—coloured lanterns, and magical lakes! "Jest like What ho!" a Countess remarked. Not quite fly to 'er meaning. But lor! They've their slang, I suppose, these Big Bobs,—jest as *we* say, "I'll give yer what for!"

Lady DUFFERING—bully for her, mate!—a pootier parcel who'd wish?—'Ad a Lucky Fish Pond—with no water—and charged us "a shilling a fish." And we hangled with meat-hooks for toys, me and WALES—he's a brick—on the banks; Till I guess both our piles of loose silver 'ad gone in "all prizes, no blanks."

Arter wick, being dry, I made straight for the *booffy*, and wot do yer think? Well, I ain't took aback by a trifle, but, Scissors! it did make me blink.

When I called for a cocktail, my pippin, I didn't percisely expeck That the barmaid who ladled my lotion would be—Princess MARY OF TECK!

Arf-a-crown for the tippie was stiff, but *the feeling*, my boy, there's the nick! It was wuth all the ochre, I tell yer. I hordered another 'un, quick. Arter that mere Chineses came cheap, though the Marquis TsÈNG serving out tea Was as funny as figgers on tea-chests; but then, I'm not nuts on Bohea.

Well, I can't tell you arf on it, CHARLIE, time, paper, and memory fails. The rose-bud enclosed you will value,—'twas bought orf the Princess of WALES; Which, if she's not the pick of the basket,—But there, I don't wish to intrude,—There *are* some who 're such pure and high-pitched 'uns, that even to *praise* 'em seems rude.

'ARRY fancied himself, I assure you, 'obnobbing along o' *sech* Nobs; As at home as a cat in a cream-shop. And wy not? They pocket our bobs—(Cleared *me* out to a tanner)—they wait on us, finding it well wuth their while; And there's many a barmaid in London more 'orty and huppish in style.

So why should *we* chuck on the bashful? Sech Haffable Mixes all round Do dollops of good, my dear boy; and they suit *me* right down to the ground. Splendid splurge, and no error, this *Feet*,—couldn't do the trick better in *Parry*,—And a Duchess to draw him his bitter comes awfully yum-yum to 'ARRY.

## INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

At Lewes Assizes the other day, before Lord Justice BAGGALLAY, a French governess was charged with ransacking the boxes of the pupils during their absence on the occasion of the visit of the Princess of WALES to Eastbourne, and stealing every article of jewellery she could lay her hands on. We are informed that—

"The Judge sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' hard labour, and told her if she had been an Englishwoman he would probably have inflicted a much more severe sentence."

It is to be hoped the French nation will appreciate this extraordinary courtesy on the part of the learned Judge; and we should very much like to know what the sentence would have been had the culprit in question been a German, an Italian, a Spaniard, or a Chinese.

## Simple Fees for Fees Simple!

MR. PUNCH begs to give notice that, as early as possible next Session, he will introduce a "Bill for the better adjustment of the Rates by making the Landlords pay their fair share of the Parochial Expenditure, as they very largely benefit by the Parochial Improvements." This measure, when it reaches the House of Lords, will be conducted, at considerable personal sacrifice, by the Duke of MUDFORD. The short title of this statute will be, "The Justice to Tenants Act."

"WELL, tastes differ as to cheese," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "But, for my part, I think there's nothing to beat one of the small Muscatel cheeses, or a slice of Commonbeer."



## THE LADIES OF THE LAKES.



THE THREE LOVELY DAMSELS, ENNERDALE, BORROWDALE, AND DERWENTWATER, RESCUED BY THE DOUGHTY KNIGHT OF ST. STEPHEN'S FROM THE RAILWAY ROUGH AND MINERAL MISCREANT WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THEM A FATAL INJURY.

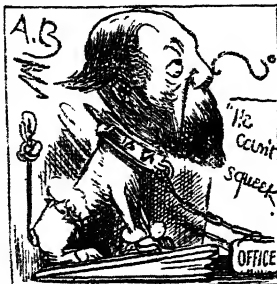
[The Bills for Railway and Mineral development works in the Lake districts of Ennerdale, Borrowdale, and Derwentwater were rejected on the ground that "serious injury would have been done to the beauty of the scenery" in these localities.—*From a P.M.G. Note.*]

No Perseus for Andromeda, in ages past or hence,  
Shall prove a braver champion than the Knight of Commons Sense,  
Who, buckling on his armour, threw down the glove to fight  
For valleys that are Sweetness, and lakeland that is Light!  
A hideous, snorting monster, with a shriek of steam for breath,  
Threatened all the silent mountains and the dreamy dales with death.  
Far across the flowered valleys you could hear the tearful wail  
Of the Fawns of Derwentwater, and the Nymphs of Borrowdale,  
Crying, "Save us from the tyrant who his iron sceptre shakes!"  
So the Knight of Commons Senses saved the Ladies of the Lakes!

Up, Tourists! then, and scatter your knapsacks in the way  
Of the gallant Knight who conquered this monster in the fray;  
Up, Artists! from your easels, and add your meed of praise  
For the rescue of the lakes of blue, the haze of mountain greys.  
A moment more and it were lost, for children yet unborn,  
The golden, silent sunset, the lone and lovely morn.  
Had tyranny succeeded, and flaunted signals red,  
Then Cumberland were crying and Derwentwater dead.  
But the valleys are rejoicing, and a shout the echoes wakes,  
For the Knight of Commons Senses saved the Ladies of the Lakes!

## THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER ACADEMY.

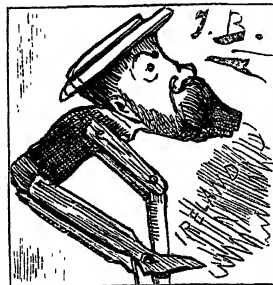
(Splendid Collection of Parliamentary Portraits, mostly done by "The Other Fellows." The Speaking Likenesses speak for themselves and for the Artists.)



Sir Charles Dilke, painted by Ashmead-Bartlett.



Ashmead-Bartlett, by Sir Charles Dilke.



G. O. Trevelyan, by J. Biggar.



J. Biggar, by G. O. Trevelyan.



Campbell-Bannerman, by W. H. Smith.



W. H. Smith, by Camp-Bannerman.



H. Labouchere, by C. Newdegate.



C. Newdegate, by H. Labouchere.



J. K. Cross, by W. Woodall.



W. Woodall, by J. K. Cross.



J. Bright, by himself.



J. Cowen, by himself.



Sir W. Lawson, by a Member who does not agree with him.



The Member, by Sir W. Lawson.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 16.—Curious thing to note how House of Commons guards supremacy of English language. Since Mr. LOWE has become Lord SHERBROOKE, only one man in House who dare quote Classics. Several try, and are received with varying degrees of coolness by Radicals below Gangway. Sir S. NORTHGOTE is graciously permitted to introduce tag from HORACE or JUVENAL. No one else on the Bench dares to try. Sometimes in set Debate, lasting for genial week or fructifying fortnight, a Gentleman introduces few more or less familiar lines, which are received with grudging absence of contradiction. Naturally supposed that if a man has week to get up speech he may be all right in Latin quotation. What Gentlemen below Gangway note with withering scorn is the sort of vocal boulders over which ambitious orator climbs before he reaches the level of quotation.

"Remember once, dear TOBY," says Lord BARRINGTON, "sitting near DIZZY; just reaching point of interesting anecdote; Hon. Gentleman on other side delivering oration; observed DIZZY's attention distracted. 'Stop a moment,' says he, 'Hon. Gentleman opposite just remembered he's forgotten his latch-key. No,' he added, after pause, 'only going to drag in that appropriate quotation from CICERO, beginning *omnis bonus*. Sure to take in House, especially at this time of year, when Omnibus Companies declaring dividends, and bonuses looked for.' Go on, BARRINGTON."

This jealousy broke out to-night when VILLIERS STUART gave notice of question as to temporary Concession to M. DE LESSEPS. VILLIERS STUART not been in the Chamber for nothing, nor has he made "Gleanings on the

Nile" without purpose, Stratford-atte-Bow used to be a place where good French spoken. Cairo and Alexandria now places where best accent acquired. No use hiding light under bushel. Lord GRANVILLE, Sir C. DILKE, and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE credited with best French going. Waterford County shall show the way. So VILLIERS STUART, clenching his fist, stiffening his back, and gazing aggressively at Opposition Benches, begins to quote from original concession to the Victorious LESSEPS, "*Noos avong donnay ah notre ahmee, M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS*," &c.

Great uproar in House. Ministerialists above Gangway genially impartial. Radicals below Gangway coldly supercilious. Conservatives behind Front Bench openly sarcastic. Irish Members below Gangway undisguisedly contemptuous. Mr. KENNY shakes his head, JOSEPH GILLIS cheers noisily, and, on the whole, reception chilling, and House with effusive satisfaction lapses into English language.

*Business done.*—Progress with Naval Estimates.

Tuesday.—Pretty to see Lord REDESDALE's hair gradually rising (wherever possible) as Lord SALISBURY delivered himself to-night on Suez Canal question. All right for considerable portion. Quite proper to oppose Government on this as on other matters. But when Marquis went on to lay down principle that neither KHEDIVI, LESSEPS, nor Egyptians have any right of property in Isthmus of Suez, Lord REDESDALE first began to feel faint, then teeth chattered, and next thing that presented itself was that gradual uplifting of the hair that frightened Lord DENMAN.

"Good Heavens, TOBY!" the old boy said to me as I gave him an arm out, "what are we coming to? HEALY couldn't say more than that; PARNELL not a patch on him. Begin to have dark suspicions about SALISBURY. Excellent man. No one better for slashing at GLADSTONE, or hacking those Liberals; but when it comes to Communistic doctrine, begin to ask myself which is the real

**SALISBURY?** All very well to say Isthmus is 'the water-way of nations of the earth.' Capital phrase. But these things spread, and those confounded Radicals sure to get hold of it. When I go westward, along Jermyn Street, want to get into Green Park, have to turn up Arlington Street, and so double Cape of Piccadilly. Would be nearer to go through **SALISBURY'S** house. Why shouldn't I? No. 20, Arlington Street, is the near cut of the Metropolitan ratepayer. Question is, why shouldn't he take it? "Those-of-that-opinion-say-Content—Not-Content-Not-Content—Contents-have-it." And Lord REDESDALE, scowling upon me as if I had challenged a division, went off.

Lord JOHN MANNERS back in House of Commons. Been away for long time.

Laid up with gout,  
And couldn't get out,

to quote from poem composed for occasion by Mr. WARTON. House welcomes Lord JOHN with hearty cheer for Fine Old English Gentleman as he is.

Agricultural Holdings Bill going forward. Firm of BARCLAY, BOBLASE, HOWARD & Co. in opposition. Company very small, but despair deep.

"May as well withdraw the Bill. Worse than useless. We're all ruined," cries Mr. HOWARD, beaming upon House the very picture of rosy prosperity.

"Ow-ard it is to think of 'OWARD and 'unger," whispers Mr. BROADHURST. BARCLAY groans assent to HOWARD's dismal prophecy. BARCLAY much better fitted for character of ruined Agriculturist. His gloomy conspirator-like air highly effective at present juncture.

*Business done.*—Clause 1, Agricultural Holdings Bill, agreed to.

*Thursday.*—"I'm a modest man, TOBY," said EVELYN ASHLEY, just now, "but if I fancied myself at all it would be as answering questions. All very well to talk about DILKE. I call him dry. No point about him. Just sets himself to answer question in briefest form, giving much or little information according to circumstances. HARCOURT's better. He takes proper view of opportunity of question hour. Excellent opening for making joke or snubbing a man, or trotting out a little sermon. But, if I may say so, fancy there's more point about my style. See neatness and completeness of rebuff to Premier of Queensland. Just now Colony a little irate on account of New Guinea business. Fine opportunity for rubbing sore spot. So when head of Queensland Government telegraphs opinion on Suez Canal arrangement, and question put to me in the House, instead of simply answering, I say, 'The Premier of Queensland, with all his virtues, does not seem to have the virtue of knowing how to wait.' That's neatly turned, don't you think? Make 'em mad out in Queensland, whilst causes me to shine in Parliament and keeps the eye of the nation upon me."

This seems conclusive, but somehow not quite sure whether it's first business of Under-Secretary to stir up bad blood in Colonies. As Sir CHARLES FORSTER remarks, "A smart answer doesn't *always* turn away wrath, whatever the proverb may say." In fact, I hear quite other view of ASHLEY's pet answer this afternoon. Heard him distantly alluded to as "a priggish Under-Secretary"; also references made to trouble bred in GLADSTONE's last Ministry owing to habit of young men and old being too smart at question-time.

TIM HEALY back with us again. TIM's genial habit of going to prison about once a year, combined with the peculiar cut of his hair, gives rise to suggestions as to cause of his absence. But it's all right this time. He's only been away fighting the Monaghan Election, and now takes his seat in place of GIVAN.

"Another Liberal seat Givan away," as RICHARD POWER says. Interesting correspondence between BRADLAUGH and Sergeant-at-Arms been passing during last few days. SPEAKER having heard of it calls upon the Sergeant to tell the House about it.

"Unaccustomed as our young friend is to public speaking," said the SPEAKER, waving his hand in familiar way towards Sergeant, "I trust the House will accord him its favourable attention."

No need for apology. Captain GOSSET appeared at the Bar amid

rounds of applause from both sides. Having fixed an eye-glass as he had seen O'DONNELL do, brought in two tumblers of water *à la* ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, and made provision for sitting on his hat when he resumed his seat after the manner of Mr. NEWDEGATE, he said in loud firm voice,—

"I have to inform the House that I have received a copy of a writ of summons in action brought against me by Mr. BRADLAUGH, the Member for Northampton, claiming an injunction."

"Fetch it up, old hoss," said the SPEAKER, "and we'll have the lot read at the Table."

Sergeant-at-Arms brought up papers, but Sir ERSKINE MAX, persisting in regarding them as confidential, whispered contents in ear of Mr. MILMAN, his colleague at the Table. House mad as the Colony of Queensland; bellowed "Speak up!" But Sir ERSKINE not to be moved from the path of duty. Went on whispering, and when he had, apparently, reached the end, sat down, and House went into Committee on the Agricultural Holdings Bill.

*Friday.*—Morning Sitting began at two o'clock. Concluded at seven. Business, to further consider Agricultural Holdings Bill in Committee. First three hours given up to miscellaneous matter—a private Bill, a fusillade of questions, a profoundly interesting argument between HARDINGE GIFFARD and ATTORNEY-GENERAL as to whether Sergeant-at-Arms should appear to plead in Bradlaugh action. At five o'clock reluctantly got to work, and disposed of few Amendments.

## A NEW KNIGHT.

THE honour of Knighthood has been conferred on Mr. EDWIN SAUNDERS, Dentist in Ordinary to the QUEEN. If the Dentist in Ordinary is made a Knight, what title is reserved for the Dentist in Extraordinary? May he never be required! All of us know what an ordinary toothache is, and how grateful we are to the Ordinary Dentist who will remove the grinder—just as a policeman will order off an irritating organ-grinder—without pain and trouble to the sufferer.

At the ceremony, which was most impressive, HER MAJESTY sitting in the ordinary dentist's mechanical chair while attendants stood around bearing the dental implements as insignia of the Order, in a room hung around with drawings from ARTHUR TOOTH's Gallery, the Knight elect, having taken the solemn oath specially composed for the occasion, and commencing "By gum!" was presented with a copy of BOYLE's *Court Guide*, containing the Statutes of the Order. During the proceedings the Choir, accompanied by Her Majesty's Private Band performing on tooth-combs (lightly covered with tissue-paper), sang the following Ode:—

ATR—"British Grenadiers."

Some talk of ALEXANDERS,  
And some of HERCULES,  
But what to EDWIN SAUNDERS  
Are all such swells as these?  
For smiling Ladies have no friend  
Like him to soothe their fears,  
He'll teeth extract,  
Make 'em all compact  
For the British Grinning Dears!  
Chorus—For smiling Ladies, &c.

After this, the Chaplain read an extract from the works of PETER DENNS as to the obligations of the new Knight, who was then invested with the ribbon of the Order, on which was inscribed "*Tirez le premier.*" The Chaplain (BOYLE, Lecturer), in the course of an excellent discourse, remarked, "Mr. SAUNDERS is a true professional Christian. When people go to him, 'grin like a dog,' and 'show their teeth,'—What does he do?—he returns them good for evil. Is he not a worthy Knight?"

As Mr. EDWIN SAUNDERS, the Dentist, has been knighted, why should not an eminently popular Actor receive the same honour? The qualifications are the same,—they can both "draw." And which requires the greater skill, to "draw" a house or a tooth?

"Nolo Equescopari."\*

To Doctor BANKS,—  
"Wilt join the ranks  
Of Knights?"

From BANKS,—  
"Declined with thanks."

\* Translation—"I will not be made a Knight." This is Canine-ical, and not Canonical, Latin.—*Vide Toby's Lat. Dic.*

"ALL's Swell that ends Swell," as the Masher said when he complacently surveyed himself from top to toe, from crown of new hat to tip of new shoe, in a pier-glass.



Bradlaugh and The Beetle.





## A HINT FOR THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

REGINALD FRONT-DE-BŒUF, 19th Earl of Torquilstone (*a lineal descendant of the famous Baron immortalised in Ivanhoe.*)  
 Viscount FRONT-DE-BŒUF (*his Son.*) Alderman ISAAC (*descended from Isaac of York.*) REBECCA (*Daughter of the Alderman.*)

SCENE—*The old torture-dungeon in Torquilstone Castle, recently restored.*

*The Earl.* "HEARKEN, THOU SON OF ISRAEL! UNLIKE MY KNIGHTLY ANCESTOR, I COVET NOT THY MONEY-BAGS, HARD-UP THOUGH I BE. 'TIS THY FAIR WISE DAUGHTER REBECCA I WOULD FAIN HAVE, TO WED UNTO MY BIG BOOBY OF A SON, YONDER—NOT INDEED FOR HER DOWRY'S SAKE, PRINCIPALLY AS THOU MAYST DEEM FIT TO MAKE IT; BUT IN ORDER THAT BY MIXING OUR DEGENERATE BLOOD WITH THINE, OH WORTHY SCION OF AN IRREPRESSIBLE RACE, THE NOBLE AND COMELY BUT IDIOTIC BREED OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF (WHICH BIDDETH FAIR TO BE SNUFFED OUT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE) MAY SURVIVE TO HOLD ITS OWN ONCE MORE! NAY, AN THOU CONSENTEST NOT, SIR JEW, THEN BY MY HALIDOME I 'LL—"

*[Torture must be left to the Reader's invention.]*

## "THE FRIEND,—IN NEED!"

*The Irrepressible One loquitur—*

ALLAH be praised! The Infidels are stuck.

What luck!

Sweet as iced sherbet midst the flames of Tophet  
 Is such revenge. Deriders of the Prophet  
 And me his duteous and devoted henchman,

How feel you now? The Frenchman  
 Whom you played off against me, and then shelved,  
 Has happily avenged me. You have delved  
 A pit for your own feet. The helpless tumble  
 May help to humble

You and your shrewd dog, DUFFERIN—Sheitan snatch him!  
 Who bested me at Istamboul. He's cunning,  
 But the imperious FERDINAND might match him,  
 And as for GRANVILLE there—not "in the running,"  
 As the horse-loving Islanders might say.  
 Well, e'en an Infidel dog must have his day!  
 They thought that I was out of it. Oh, rather!  
 Each snub-nosed son of a cremated father

Turned up that snub at me at an acuter  
 Angle. But, like the Pasha's slippers, I  
 Also "turn up" again, and by-and-by  
 I hope to have the Saxon as a suitor,  
 And to his knees in suppliant posture bring him.  
 Oh, how I'll wring him!!!

Ah! shove, pull, tug away! You can't get off.

You scoff

At me as an old "stick-in-the-mud?" How now?  
 I see big beads upon the Grand Old brow,  
 And "Pussy"'s less inclined to purr than scratch.

You've met your match!

The East has its resources. You smart Giaours  
 Who grip Time by the forelock, lose at last  
 The lingering service of the loitering hours.

You are too fast!

Meanwhile I am *en évidence* again.

Gr-r-r! does it give you pain  
 To see your ancient friend and old ally?

Ah! why?

We used to pull together, and you've found  
 To pull without me is to run aground.  
 Ha! ha! Your ancient partner it will gratify

To ratify

Your action—if made worth my while, of course.  
 If not,—well, you will find you've no resource  
 But caving in. You may deride, doubt, flout me,

But you can't do without me! *[Chuckles.]*

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM heard someone speaking of the *Food Journal*.  
 "Ah!" remarked the good old soul, "I suppose that must be the  
*Morning Appetiser*, which I've always understood to be the organ  
 of the Victuallers."



### “THE FRIEND,—IN NEED!”

SUBLIME PORTE (more “sublime” than ever). “HI! I SAY! YOU CAN’T GET ON WITHOUT ME; BUT—‘BACKSHEESH,’ YOU KNOW.”

[“... Any modification or extension of the privileges granted to M. DE LESSEPS must receive the sanction of the SULTAN before it can be carried out.”—Lord E. Fitzmaurice’s Statement in the House, quoting Sultan’s communication.]







## SUBURBAN PUZZLES. No. 1.

THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH PUZZLE. TO FIND OUT WHERE TO RIDE SAFELY,—THE SO-CALLED "RIDE" HAVING BEEN STREWN WITH WHAT AMERICANS WOULD CALL "SMALL ROCKS."

## A RIDICULUS MUS FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Prince of MONACO has entered into negotiations with the French Government for the sale of his dominions. His Highness wants £400,000 and a formal promise that the Blanc Concession shall not be withdrawn until 1910. So much has already been made public. The following further stipulations are now published for the first time:—

The French Government to have use of the Army (eight generals, splendid band of thirty musicians, and five well-trained and serviceable privates), on condition that the Prince retains any fees that the Band may receive for attending garden *fêtes* or evening parties.

The Rates and Taxes to be collected by the French Government on the understanding, however, that any Christmas-boxes that may be given to the collectors to conciliate them, shall be handed over to his Highness as his just perquisites.

The family pedigree of the GRIMALDIS to be inserted in the French histories in use in the Government schools. The Prince to be paid a royalty upon the sale of the text books thus amended.

The Monaco Regalia to be exhibited in every French city. Admission, a franc. Children and schools half-price. The French Government and the Prince to share the proceeds of the show. All expenses connected with bill-posting, advertising, and agency in advance, to be defrayed by the French Government.

The Prince to retain the right of conferring orders of knighthood and patents of nobility for ten years. The French Government during that time to suspend the Legion of Honour and the new Agricultural Decorations, so that the Prince's prices may not suffer from untradesmanlike competition.

As his Highness will become a French citizen on the completion of the contract, some compensation should be allowed for the loss of "crowned headship," say, the free use of the Palace at Versailles, and the right to ride as "a feature" in the show of the Parisian Lord Mayor when there is one.

And, lastly, although his Highness has asked only £400,000 for this valuable property, an additional £1000 be paid to the vendor by the vendee on the completion of the contract just to wet the bargain.

## A WIMBLEDON WAIL.

(By a Sorrowful Southron.)

CONFOUND those shootists from the Land o' Cakes!  
They've picked out all the plums; *our* Cake is dough.  
Descending from the North, they sack their "takes,"  
And grin and go.

The Badge! the Queen's!! the International!!! Oh!

These—and the rest—make really "a big order."

Must the Blue Ribbons (of the Camp) *all* go  
Over the Border?

Never a Saxon shot—the more's the pity!—

These pottiest of potters to out-pot.

YOUNG, CALDWELL, INGRAM, RAE, MACKAY, M'VITTIE!  
It's Scot and lot!

Never a "crack" to give the Sawmies taste

Of licking, though we've many a smart and handy one?  
Life and the Camp to me are now a waste,

A very SANDY one.

For "bawbies" and for "pots" I will no more hunt;

We're out of it; they beat us in a canter.

But if they'd start a Caledonian Bore Hunt,  
I'd join *instantaner*.

A ROYALTY ON AN EXHIBITION.—THE QUEEN has given permission to the Water Colour Institute in Piccadilly to dub itself "The Royal." There is a Hall of Music in Holborn, called "The Royal," and so to prevent any confusion, the full style and title of the Painters' Establishment will be the Royal Piccadilly Water Works. By which title, *Mr. Punch*, Honorary President of everything generally, wishes the Institute henceforward to be known.

THE "SWEETS" OF VICTORY (AT WIMBLEDON).—Bulls'-eyes.

"NE SUTOR SUPRA  
CREPIDAM."

EVERYONE will be sorry for the position in which the Rev. M. TIMMINS, the Rector of West Malling, found himself when he was charged with causing the death of a young girl by administering to her a teaspoonful of the oil of bitter almonds. He was acquitted, though it was proved that the chemist who sold the poison had cautioned him as to its dangerous nature. We have nothing to say against the verdict, but we do hope this will be a warning to amateur doctors not to meddle with what they do not understand. Let them leave the administration of physic to those who have made it their profession; for a little knowledge of medicine is indeed a dangerous thing. The Clergy are, we fear, although they mean well, great sinners in this respect. They have a noble errand in the world—that of preaching the Gospel, and this terrible case should teach them to stick to that, and not meddle with the Pharmacopœia.

MR. W. H. SMITH said last week that "there is a good deal of light gold about." How does he know? We wish we could get a lot of it. The lighter the better for us, as we should immediately employ it as floating capital. Don't want "heavy gold," and then lose sight of it as "capital sunk."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 146.



SIR C. W. SIEMENS, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.

THE ELECTRIC KNIGHT-LIGHT.

SOCIAL DIFFICULTY IN A  
POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

THERE is a deal of hesitation felt just now in starting the subject of Madagascar at a large dinner-party during a dead silence, as no one likes to be the first to display his ignorance on three points, as to which some objectionable person, who "only asks for information," is sure to request that he may be at once enlightened. The three points are—

1st.—The proper pronunciation of "Tamatave."

2nd.—To whom does Madagascar belong?

3rd.—Why are the French bombarding "Tamative" or "Tamatave?"

4thly.—Where is Madagascar?

The funny man will, of course, confess at once that he knows nothing at all about it, and immediately get credit for being thoroughly up in the subject, having only alluded to it for the sake of letting off a pun and saying that in his opinion the French Admiral at Madagascar is simply "mad-a-gascarnading."

FROM THE [FISHERIES—SUNDAY TALK.—"Open confession is good for the Sole," said a fishy voice, jestingly. "That remark," replied the Sole, "is out of place." So it was. The other fishes, who, contrary to their usual arrangements, were all in a roe, expressed their approval.

VOTE FOR VIRTUE!

"No man ought to be allowed to receive one farthing for his services at an election. Were this the rule, numbers would be ready to sacrifice their time to the success of their political principles."—*Weekly Paper.*

SCENE—Committee-Room of the Popular Candidate of the Future, discovered in consultation with his Professional Adviser.

Candidate. So my Address has been printed and published—

Adviser. Gratuitously. The Editor of the local paper insisted upon defraying all the expenses out of his own pocket.

Candidate. No doubt because he is anxious to sacrifice his wealth to his political principles?

Adviser. Yes. To quote his own words—"All my little earnings, the outcome of advertisements and fashionable reporting for twenty years, shall be devoted to the advancement of international civilisation."

Candidate. Most gratifying and unusual.

Adviser. Pardon me—not unusual. We are all doing our best for you. I myself, for instance, am usually considered by my neighbours a sharp country solicitor, as fond of fees as a fly of honey, or, to use a more appropriate simile, as a fox of chickens. And yet here am I giving you all my time, and actually incurring expenses out of pocket, on the express agreement that you do not pay a farthing for anything. And why is this? Because I want you elected to Parliament in order that you may do your best to advance scientific research.

Candidate. You are interested in science?

Adviser. Not in the least, personally, but theoretically I consider that scientific research will probably benefit the human race. Surely that is enough. You now understand why I throw over costs?

Candidate. Most good of you.

Adviser. Not at all. I am only following the example of my fellow-townsmen. Has not the livery-stable-keeper supplied you gratuitously with horses and carriages, because your view of the policy we should pursue in regard to Japan coincides with his own; and are not the local banker, brewer, and surgeon walking about at

this very moment as sandwich-men, displaying your placards, because they think with you on the subject of colonial expenditure?

Candidate. I cannot be sufficiently obliged.

Adviser. We don't want you to be obliged. We are helping the Measures, Sir, not the Man. And now it is time to commence visiting the constituents. And as we are going into the homes of several family men, mind you don't flatter their wives or kiss their children, else your election will most assuredly be annulled under the provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act! (Scene closes in upon a tableau of Electoral Purity triumphant, and Canvassing Vice nowhere.)

ON A RECENT MUSIC-HALL TRIAL.

MUSIC has charms to soothe the legal Bench,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak,  
But mixed with dancing is a fearful crime,  
A thing to drag through every stuffy Court  
Where legal gentlemen expound the law—  
A law as bad as any law can be—  
And yet the waltz is danced in six-eight time—  
A time that pleases much the legal ear;  
And strange it is in all this land of trade—  
Of trade that prides itself on being free—  
The line is drawn so savagely at hops!

"NOTHING escapes the attention of my Uncle the Admiral," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "He is always on the *Khedive*, as the Egyptians say."

EVENING SONG FOR WIMBLEDON.—"The Camp Belles are coming!"

APPROPRIATE FOR A DEADLOCK.—A Skeleton Key.



## LUCID.

*Barber.* "DEAR ME! YOUR BEARD'S VERY STRONG, SIR. HOW OFTEN DO YOU SHAVE?"

*Van Tboom (Dutch Mariner).* "DREE TIMES A WEEK EFFERY TAY BOT SONDAIE—TEN I SHAIFES EFFERY TAY!"

### THE FREE REGISTRY DODGE; OR, HOW TO HOOK A HOUSEHOLDER.

SCENE—Interior of a shop (from which the counters have been removed) in a large thoroughfare. Several Servants seated round the room. Firm and Powerful-looking Person presiding at a desk, supported by several Sharp Female Attendants. Shop-front profusely decorated with placards, suggesting that "no charge" is made for anything. Enter a Timid Servant, nervously.

*Timid Servant.* Oh, please, I am looking for "the Countess." Here's her Ladyship's advertisement. (*Producing newspaper.*) "Wanted, a good Cook accustomed to riding in her employer's carriage, who will not be expected to get up before eleven o'clock, and—"

*Sharp Female Attendant (interrupting).* Yes; that's all right. You can wait.

*Timid Servant.* But she gives her address here.

*S. F. Attendant.* Yes; it's all right. (*Turns to Lady and Gentleman who have entered.*) Yes, Mam?

[Firm and Powerful-looking Person at the desk becomes on the alert.]

*Lady.* I was not aware that this was a Registry. (*Producing newspaper.*) I have come in answer to an advertisement from "BLUE RIBBON," who writes from here. "Excellent plain cook, accustomed to do the house-work of a family of sixteen. Can clean windows, attend to horses, and knows how to sweep chimneys."

*S. F. Attendant (interrupting).* Yes, Mam; if you will walk into this room, we will send some one to attend to you.

[Lady and Gentleman enter an inner apartment—after a pause, the Timid Servant is introduced.]

*Lady (after a short conference).* Thank you; that will do.

[Accompanied by the Gentleman, she prepares to leave the establishment, when the Firm and Powerful Person interposes.]

*F. and P. Person (severely).* I beg your pardon; but you took this young woman's name.

*Lady.* She gave it to me; but—

*F. and P. Person (decisively).* Then I must trouble you to pay me an engagement-fee of five shillings.

*Gentleman (explaining).* But she is not engaged, and unless she is—

*F. and P. Person (coldly).* Be kind enough to read that placard. (*Points*

to a poster headed "Rules," "No Booking Fee," "No Entrance Fee." Severely.) And, now, the five shillings, please.

*Gentleman (argumentatively).* But this placard says "five shillings on engagement."

*F. and P. Person (loftily).* The word "engagement" is defined by the "Rules." We consider asking for a name an engagement. (*Turning to Timid Servant.*) And your fee too, please. (*The Timid Servant pays, and receives, in exchange for her shillings a name and address written on the back of a circular. Turning to Gentleman sternly.*) And now yours, Sir.

*Gentleman (feeling that he cannot well refuse his fee after the Timid Servant has paid hers.)* There you are, but—

*F. and P. Person (interposing).* I must really refer you to the Rules. (*Gives Lady similar document to that already presented to Timid Servant, and bows.*) Should this young person be unsuitable, Madam, you can come here for another.

*Lady.* But "BLUE RIBBON," who is "accustomed to a family of sixteen, and sweeps chimneys"?

*Timid Servant.* And "the Countess" who likes her Cook to ride about in her own carriage, and to get up at eleven?

*F. and P. Person (with cold politeness).* Really, Madam, I have other matters claiming my attention.

[*Exeunt Lady, Gentleman, and Timid Servant—to put it mildly, dissatisfied!!!*]

## VALE!

(*A respectful distance after Praed.*)

GOOD-BYE to the Season, its crosses,  
Its care, and caress, its cabal,—  
Let us drown both its gain and its losses  
In Styx, or the Suez Canal!  
Though pleasure be near, or too far be,  
We've kept it up early and late,  
From the dust and the din of the Derby  
To the Fair at the Kensington Fête.  
Let the desperate dog, or the dreamer  
Dividing his lips with a weed,  
Recross the sick streak in a steamer,  
A travelling tourist—in tweed!

Good-bye to the Season,—the races,  
The fun on the heath and the hill,  
When somebody cares what the pace is,  
And nobody asks for the bill:  
The Wimbledon tennis and cricket,  
The glory of RENSCHAW and STUDD,  
The thunder at Lord's and the wicket,  
When Eton played Harrow in mud;  
The meets in the Park, and the coaches  
With steppers both showy and fast,  
All fade as the autumn approaches,  
And Fashion goes seaward at last!

Good-bye to the Season! the dances  
Of tomahawk Savage and swall,  
The sighs as the morning advances,  
Divorcing the bold from the belle,  
That night in July in the moonlight,  
With myriad lamps in the trees,  
The river at Henley in June-time,  
Half love and half indolent ease,  
The Maidenhead launch and the dinner,  
The gold in the West turning grey,  
The triumph of Saint and of sinner,  
Will fade with the season away!

Good-bye to the Season! but listen,  
Old Time keeps reversing his sand,  
Fresh tears in loved eyelids will glisten,  
And hand will keep searching for hand,  
We shall come from the sea and the heather,  
Refreshed and with faces burned brown,  
To face life with courage together,  
Or find care in charge of the town.  
Though the past to the loved one and lover  
Be sorrow, success, or a spell,  
It has passed like a dream and is over,  
Good-bye to the Season! Farewell!

A REAL "RIFLE" MEETING.—A Burglars' Rendezvous.



"His hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears."—BYRON.

Newly-arrived Yankee (sympathetically, to Sir Gorgius's pet Flunkey).  
"I GUESS, YOUNG MAN, YOU'VE SEEN A DEAL OF TROUBLE!"

## A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

### NO. XI.—THE DUST-CART.

Q. WHAT is a Dust-Cart?

A. A Public nuisance.

Q. But was it designed with that end in view?

A. By no means. It was designed as a nuisance-remover, and even claims to be so. It is this which makes it perhaps the most inadequate and exasperating of the minor appliances of civilisation.

Q. How did this state of things come about?

A. It would take long to tell in detail. But given greedy monopolists, inefficient and self-seeking Local Authorities, insolent understrappers, and a too, too patient Public, and you have the elements of this and many other miscarriages of public justice.

Q. What is the ostensible function of the Dust-Cart?

A. The removal from premises of Private Citizens of the miscellaneous accumulations of refuse conveniently generalised as "Dust."

Q. How is this function exercised?

A. By methods ingeniously annoying and adroitly evasive.

Q. How are these carried out?

A. Through the agency of terrible myrmidons known colloquially as "Dustmen."

Q. What are these beings?

A. Men of ill-favoured aspect, and often almost demoniac demeanour. The gifts required in a Dustman are various; the chief essential, however, is a hideously hoarse and stentorian voice.

Q. Why so?

A. The first—and it would sometimes seem the sole—duty of a Dustman is to make a noise.

Q. With what object?

A. With the Dustman, as with the street-boy—"noise for noise's sake" is probably the unconsciously guiding principle. It may be that in an argumentative mood he would assert that he howls forth his ear-torturing crescendos of cacophony with the view of making his

presence known—to people in the next parish. But, at heart, I am persuaded he would resent the vulgarisation of his matchless faculty for shindy, by "hooking it to some useful end."

Q. At least, it cannot be difficult to ascertain the whereabouts of a Dustman?

A. On the contrary, a Dustman is as difficult to track as a cuckoo, or a will-o'-the-wisp. His yells make morn hideous for hours before his bodily presence becomes visible to the expectant householder.

Q. But if you send for him?

A. He goes on shouting, and does not come.

Q. And if you are fortunate enough to arrest him in the middle of a shout, and opposite your threshold?

A. He at once discovers that his cart is full, and that he can't take you till next round.

Q. Why then go on shouting?

A. Presumably to keep his voice in training.

Q. But once having fairly caught your Dustman, what ensues?

A. A long negotiation between him and yourself or your representative.

Q. Why is this necessary?

A. The Dustman is a person of polemical proclivities, and of punctilious tastes. Many points and difficulties suggest themselves to his discursive fancy and pessimistic bias. To remove the dust from your bin into his cart seems a simple process—to you. His views are entirely different. He eyes your house with critical disfavour, and suggests that it is "a orkurd'ole as ever he see." The quality of your "Dust," too, meets with stern disparagement as "muck." He doubts whether he ought to touch it, but if he *should* so far favour you, he presumes you'll consider it "with a hextry bob at least." Should you not see it in the same light, his hoarse offensiveness will develop itself in aggravated ways. He will make scarcely veiled observations of an extremely uncomplimentary nature respecting "some on 'em." Should he be asked what he means, his sardonic reply is "Oh, nothink!—same as you do, seeminly. Nothink for nothink 'ill satisfy even you," he supposes.

Q. And when you have finally secured his services?

A. His object is naturally to make them as inadequate and as vexatious as possible?

Q. How does he effect this?

A. By making as much "mess" as he can—trampling over flower-beds and clean flags or floors wherever possible, shouting forth unpleasant remarks not always unmixed with oaths, and winding up probably by going off before your bin is half empty, on the plea that his cart is full.

Q. What is the consequence of these singular arrangements?

A. That "Dust" is the incubus of the British householder, especially in the suburbs. It is an illustration of the dilemma to which the ordinary citizen is frequently reduced by the joint action of Authority and Monopoly.

Q. How so?

A. Authority issues an edict, Monopoly bargains with Authority for the profit resulting from putting it into force. The Citizen's business is to obey, and pay. He pays certainly once, probably twice or thrice. His convenience is the last to be consulted. His only appeal lies to Authority or Monopoly, and such appeal, always troublesome, is generally futile. Q. E. D.

Q. But could not these evils be obviated?

A. There is perhaps only one real difficulty in the way.

Q. What is that?

A. The ease with which they could be remedied.

## A SCRUMPTIOUS RAILWAY CAR.

COLONEL MAPLESON'S special train of "Mann Boudoir-Cars," the *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us, is to have a special Car for the *DRIV PATTI*. It is fifty-five feet long, with "a large drawing-room thirteen and a half feet long, furnished in amaranth wood, and embossed leather, profusely decorated, gold predominating." This isn't a Mann Boudoir-Car; it's a Woman Boudoir-Car; a Triumphal Car, too, with a vengeance.

ATR—"The Low-Backed Car."

When last I heard of PATTI,  
She was well on her way  
To sing somewhere  
She didn't care  
As long as folks would pay.  
The Queen of Song was borne  
Along  
Without a jolting spring

And PATTI, she,  
While sipping tea,  
To herself was heard to sing:—  
"Oh, I sit in a Boudoir-Car,  
An expensive and gay *Di-va*!  
I lounge and I chat in  
Chairs gold, blue, and satin,  
In MAPLESON'S Boudoir-Car!"

It is not yet fixed when Madame PATTI is to appear at the Fisheries in her new entertainment, entitled "The *Div*a and the *Belle*—all in one,"—when she will simply appear as herself. For this unique performance, if it whispered that Madame PATTI will receive eight hundred pounds a show. That's what "A *Mere Song*" means now-a-days,—to PATTI.



## OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Catching Crabs and Flounders in the Thames.



Catching Wails at Whippingham.



Catching Soles and Skate on the (Sea) Serpentine.



Catching Whiting from the Strand.

## CAUGHT BY THE TIDE!

(A Story of a Coastguardman.)

THEY sing their songs and their lifeboat lays, and the gossip to guest from host  
Is of wreckage wild in the Winter-time round the dangerous Cornish coast;  
There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fishermen out at sea,  
There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of women who bend the knee  
When their mates are away in the storm-time, and the cottage is left to the roar  
Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore;  
But best of all tales that ever I heard to make me think better of men  
Who ting in their lives for duty—it happened—you ask me when?  
On a wonderful Summer's evening, just as holiday-time began,  
It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a Coastguardman!

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves,  
Where the sea-birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves;  
You may search for wild adventure on the sea-coast south and north,  
But for beauty travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth.  
It was there on this summer evening, on the beach, as the daylight died,  
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide;  
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the ground from his feet;  
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward—then back, there was no retreat!  
Up came the sea still closer—was it death? Not a second to count—  
Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring the sea-birds' nest,  
Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast,  
At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his life to a stone,  
Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air, alone!  
Once more death barred his passage; and his terrified face turned grey,  
For the ledge of the rock he clung to was crumbling slowly away!  
"Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry of agony ran.  
"I am that man, God willing!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that might be felt,  
For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt;  
They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonised face turned  
grey,

As stone after stone from his safety-ledge kept slowly crumbling away!  
"Bring me a rope!" said REGAN, "and bind it about my waist;  
Look at that wretched fellow! In a second he'll fall! Make haste!  
Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates—there, tighter so, and stiff;  
Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul me over the cliff.  
Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can;  
If I die, I have done my duty!" said REGAN the Coastguardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, as they lowered with bated breath:  
This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death.  
The silence grew more awful, and agony paled on the lip  
Of the women and men who waited—till at last with a mighty grip

The man of the Coastguard seized him, and tightened his  
arms around  
This prize he had risked his life for—then searching for  
safety ground  
They swung from the ledge together, for the rope was  
taut and stiff,  
Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of the  
crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, Sir, for even  
our English cheers.  
But the women they crowded around him with kisses,  
and prayers, and tears!  
So tell it about from South to North, proclaim it where  
you can;  
Go spread it forth from Perranporth—this tale of a Coast-  
guardman!

## QUITE SURPRISING.

THE *Times* critic on Mr. IRVING as *Louis the Eleventh*,  
speaks of his "seemingly toothless jaws," as if he  
had expected the Actor to have all his teeth taken out  
in real earnest, and then adds, with all the naïve  
and frank admiration for his own cleverness which might be  
shown by a sharp schoolboy on his seeing Mr. IRVING for  
the first time in this part, and seeing how he makes up  
for it—

"For by a skilful artifice in staining his front teeth, Mr.  
IRVING produces all the effect of toothlessness."

Dear us! how wonderful! The "skilful artifice" is  
"no new thing" invented and patented by Mr. IRVING,  
as, had it been "a skilful dentifrice," it might have  
been, but a very simple "dodge" familiar to all character  
Actors, Amateurs, and to everyone professionally in-  
terested in the practical Drama. We should say the  
receipt would probably be found in Mr. DUTTON COOK's  
amusing book on the Stage, in which he treats of all such  
details.

We shall expect in some future *Times* critique by the  
same hand to read, "Miss ELLEN TERRY, as *Juliet*,  
preserves seemingly the most juvenile appearance. She  
has all the fresh, clear, and peach-like complexion of a  
girl of sixteen, which was, if we remember, the age of  
SHAKESPEARE's heroine. For by a skilful artifice, Miss  
ELLEN TERRY colours her cheeks with a delicate pink  
cosmetic applied with a prepared hare's-foot, and softens  
the outline with pearl-powder delicately laid on with a  
small puff, which gives all the effect of extreme juve-  
nility." Similar observations may be made as to arti-  
ficial whiteness of different Actresses' hands by the aid  
of bismuth, a remarkable discovery made by Miss KATE  
VAUGHAN; also on the "remarkable darkness of the  
eyelashes by the skilful artifice of painting them with  
Indian ink—an invention lately patented by Miss NELLIE  
FARREN;" and our attention will be directed to "the  
marvellous lustre of Miss ANYBODY ELSE's eyes, produced  
by her unique discovery of the use of belladonna."

As to the "toothlessness,"—anyone playing dilapidated  
old men have used some such device ever since making-  
up became an art. Who recollects Mr. ALFRED WIGAN  
as the old Frenchman, *Achille Dufard*, on the first  
night? Here and there a tooth in his head, that was  
all; and such a yellow, parchment, snuffy old skin!

"ANY ORNAMENTS FOR YOUR FIRE-STOVES?"—When  
Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK, lineal descendant of the family of  
which the Friar was the best-known member, is not  
busy in inventing Christmas and Easter Cards, he turns  
his attention to small ornamental screens for the draw-  
ing-room fire-place in summer time, screens which, besides  
supplying an artistic want, and filling a vacuum, suggest  
that on every family hearth, the great scene from the  
*School for Scandal* is being played by dolls—a *Lady  
Teazle* doll being, of course, concealed on the chimney-  
side. Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK has sent us a sample, of which,  
being really worth mentioning, we at once tuck notice.  
If cold weather sets in and settles the present fate of this  
invention, we advise everyone artistically and economi-  
cally inclined to go in for a RAFFLE-TUCK. When we  
think of those hideous and dangerous paper-shavings,  
every one must acknowledge that these newly-designed  
screens are a Grate Improvement.

## THE REAL HAUNTED HOUSE.

(Some distance after Hood.)



*Miserable Dweller in Urban Slum.* "AH! WHEN THEY'VE QUITE DONE WITH YOU, PERHAPS THEY'LL GIVE ME A LOOK IN."

A HOUSE it is—if house that may be called  
Which is dismantled of all human graces—  
Haunted, indeed! By what? But half enwalled  
And semi-roofed it seems. Foul dirt displaces  
All ancient decoration; what was paint  
Is sooty slime; where paper hung, sparse patches  
Of foulness cling. His very soul goes faint  
Who enters there, his sickened breath he catches  
Like a choked swimmer, for the fetid air  
Reeks with revoltingness, the very charnel  
Is sweeter than this pestilential lair,  
Whose breath were death to the ditch-loving darnel.  
And over all there broods a horror drear,  
As of a waste by witchcraft foul enchanted,  
E'en silence whispers to the listening ear—  
*This house is haunted!*

Haunted by no dim memories of old days,  
By no romantic wraiths of dames departed.  
No solemn spectres pace these dark stairways;  
No ghostly legends, grim, yet human-hearted,  
Cling to these tottering walls. It were some cheer  
To hear the old time-honoured clank or rustle;  
But nought of ghostly deigns to harbour here,  
And crows that creak, or cellar-rats that hustle  
Behind the mouldering wainscot, savour not  
Of old romance, but modern waste and ruin.  
There is no poetry in floors that rot,  
O'er swamps that no marsh blossom ever grew in.  
The only spectres are the pallid swarms  
In human shape that herd like clustering cattle,  
Conscious, like brutes, that swinish huddling warms,  
Though roof make leak and paneless casement rattle.

These throng the tottering tenement, these crowd  
 The rooms, the passages, the doorless entry,  
 Eager for covert scant when winds are loud,  
 They'd crowd, they'd throng, though Death himself  
 stood sentry.  
 As well he may, invisible, for here  
 He finds lush harvest, the insatiate reaper!  
 Oh, for a whiff of clover, or the dear  
 Fresh smell of rain-wet furrows! See a creeper  
 From the chill street, rag-vestured, famine-worn,  
 Draws near his—home? Well, yes, *some* purse—  
 belonging  
 Perchance to Priest or Statesman—this forlorn  
 Starved waif hath plumped a little, sorely wronging  
 His stomach by that tribute to the god,  
 The great god Property, as careless wholly  
 Of poor mankind as any that did nod  
 Upon Olympian amaranth and moly.  
 This is his "holding"; tenant he, poor wretch  
 Of tenement that *never* knows "improvement."  
 Hither the Law its mandate doth not stretch,  
 Hither, by Civilisation's mighty movement,  
 Driven, with myriads more, he hides and lurks,  
 A helpless "nuisance," shunned by the Inspector,  
 Ignored by Bumbles and by Boards of Works,  
 By all forgotten—save the rent-collector  
 Of *Carabas* or *Macworm*. Rosy-gilled  
 Bucolic grumbler about drains and leases!  
 Here leases were a joke, here drains are filled  
 In such fair sort as the death-rate increases.  
 Improvements *here*? Go to! Not worth the while  
 Of Property, which battens like a vulture  
 On garbage-heaps. Compulsion? Statesmen smile  
 Now upon Trade, anon on Agriculture.  
 They've loud and potent voices. But the mute  
 Furtive and impotent Slum-dwellers' scape them.  
 Yet plans for men foul-herding like the brutes  
 Cool reason clamours for. The heads that shape them  
 Will earn their owners more enduring praise  
 Than faction's brainless peans loudly chaunted;  
 Ah! when grim Pestilence stalks forth and slays  
 Its myriads, men will own in dread amaze  
 This House *is* haunted!



## POPULAR FALLACIES.

THAT SMOKING IMPAIRS THE EYESIGHT.

BUT MASTER GODFREY, WHEN HE'S ENJOYING A MILD HAVANNA, CAN SEE  
 PAPA COMING—OH, MILES OFF!

## AIX AND PAINS;

## OR, THE PENALTIES OF PROPRIETORSHIP.

It is satisfactory to know that the recent capital advertisement given, at the request of its enterprising Proprietor, by "*Monsieur le Directeur du Times*" to the hotel which Princess BEATRICE happens to have selected during her temporary residence at Aix-les-Bains, has been supplemented by the despatch of the following nice little explanatory and private letter, direct from Printing House Square:—

MON CHER MONSIEUR LE PROPRIÉTAIRE,

C'ÉTAIT croyez-moi, avec le plus grand satisfaction que je me suis trouvé dans une position de vous faire un bon tour, par l'insertion dans mon journal *Le Times* de votre franche et très spirituelle petite lettre de 22 Juillet. Sans doute, vous avez déjà vu le numéro; et si le prominence que j'ai donné à votre contribution vous a fait sauter de joie, ne m'envoyez pas, je vous prie, vos remerciements; car je suis sûr que vous êtes, pour le moment, plein d'un vif dévouement, même d'un bienveillance presque irrépressible envers moi?

Vous avez bien compris, n'est-ce pas, que si ce n'était pas pour l'argent que nous recevons de temps à temps pour des petites services de ce genre, ce serait impossible de conduire *Le Times* dans une manière respectable et digne de la haute voie occupé, comme nous disons en Angleterre, par le "leading journal"?

C'est bien connu que M. GLADSTONE me paye quelque chose considérable, à ce moment-ci, de n'être pas abusé tous les jours, et que MM. les "Shipowners" pendant la séance récente sur le Canal de Suez ont eu le très bon sens de m'envoyer, avec empressement, un "five-pound note." Mais une finesse honorable ne vous manque pas non plus. Vous avez la bonté, en me priant toujours d'insérer votre avertissement, de dire à la fin de votre charmante petite lettre, "je suis, du reste, prêt à payer ce que cela coûtera, si vous avez la bonté de m'envoyer la note."

Cela est très bon et très polie, mais je vous prie de ne faire rien du sort. Non. Et je vous dirai pourquoi. Dans quelques semaines

ce qu'on appelle chez nous "Le Dull Season" sera arrivé; et, si vous pouviez, mon cher Monsieur le Propriétaire, dans ces tristes jours-là seulement envoyer moi encore des lettres, deux ou trois—naïfs, fraîches, admirablement comiques, et, tout à fait, en fin, hors de ligne, comme celui-ci qui vous m'aviez fait l'honneur de m'adresser l'autre jour, croyez-moi je serai payé mille fois, car vous ferez, bien sûr, la fortune du *Times*.

En attendant, votre bienveillant réponse, j'ai l'honneur, mon cher Monsieur le Propriétaire, d'être, le votre très sincèrement,  
 CHIMNEY, Rédacteur en Chef.

P.S.—Je ne crois pas qu'il y a des fautes de grammaire, ni de l'orthographe dans ce lettre, mais si, par hasard, il y en a un ou deux qui m'ont échappées, M. BLOWITZ, qui est toujours très exacte, sans doute, les corrigera en route.

"LOOK AT HOME!"—The "German Crown Prince and Princess"—(Five shillings the pair, the better half being worth nearly all the money)—are going to stay at Norris Castle, the Duke of BEDFORD's beautiful place in the Isle of Wight, which his Grace has offered to place at their disposal. The grounds of Norris Castle adjoin those of Osborne. Oh, if his Grace would only put his Grace's beautiful Garden—Covent Garden, we mean—at our disposal for a while! If the Duke's Covent Garden grounds adjoined those of Buckingham Palace or Marlborough House, there would soon be a drastic remedy for the present state of Mud-Salad Market and its environs. Are the residents in the Market, in Henrietta Street, in Southampton Street, Wellington Street, and the tributaries East and West all asleep, or have they "learned to love it," and become as helpless and hopeless as Circe's enchanted swine?

Old Indians as a rule like sticking to a red-tape policy. Odd that they should object to a little bit of RIFON. The Rajah TULIP SLANG says that "LIBERTY'S Bill" is not going along Rippingly.

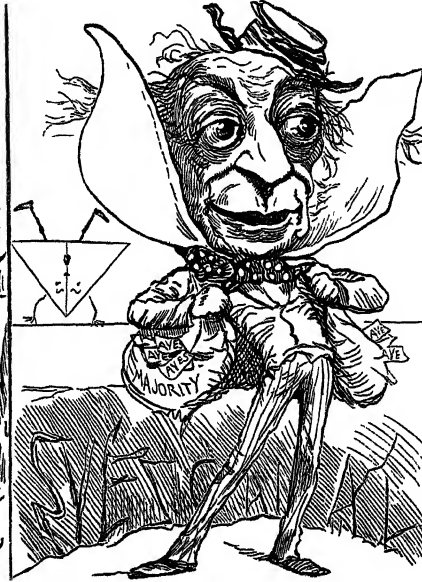
## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

LOOKING BEFORE HE LEAPS.



SUEZ-CIDAL.



RECOVERY.

## NURSERY RHYME ADAPTED TO THE TIME.

There was a very Grand Old Man,  
And he was wondrous wise ;

He jumped into a quickset hedge,  
And scratched out all his "Ayes,"  
But when he found his "Ayes" were gone,  
With all his might and main

He jumped out of that quickset hedge,  
And scratched them in again.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, July 23.*—Grand Old Man comes up to-night smiling, with small geranium flower-pot in button-hole, and pair of largest collars in stock. Been a little difficulty, he understands, about Suez Canal. Government made bargain with LESSERS which some people didn't like. "Very well, then," says G.O.M., "we'll drop it. Know old story about boy caught creeping through hedge into orchard? 'Where are you going?' shouted irate proprietor. 'I'm going back again,' said the boy. Well, we'll go back again. Last intention in the world to give offence. Everyone shouting out for new Canal. We thought we'd get one made. Arranged everything with LESSERS; but if you don't like it, for Goodness' sake don't have it. Really no compulsion in the matter, and no occasion for fuss."

All this he explains in speech forty minutes long. GRANVILLE, in other House, smiled through same discourse in ten minutes. House not nearly so delighted at its conclusion as might have been expected. Gentlemen who have been shouting out for past fortnight, get their own way, but refrain from unseemly indications of triumph. In fact, begin to shake their heads and look more gloomy than ever. Not quite sure that Government have done right. Much to be said for project, especially if no better to be got. Clearly no better to be got, and what does this infatuated Government mean by going and giving up one of the most skilfully-contrived arrangements ever submitted? More we think of it the warmer we grow. Expect there'll be a row in this quarter now; which makes life worth living in Parliament. Getting a little tired, doncha know, of blowing up Government for making Provisional Arrangement. So now going in with coat off to cuff them for dropping it.

Found CAVENTISH BENTINCK in brown study to-night. (Don't know why it should be called brown any more than blue or green, but adopt usual phraseology.) Preparatory to going into study of any tint, CAVENTISH hitches hat well on back of head, so as to give full play to front locks of hair, lets go halyards of shirt front, thrusts hands in pockets, and stares into space.

"What's the dear boy thinking about?" DILKE asked. "Or is he sitting for his portrait? Going to be done in this style for the fresco companion-picture to St. George in St. Stephen's Hall?"

"No; I was thinking why GLADSTONE should have made DODSON a Cabinet Minister."

"You needn't make yourself ill with thinking too hard," said Mr. HENRAGE. "GLADSTONE never liked DIZZY to beat him in anything, even in a joke. So he made DODSON Cabinet Minister because DIZZY made you Judge-Advocate-General. That's what's called capping a joke."

I fancy CAVENTISH didn't see it. He went off very quickly, to make inquiries, I expect.

*Business done.*—Got through ten Clauses of Agricultural Holdings Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Little row in House of Lords to-night. Manchester Ship Canal Bill down for Second Reading. Lord REDESDALE doesn't like Ship Canals.

"Never had them in my day!" he growls. "Content then with ordinary and proper thing broad enough for canal-boats. If this thing goes on, have England cut up into mince-meat in a few years. Make a sort of Holland of the Island. Never be able to drive half-a-mile without coming across ship in full sail. Have steamers pouring black smoke into your front bedroom window, and get hit on the head with maintop mizzen boom when you look out to see where smoke coming from. Had enough of Ship Canals at Suez. Have no more of them here as long as I'm Chairman of Committees."

So puts his foot down on proposal. Warns House if they agree to Second Reading he won't undertake to find Committee. This would have been enough at one time; but House sadly changing. Growing quite Radical. Dares dispute what REDESDALE says. When he got up, in defiance of Rules, to make second speech, there were cries of "Order!" The stout Earl aghast.

"I am," he gasped, "standing up for order."

"You'd better sit down for it," Lord GRANVILLE smilingly said.

REDESDALE mechanically felt in trousers' pocket for his ruler. Attempted to draw it out. But Lordships only smile, and with scowl at unoffending Clerk at table, he resumed his seat.

"Take me away, TOBY," he said a little later, in plaintive tones that brought tears to my eyes, and nearly made me howl. "Take me away, and if it can be conveniently done, bury me in Westminster Abbey. The Constitution is in danger; the Throne is tottering to a fall; the sunset of the Empire is at hand, and the House of Lords has shouted ME down."

In the House of Commons Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, with apologetic manner, gives notice of a motion on Suez Canal affair. Agricultural Holdings Bill goes forward by leaps and bounds. Even DODSON can't materially delay it. Conundrums rather gone out of fashion since MARUM put his famous one to SPEAKER and never received answer. But Mr. CAINE thinks of another one.

"Why is DODSON the most attached partner in the world?"

Give it up. Always give up a Conundrum promptly.

"Because he's never far off Fogg."



*Business done.*—Agricultural Holdings Bill passed through Committee.

*Wednesday.*—The Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill in Committee. One of those afternoons of thrilling excitement when the Scotch Members in possession. Claymores flashing in sunless air. Dirks produced when arguments fail. GEORGE ANDERSON, in full Highland costume as representing a Lowland town, offers, on Clause 4, page 2, line 3, to dance Highland fling. Mr. McLAGAN, differing from the LORD ADVOCATE, on meaning of words "fair and reasonable" in Clause 5, suddenly stoops down and produces a carving-knife out of his stocking, whilst far away floats the music of the bagpipe, Sir ALEXANDER GORDON, it is understood, having obtained permission from the SPEAKER to allow a Highland piper to sit on one of the blocks of ice in the ventilating chamber. Sometimes music sounds as if piper, who like Mr. ANDERSON simply wears kilt, were not comfortable.

On the Conservative side Sir HERBERT MAXWELL makes many appearances.

"Nice young man, HERBERT," says HENRY. "Remarkable instance of the prodigality of Nature. Might have thought there was only material in Universe for production of one Young SAMUELSON, and we've got him. But there was a considerable quantity over. So HERBERT MAXWELL was born, and the Conservatives have their Young SAMUELSON to prevent us from being too much puffed up with pride of possession."

*Business done.*—Reached Clause 5, Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill.

*Thursday Night.*—"Mind you're in the House at Question Time. TOBY, dear boy," CHAPLIN said this morning, "I've got a question about Suez Canal that'll fetch the Government. Spent all yesterday drawing it up. Consulted GORST and other eminent legal Authorities. You'll find they can't get over that. There'll be some fun, I promise you."

So there was. But, as Sir CHARLES FORSTER remarked, the laugh was on the other leg. Others beside CHAPLIN had awkward question about Suez Canal. There was the Diet de Worms and Sir HENRY WOLFF (who always run in couples now RANDOLPH's gone), Mr. GORST, himself, and HENRY. All questions on different points, each knottier than the other. Seemed impossible for Government to get out of the thicket without a scratch.

But Grand Old Man took charge of the catechism, and nothing ever seen more delightful than his fence. Courteous almost to verge of personal affection. Most anxious to give all information. Read the question over with manifest interest, giving fresh grace to its periods by his elocution. Then, turning with friendly smile upon interlocutor, said something varying in length from three sentences to seven. Seemed a full answer, though a link missing somewhere. Perhaps didn't catch it. Would understand better when full report of reply seen in print.

CHAPLIN not quite so radiant after answer received. A little doubtful about precise point. Didn't somehow seem to have got such grip on the Government as had anticipated. But wait till report out in evening papers. After this appears CHAPLIN anxious to change subject. Fact quite clear G. O. M. has said nothing to compromise Government either to CHAPLIN or to any other of his questioners, each one having been quite certain in advance that at least he'd cornered the Government.

This excellent play almost eclipsed in dealing with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Motion. G. O. M.'s fatherly interest in Sir STAFFORD as in a little boy playing Politics; his obvious desire to look leniently upon his effort; his hint that perhaps it had better be left alone; and his crowning declaration that if it would please Sir STAFFORD to go on, there was nothing in the Resolution Government could not accept—equal to DIZZY's best manner.

*Business done.*—Education Estimates discussed.

*Friday.*—Another day of all talk and no work. Discussion on India closing at half-past five, DONSON emerged from Fogg with English Agricultural Holdings Bill in hand. House indignantly repulsed him. Then LORD ADVOCATE turned up with Scotch Bill, ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland being kept in reserve with Irish Bill if that wouldn't do. House consented to look at the matter, and was beginning to make little progress, when JOSEPH GILLIS woke up at the sound of the Scotch accent, and talked Bill out.

At Evening Sitting, House thinly Mustered, whilst SALT Peppered Education Department.

"APPROBATION FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY" &c.—Mr. GLADSTONE last Thursday was understood to allude to the PORTE as the "Competent Authority" in any Suez Canal question. To be thus mentioned by Mr. GLADSTONE is indeed a good omen for the SULTAN. Fourth Party brought him into a question, and he figured in two or three letters on this subject. The Irrepressible One, the "Unspeaking Turk," being one of those Diplomatic Orientals "*qui s'attendent*" is sure to be "in it"—sooner or later, as indicated in Mr. Punch's last week's Cartoon.

## THE CORPORATION WAKING UP.

WHATEVER other effect, whether for good or for evil, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's rash Bill for abolishing the Grand Old Corporation and substituting for it a Brand New One, may have had, there can be no doubt that it is waking up the City Fathers to a keener sense of their duties and responsibilities than they have exhibited of late.

We take from the *City Press*, presumably their especial organ, an account of their late proceedings, from which we select the plums, adding a little of our own spice, and leaving the solid pudding for stronger digestions:—

### OPEN SPACES. ALEXANDRA PARK.

That other Grand Old Man, Earl SHAFTESBURY, and that handsome member of a handsome family, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., and many other less illustrious Swells, attended the Court of Common Council to petition that they would preserve Alexandra Park as they had preserved Epping Forest, as an Open Space for ever.

Mr. SNOWDON, who said that he had, of course, an intimate knowledge of the value of some of the hilly districts in Wales—"Hear!"—wanted to know the price.

Mr. WILLIAMS said he didn't know it.

Mr. SNOWDON: How much have you got towards it?

Mr. WILLIAMS (*emphatically*): Not a penny!

Mr. BEARD: Is it mortgaged?

Mr. WILLIAMS: Yes; up to the hilt, and down to the Lake.

Mr. BEAK: How far is it from Finsbury Park, as the crow flies?

A PETITIONER: There ain't no crows there, so we don't know.

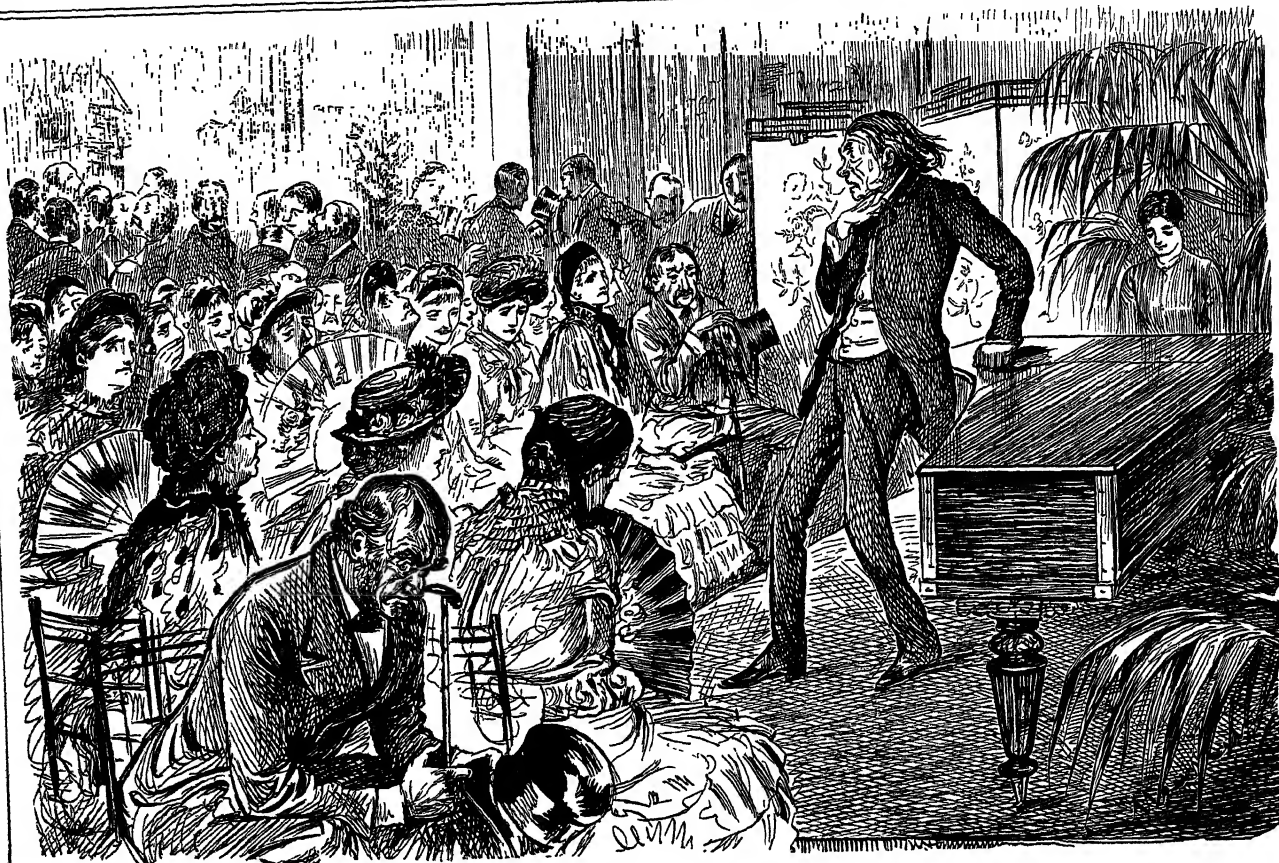
Mr. BEAK thereupon moved, that the Court adjourn until that important evidence be obtained. That not being seconded, it fell to the ground, and was carried out by the Hall-keeper and his assistants.

Deputy SANDERS asked Lord SHAFTESBURY whether he thought people cared about Open Spaces? To which the noble Earl replied, with an amused smile, that he should rather think they did.

Mr. HUGHES, who wore the blue ribbon, but not on his garter, asked if any drinks would be sold there; to which Lord G. HAMILTON quietly replied, "Only such as the Corporation themselves indulged in." At which the Court laughed convulsively.

Mr. BEDFORD said the Park was surrounded with difficulties. (*A Voice*, "No! palings!") Well, palings were difficulties if they were too high, as he had often found in Epping Forest when it was enclosed. But difficulties were just the thing to suit the Corporation, because they made them wake up. The first question was, is it worth doing? Is Alexandra worth having? Is Alexandra beautiful? Is Alexandra a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, like their own artistic Griffin? (*Laughter*.) The next question was the mere contemptibly commercial question, how much will it cost? Surely this is a matter of such infinitesimal importance that he almost blushed to mention it. ("Oh, oh!") Who was the sordid soul that called "Oh!" Had he no poetry in his mere commercial nature? Did he prefer his miserable pounds and shillings, and even pence, to the dewy grass, the songs of birds, and the breezy zephyr? (*Voice*, "Fireworks!") He scorned to notice such prosaic interruptions, but as he feared there might be among them some few who would wish to hear something about the mere paltry question of ways and means—"Hear!" from Deputy MCSTINGER.)—he would condescend to bring himself down to their low level. The cost of the beautiful Park that crowned our Northern suburb, as Venice crowned the Adriatic, was, he was proud to tell them, in the classical words of our great Poet, "nothing to nobody." ("Oh, oh!") Let him explain his somewhat obscure meaning. ("Hear!") They had among their Officers one, who, having dedicated his whole life to the mysteries of finance, had at last succeeded in discovering an enormously productive Tax that nobody paid! (*Great sensation*.) Some of the clearest intellects in that abode of innocence, the Corn Exchange, had endeavoured in vain to trace it to its source, but it had entirely eluded their grasp, and their great Magician, to whom MASKYOURLBAN and COOKIT were but children, had watched their fruitless efforts with a pitying smile. The farmers of America had claimed the credit of freeing Epping Forest, and had authorised him to state their willingness to purchase the fair Alexandra on the same terms. (*Loud Cheers*.) A certain Member of Parliament, whom he would not condescend to name, had said the tax was a fearful charge upon the poor man's bread—(*A laugh*.)—but as a poor man would have to consume seventy-five half-quartern loaves before the tax would amount to a farthing, even if he paid it, which he did not, he would leave such contemptible twaddle to the purloins of the House of Commons. In conclusion, he would say, let them soar above the slanderous mud of Chelsea, and seek refuge in the pure air and brilliant sunshine of Open Spaces! (*Loud cheers*.) He moved it be referred to a Committee.

Mr. INICE supported the motion, and said that the Alexandra Park would be a bulwark, and a rampart, and an outpost, and a fortification, and a parapet, and a breastwork, and a balustrade, and a defence—(*Left speaking*.)



### DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE RECITER.

STUDY OF A GROUP OF PEOPLE, WHO HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY INVITED TO AN AFTERNOON TEA, TO HEAR HERR BOGOLUBOFFSKI, THE GREAT PIANIST, AND SIGNOR JENKINI, THE FAMOUS TENOR. SOMEHOW OR OTHER, NEITHER OF THESE GENTLEMEN HAPPEN TO TURN UP, AND TO COMPENSATE FOR THEIR UNACCOUNTABLE ABSENCE, LITTLE BINKS, THE HOST (WHO, BY THE WAY, TRIES TO CULTIVATE A PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE TO MR. IRVING, AND FLATTERS HIMSELF HE SUCCEEDS) MANAGES TO RECITE THE "DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM," (TO VERY SLOW MUSIC ON THE PIANO BY MRS. BINKS), BEFORE ANYBODY CAN MANAGE TO GET AWAY.

### AN ISTHMIAN GAME.

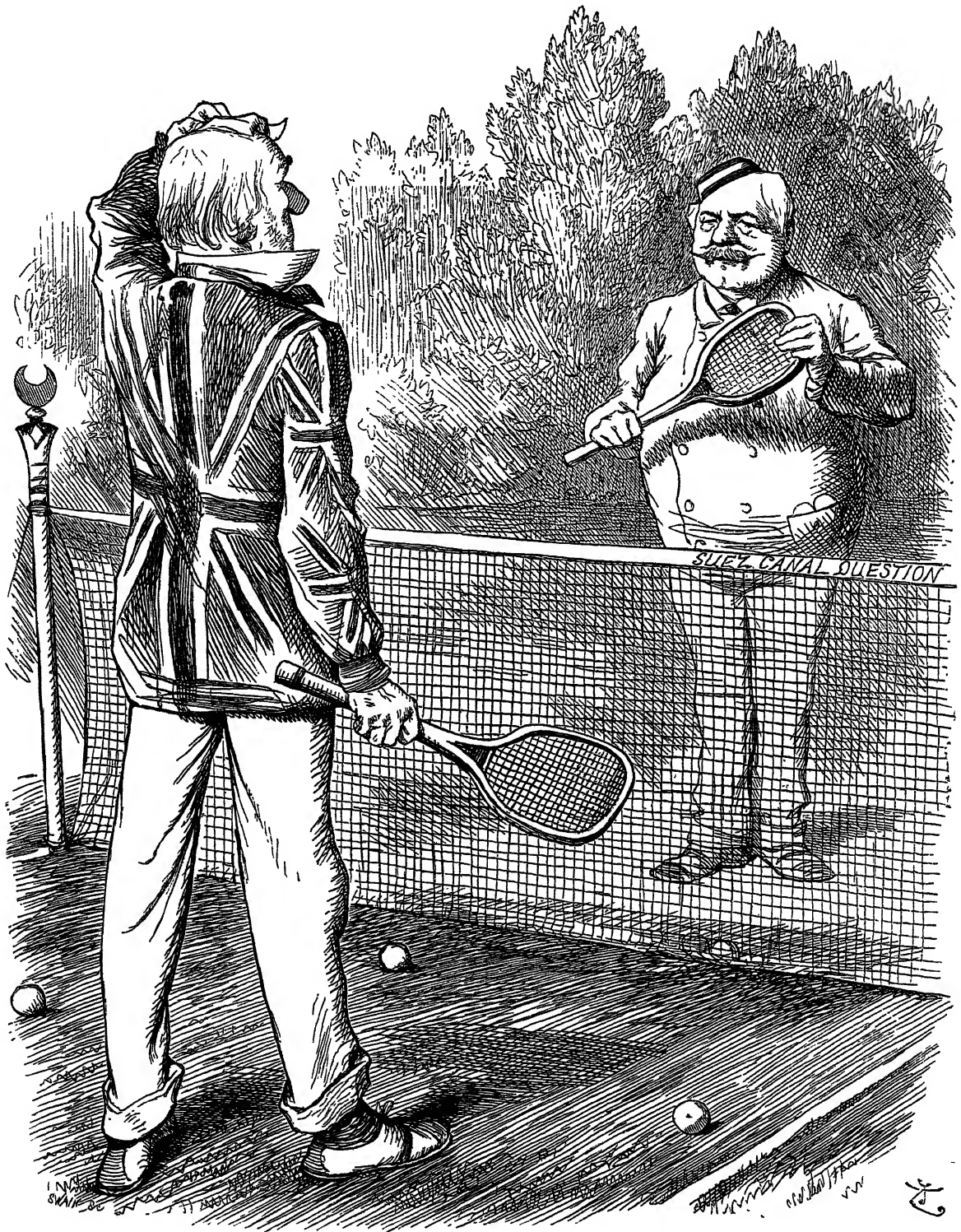
How stands the Game? And the friendly foes,  
Have they *really* been playing to win? Who knows!  
Veterans both; but the Frenchman's fast,  
Killing in service, and good to last.  
As for his rival, "Humph!" says the ring.  
"Takes it too easy, no pace, no sting."  
"Spoons like a novice," grumbles one.  
"Slow on the ball," grunts another. "Can't run!"  
"Places so wildly," protests a third.  
"Plays into the Frenchman's hands. Absurd!"  
"That the redoubtable GLADSTONE smash?  
Blundering play, at once feeble and rash;  
Not in the hunt with the Frenchman!" "Why?"  
"My conviction, he doesn't half try."  
"Not his true form by a lot, I know."  
"Then the more shame for him, selling us so!"  
"If the game is played out, he is bound to lose.  
Rather not be in his backers' shoes."  
"Much better stop it, and take him away.  
Not fit to play for a pipkin to-day!"  
So the spectators, exceedingly sore,  
Backers or enemies. How stands the score?  
Little—at present—or lost or won.  
Genial foes! Are they playing in fun?  
"Halt, *mon cher* LESSEPS! Your 'service' is grand!  
Wonderful volleys! Most flexible hand!"  
"Honoured opponent, your praise is sweet;  
Pleasanter player I never *did* meet!"  
"How stands the game?"—"Well, so far as I see,  
The score at present is 'Vantage to me.'"  
"Pardon me! that is an error—though small.  
We don't play the 'deuce,' so it's 'Vantage all!'"

### CETEWAYO.

CIVILISATION'S Victim! Trapped or petted  
To please her varying moods; first fought and netted  
To serve her interests, then, to content  
Her meaner mood of maudlin sentiment,  
Patted and made a puppet and a show!  
Could we your inner feeling rightly know,  
Spoiled Savage, it would probably be this:—  
"Better her biting sword than her betraying kiss!"

A CHANCE.—Nothing could have been more cheerful than the prospects and more encouraging than the retrospects of the United Telephone Company—(may the Company remain long and happily "United" in the best financial bonds!)—as presented by the ever freshest, ever freest, ever most genial of Chairmen, Mr. JAMES BRAND, who ought to be known by this time as the perpetual personification of "Brand new." Six per cent. at present, and, let us hope, with great impartiality, not having a fourpenny bit in the concern, cent. per cent. for every message sent in future,—unless some other dear clever boy starts up and invents something which will supersede telephones and telegraphs. Here's a chance for Mr. IRVING BISHOP. The development of a Thought-Reading Company might work up into something big.

TAKING the view very clearly and warmly expressed by Lords Justices BRETT, COTTON, and BOWEN, who, if not bound by hard and fast law, would have been inclined to give the stern parient what 'ARRY calls "What for for himself" we would far rather be a SARA's son than a child of AGAR. And rather than AGAR-ELLIS's child we would be Somebody-Ellis's, Anybody-Ellis's in fact, says Lord Justice PUNCH.



### AN ISTHMIAN GAME.

W. E. G. (*in "exceptional and temporary" French*). "EH BIEN, FERDY MON CHER, OÙ SOMMES NOUS? WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

M. DE L-SS-PS. "MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND, IT'S 'VANTAGE' TO ME!"

W. E. G. (*politely*). "PARDON! WE'RE NOT PLAYING 'DEUCE'—IT'S 'VANTAGE ALL'!!"

M. DE L-SS-PS (*with equal politeness*). "SOIT!—ALL-A-RIGHT!!!"





## JUSTICE IN UNEASY SLIPPERS.

"Anything more undignified than the spectacle of a Judge in his official robes delivering an important judgment in such an apartment—the private dressing-room of his Lordship—can be hardly imagined."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—Lord PENZANCE'S Private Dressing-Room at the Palace of Westminster, converted into the Court of Arches. Shower-bath in corner, R. Toilette-table, C. Boot-cupboard, L. Chest of Drawers, R. Door, L. The room inconveniently crowded.

Lord Penzance (seated, in full forensic costume, in front of the toilette-table, finishing his shaving). There! that's done for the day! (Turning round.) And now how are we going on?

Usher. Please, my Lord, there's no room for any more of the Bar. There are two Queen's Counsel waiting outside who say they're engaged in the next case. They've been knocking at the door like anything.

Lord Penzance. Come, come, we must show a little patience. See,

this will give more accommodation. (Gets up, and seats himself on toilette-table.) There, that ought to ease us. Admit the members of the Inner Bar. I am sure their respective Juniors will be satisfied to appear before me in the passage. (The doors are opened, and the couple of Q.C.'s are admitted.) Sorry you should be inconvenienced, but the LORD CHANCELLOR absolutely refuses to have us at the Royal Courts. I wrote to him myself on the subject—so did the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY. So we



Lord Penzance giving judgment from his Dressing-table.

must make the best of it. On the last occasion of our meeting you will remember that I had myself to hear an important case from the boot-cupboard. However, I am most anxious that the convenience of everyone should be considered. If I might offer a suggestion—there is still standing-room on that chest of drawers.

[The Q.C.'s bow, and climb on the piece of furniture mentioned.]

Registrar of the Court (occupying the wash-hand-stand). I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I find my present resting-place very insecure. When the Court adjourns for the day, perhaps your Lordship will kindly order the carpenter to look to the legs of this—hem!—structure.

Lord Penzance (courteously). Certainly. But at the same time I would mention that personally I should prefer to put the wash-hand-stand—so to speak—out of bounds. The official who occupied that coign of vantage at the last sitting of the Court somehow or other contrived to destroy the soap-dish. (With a sudden burst of anger.) It really was very annoying!

Registrar of the Court. Please, my Lord, it wasn't me. It will be within your Lordship's recollection that the Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury was occupying the wash-hand-stand at the last meeting of the Court.

Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury. Certainly I was. But I would respectfully submit to your Lordship that I could not have destroyed the soap-dish, as the crockery-ware had been removed from the wooden frame before I took up my position. As a matter of fact, I was myself standing in the hole usually occupied by the basin.

Lord Penzance. Quite so. I am sure that no officer of this Court would treat the Bench—or, to be quite accurate, as I am seated upon it, I should say the toilette-table—with disrespect. But I confess I was annoyed—only for the moment—at what I imagined to be the wanton destruction of the soap-dish. (Explaining to the Bar.) You see it spoils the whole set!

Leading Q.C. (sympathetically). No doubt, my Lord; no doubt (Referring to papers). Your Lordship will remember that judgment was to be delivered to-day in the case that occupied our attention at the last sitting of the Court.

Lord Penzance. Certainly. But, before I commence the delivery of my judgment, I should like to know if the Court's Shorthand-writer (who, by the way, I do not see in his customary place on the top of the boot-cupboard) can hear me.

A Voice. Certainly, my Lord. Your Lordship speaks with such

admirable distinctness that I can catch every syllable. I would explain that I gave up the top of the boot-cupboard to a sister of one of the suitors.

Lord Penzance (smiling and bowing). I am not surprised at the Shorthand-writer's act of self-sacrifice, now that its cause has been brought thus prominently before me. (A Lady on the top of the boot-cupboard blushes and simpers.) But can the Shorthand-writer see me?

A Voice. Yes, my Lord, through a crevice in the brickwork. Perhaps your Lordship would kindly explain to the Lady that she need be under no compunction in occupying my old place, as, in its stead, I have found a very comfortable seat up the chimney.

Lord Penzance (to Lady, with a smile). You hear what he says. (With some hesitation, but much courtesy.) I may add, however, that as my judgment will be very uninteresting, and the accommodation is so extremely limited, my dressing-room, I should say the Court, will have to be entirely devoted, after the adjournment for luncheon, to the exclusive use of the parties in the suit. (Lady gets down from the cupboard, angrily, and leaves the apartment in a huff.) This incident is very painful to me! However, it is better as it is! And now I will deliver my judgment. (Holds forth from the toilette-table until the usual time for the midday adjournment, when the Court is cleared for half-an-hour. On the resumption of business, his Lordship, who in the interim has changed his position and disappeared from view, continues.) I think, by the new arrangement, we have economised space. Before concluding my judgment, I should like to hear Counsel once more upon the point to which I alluded at our last sitting.



Lord Penzance is compelled to hear an important Arches' Court case from his boot-cupboard.

Leading Q.C. With your Lordship's favour— (Enters into an exhaustive argument. At its conclusion:) I trust I have made myself clear to your Lordship, although I have not been able to address the Bench personally. We have had ample oral evidence of your Lordship's presence in Court, but have not had (since the midday adjournment) the advantage of actually seeing your Lordship. (A pause. Then the sound of falling water. General consternation.)

Lord Penzance (putting his head out of the curtains of the shower-bath). There is not the slightest occasion for alarm. Exercising my discretion, I occupied some of the time of the Court in considering the admirable arguments we have just heard, in a position particularly favourable to calm deliberation—a position I took up when the Court was cleared at luncheon-time. You will notice that I have accommodated myself to circumstances, and am addressing my audience, like SOCRATES, from my bath! I am still a little unsettled on one point, so I will retire a few minutes longer, to turn it quietly over in my own mind. (Disappears. Sounds of falling water renewed. When they have subsided, his Lordship puts out his head, and continues:) Resorting to my old habit when practising at the Bar, I have just taken a "refresher." (Much laughter, during which his Lordship shakes the water from his wig, and resumes his wonted gravity.) And now I am quite decided, and have no doubt that—

[Completes the delivery of his decision. Scene closes in upon the Court of Arches, the Judge's Dressing-Room, and, above all and before all, the Dignity of the Law!]

## Mem. at the Mansion House.

(After hearing Mr. Russell Lowell's speech.)

AFTER the windy blasts, as loud as drear,  
Of Civic Bumbledom's big Boreas-bustle,  
'Tis sweet as zephyrs 'midst green leaves to hear  
This gentle RUSSELL.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM likes the entertainment at the Fisheries. She says the Foreign Thingummyjigian Band plays beautifully. "I like to see them," says Mrs. R., "in full unicorn, when they're dressed in Prussian Blue and wear the regular German Pickletub helmet."

AN ADDRESS TO THE CROWN.—"One on the nob." (Ask a pugilist, or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.)

### OLD PLAYS FOR NEW AUDIENCES.

AT TOOLE'S Theatre, T. W. ROBERTSON the Younger has reproduced *M.P.*, considered at the time of its first appearance, thirteen years ago, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, one of the least satisfactory of the "Cup and Saucer Successes" associated with the name of his late father. And yet the piece, in spite of its old-fashioned hits at not very modern election bribery, and certainly very ancient burlesque, has its merits. It is brightly written, and capably played by at least two members of the new Company—Miss GERARD and Mr. G. D. WARD, who are Metropolitan additions to a *troupe* chiefly taken from the Provinces. Altogether, it does not require a wizard to prophesy that TOOLE'S Theatre, with *M.P.*, will not be "M.T."

Yet another restoration. The Adelphi Management have produced a capital revival of *The Streets of London*. Late in the Season as it is, the Streets of London—from which all who can get a holiday are flying, in order to see the genuine *Green Bushes* in the Country—will attract the crowds of Country Cousins who invariably come up to Town just at this time.

THE Government should not trade or speculate, say the Radicals. Certainly their experiment as Black-king makers (in Zululand) has not proved such a shining success as to excite the jealousy of Messrs. DAY AND MARTIN.

### PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 147.



M. WADDINGTON,

THE CLEVER BULL-POODLE OF ANGLO-FRENCH BREED: *MAIS, L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.*

### RHINE AND REASON.

(By the Brummagem Byron.)

"A little railway has been constructed from Königswinter to the 'castled crag of Drachenfels.'"

*The World.*

THE castled crag of Drachenfels

We used to climb to from the Rhine,  
And classed it with the Rhenish "sells"

When toiling up the steep incline!

But now I bustle up by steam,  
To take a lunch of fruit and wine;

And gaze upon the rolling stream,  
And hurry back along the line!

I'd stand a "first return" with glee,  
And double joy wert thou with me!

POOR plucky, but too desperately rash, Captain WEBB! To swim Niagara was the swummit of his ambition, and he failed. It seems uncertain whether the Railway Companies encouraged him, or not. We fancy not; but if they did, we should probably have heard by this time that they have handed over the very poor compensation of two thousand pounds to his widow.

"On, Stanley, On!"

SAYS M. DE BRAZZA,  
"You try all your art, Sir,  
But as to the Congo  
You shan't farther on go."

THE UNKINDEST "CUT" OF ALL (for M. DE LESSEPS).—An English Suez Canal.

### A COMIC COMPLAINT.

(Which, but for its subject, might be a Chapter of Happy Thoughts.)

I WILL never again speak disrespectfully of the Colic. Somehow I had come to consider it as a comic complaint, as something which had come to be designated by the Clown at Christmas,—if I remember rightly as to when and from whom I first heard the expression,—as the "Collywobblers." I could almost swear that if not in a Pantomime it was at all events a Clown in a Circus, a "Shakspearian Clown," too, to whom, as a boy, I looked up with a sort of reverence; I say, emphatically, "a sort of," because I cannot now arrive at *what* sort of reverence it was. But, anyhow, he was Shakspearian, and I was a good deal brought up on SHAKSPEARE in my earliest youth, beginning with a light diet of "Lamb's tales,"—which, I am bound to say, stood me in good stead for many years, established me above my fellows as an authority on SHAKSPEARE, whose plays I don't suppose I really tackled—"tackled" is the word,—until long after I had left school.

But the less I knew about SHAKSPEARE, except being taken to see him as a treat at Drury Lane or elsewhere, when his matchless works were associated in my mind with Christmas time, tips, an oyster supper,—in a real late supper place in the Strand, divided into small compartments like stalls in a stable, with the luxury of drinking beer out of a pewter pot, and a general feeling that at fourteen years of age I was quite the man about town—I say, with the exception of these rare opportunities of making acquaintance with SHAKSPEARE, I had little taste or opportunity for the private study of his works, and so, as I commenced by remarking when I interrupted myself, the less I knew about SHAKSPEARE, the greater was the mysterious veneration with which I came to regard his name and anything or anybody who was Shakspearian,—and when I say "anybody" I mean distinctly one person, to whom I have already alluded, who was always known

as "The Great Shakspearian Clown," and who was invariably attached—I have never been able to ascertain the mysterious connection—to a Circus. I have been a pretty regular Theatre and Circus-goer in my time, but I never remember having seen a Shakspearian Clown, as such, taking the part of an ordinary Clown in a Pantomime, even when that Clown preserved the traditions of his order, and had not compromised his dignity by descending to tumbling and acrobaticism.

[Note.—I cannot help pausing, as I write the word "acrobaticism" for the first time. I fancy it ought to be "acrobanicy,"—like necromancy, only, on the other hand, a professor of the latter art is not called a "Necromat"—so we'll leave it at "acrobaticism," which is a good word, and proceed with the subject in hand.]

With this youthful reverence for SHAKSPEARE,—"reverence to authority" was early instilled into me as a principle, and SHAKSPEARE was always being brought forward as "an authority," so hence logically my reverence,—no wonder that anything that fell from the lips of a Shakspearian Clown, praised as such by my elders, who pointed him out to me immediately on his appearance in the Ring, and said "There he is!" with as much earnestness and pride (as having a share in him at so much a head paid for our seats) as if he had been the late Lord BEACONSFIELD or the present PREMIER, should retain a firm hold upon my memory. I am sure that that Shakspearian Clown on more than one occasion inquired most anxiously after the health of the Master of the Ring, a magnificent person in a fancy uniform of uncertain nationality, which would have been decidedly military had it not been equally naval, and would, therefore, have been (when I come to think of its gold epaulettes, gold braid, blue trousers with gold stripes, patent leather boots, and spurs) the very uniform for a General of the Horse-Marine Force, had such a branch of the service ever been called into existence by the necessities of some extraordinary campaign.

The Master of the Ring! There has never been one like him



### THE ODD-JOB MAN.

"I WANT YOU TO MEND THE LEG OF THIS KITCHEN TABLE, SMITHSON. DO YOU FEEL EQUAL TO THE JOB?"

"EQUAL TO THE JOB, M'M? WHY, ME AND A FEW MATES O' MINE BUILT THE 'OLE OF THE NEW LAW COURTS, M'M!"

*[Job turns out a complete failure all the same!]*

since, and never will be, for I speak of the past glories of "ASHLEY'S," and of the immortal WIDDICOMB, who disappeared many many years ago, and who, I am convinced, as I never saw any record of his death and burial, nor have ever met anyone who had, is even now, at this present moment, existing somewhere, like the old Dutch Navigators in the Harz Mountains, like the O'DONOGHUE on his white horse under the lake, like the Cid in the Spanish mountains, and is ready dressed as of yore, epaulettes bright, heavy moustache black as jet, hair luxuriant and glossy, splendid complexion, piercing eyes, with spotless white kid gloves, carrying a long flexible four-in-hand whip, waiting for the resuscitation of the Ancient ASTLEY'S, and only occasionally revealing himself and his "scenes in a—ghostly of course—circle" to some be-mused Cockney Rip Van Winkle, who may have taken too much at the "Mother Redcap," and lost himself on Primrose Hill.

The Shakspearian Clown was invariably deeply concerned for Mr. WIDDICOMB'S—I, as a boy, always thought he was either Admiral or General WIDDICOMB—health. It was on one of these occasions, when my young mind was so fresh to receive impressions, that the Shakspearian Jester wanted to know how Mr. WIDDICOMB was, and when that Gentleman, who, though always politely addressing the fool as "Sir," seldom answered his questions directly, replied by asking "Why so, Sir?" the Shakspearian Clown at once explained that his anxiety as to the state of Mr. WIDDICOMB'S health arose from his "having heard that he had been laid up with the collywobbles in his pandenoodles"—whereat the audience, myself included, laughed prodigiously.

I remember that Mr. WIDDICOMB did not seem best pleased with the Shakspearian Clown's facetiousness on this occasion, and even emphasised his displeasure with a smart crack of the lash, which made the Jester hop and cry, "Oh! please don't, Sir!"—whereat, being quite sure that our favourite Clown was only pretending, and wasn't in reality hurt the least bit, we all laughed again; and more heartily than before, as we felt somehow that our laughter at the previous allusion to the mysterious complaint from which it had been given out that Admiral or General WIDDICOMB had been suffering had been a little ill-timed, and had been, in fact, an ebullition of risibility not in any way to be proud of as a specimen of our sympathy or of our good-breeding.

What part of Mr. WIDDICOMB'S anatomy, or of anyone's anatomy,—

though he being such a remarkable man it might have been something special in *him*—the "pandenoodles" were, where the "Collywobbles" had given him so much internal trouble, no one has ever been able to afford me the slightest information. But as to the "Collywobbles" there has never been any doubt in the mind of any schoolboy. Now, no one that I ever met ever spoke seriously as from their own painful experience in my hearing of "the Colic," but, on the contrary, classed it under the head of "Collywobbles" generally, so that I came to consider "Colic" as a specific form of the generic "Collywobbles": "Colic" being evidently singular, and "Collywobbles," a collection of wobbles.

This view was borne out by two things: first, a confounded song—I can't help being annoyed with it, having been deceived by it all my life up to now,—of a bacchanalian character, commencing—

Punch cures the gout,  
The "Colic," and the "ptisic."

But what "ptisic" is, or whether I have even correctly remembered its orthography, I don't know, and most medical men whom I have consulted have given it as their opinion that the "ptisic" was an effort of the Poet's imagination in order to end the line with a word to rhyme with physie,—the verse being—

Punch cures the gout,  
The "Colic," and the "ptisic,"  
And it is allowed to be (three times)  
The very best of physie.

If by "Punch" were meant the periodical in which this essay appears, then everyone with the command of threepence would be able to cure himself by the expenditure of that trifling, but never better spent, amount. But, alas, it is not so—and as to the awful concoction known as "Punch," by whomsoever made, whether bottled, cold, or in the bowl, hot, let him who shall dare to say that it is any specific for Colic (we needn't trouble ourselves about "ptisic"), or remedy for the mildest attack of that excruciating malady, be henceforth and for ever anathema. Well, that song led me astray; "the Colic!" who would care for a complaint which you laughed at with boon companions round the bowl—almost drinking its health—and which everyone of a jovial temperament put on a par with the imaginary "ptisic," or joked about, out of the song, as Collywobbles, or very contemptuously as "wobbles" without the "colly."

In later days, when "collics" were the fashion, it occurred to me that the Colly-wobbles might be "wobbles" peculiar to this class of dog, as "staggers" are peculiar to horses. But I dismiss this, as it has no bearing on the comic aspect in which I had come to regard this complaint. What finally fixed my idea of it was seeing at my friend BOODELS' a drawing by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, called "The Colic." It represented an old-fashioned elderly spinster, in an old-fashioned dress—date about the Waterloo period—with a cord tightly bound round her waist, at each end of which were little comic imps viciously pulling with all their might and main, and doing their utmost to bisect the unhappy elderly Lady at a given point. The elderly spinster was represented as holding her hands to her hips, and her face was expressive of the most excruciating agony.

Unfortunately, like the mishaps which happening in a Pantomime ought to cause intense suffering to the baby, who is sat upon and smashed, to the nurse, who runs away screaming, to the tall man, whose head comes off (without much apparent inconvenience to himself), and to the policeman who is shot out of a cannon and his limbs scattered about (till subsequently collected and put together by some ingenious process), but which only provoke the spectator to shouts of laughter, these torments as depicted by the late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK in his own inimitable fashion, simply amused me, specially as the Artist had slyly pointed the moral by introducing on the wall a portrait of the sufferer herself in her previously robust health, standing at a spirit-cupboard, and holding a rum-bottle to her lips, with her head well thrown back. "Oho," said I, "that was what used to bring on the old-fashioned Colic at the Waterloo period,—or more correctly the Rummies period,—was it? Well, thank Goodness, we don't do that nowadays; and at all events I never"—and so on (I admit it *now*), in the most parasaic style.

But the other day—no matter how—no matter when—suddenly I was laid up. I writhed with pain; I tossed



about; I rolled from side to side; I groaned and groaned till I was afraid the neighbours would send in to ask me to go and groan somewhere else. I kept on groaning—it was a relief—a great relief. Even people at a meeting, who don't agree with the speaker's sentiments, or who don't approve of some one he has mentioned, groan, and it relieves them. When I am ill, what is the use of "silent suffering?" If you want real sympathy and pity, groan. Don't overdo it: at unequal intervals is the best for sympathy. Then, as I got worse, up sprang old cowardly enemies, led by a force under command of General Gout in my left foot, and attacked me in the most cowardly and dastardly manner. Within a few hours I was prostrated; writhing and groaning.

Then came the Doctor. He prescribed. I became a trifle better, and, on the first opportunity (after two days of it), but before I had reached the improved stage when I could wait to consider whether I should groan or not, I asked him (as I always like to know), "Doctor, what have I been suffering from?"

"Well," he replied, thoughtfully, "a complication——"

"Yes, yes, I know that," I interrupted, impatiently; "but what began it?—what gave me all the pain? I've had a sharp attack of something. What is it?"

He hesitated. A light—a light that had broken in upon me when I was in one of my worst writhings at night—a revelation that came upon me when my head was hot, when idiotic fantastic faces, in white cooks' caps, (the ghosts of past good dinners) would come in crowds and grimace and gibber at me—that light by which, in those long, weary hours, I had seen re-produced in a waking vision CRUIK-SHANK's picture of the elderly spinster in tortures—that light which, at the same time, had shown me three jovial souls, seated at a round table, singing that verse I have already quoted—that light which had brought back to me the Shakspearian Clown cutting jokes at WINDICOMB's expense, while I was in agonies, and the clock was monotonously ticking off the minutes in that hard, unsympathetic manner, so remarkable in all clocks in a sick room,—that light broke upon me now, as I raised myself up in bed, and, looking him straight in the face, said, "Doctor, I know. I have had an attack of the 'Colic'!"

"You have," he replied, as if he were surprised at my naming it.

"It has been a sharp attack?" I inquired.

"Very," he answered, emphatically.

"Doctor," I asked, diffidently, "'Colic' is an old-fashioned complaint"—he assented—"and I have always associated it with 'Collywobblers.'" He smiled. "It is not *that*, is it?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then I have been wrong in considering 'Colic' as a comic complaint, eh, Doctor?"

"Comic!" he exclaimed, utterly astonished. Then, shaking his head slowly, he said, "It's the very reverse of comic. The pain is most severe; and, when the——"

But here he went into a technical description of the malady. It was very learned, and he even gave me the Latin word for it, which would be used in the Medical Scientific Dictionary; but the Colic by any other name would be as painful. One thing, however, I vow—that never again will I speak disrespectfully of the Colic, and never, never, never smile at, or countenance, any playful allusion to this malady by the style and title of "Collywobblers." No, never!

### Our Too Sensitive Neighbour.

BETTER not annex New Guinea for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of France.

Better not make any fuss about the Tamatave affair for fear of wounding French susceptibilities.

Better reconsider the Channel Tunnel Question, and let us have two or three Tunnels from Dover to Calais, because if we don't we may wound French susceptibilities.

VIRGINIA and Paul have found their way to the Gaiety. They have come from America, bringing with them any number of choruses. They call themselves a "Comic Opera," but this they certainly are not, as they are unquestionably a "Burlesque." It is not strange, considering their intimate acquaintanceship, that they should have first seen the (theatrical) light in the United States. Music bright, dresses pretty. For the rest the heroine herself is admitted by both worlds to be "beautiful." Under these circumstances it is probable that however often you see Virginia, she will never pall upon you.

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR commenced his answer to the Duc DE BURGONNE's question about Tonguin with "Tu Duc,"—"Ne me tuez pas," interrupted her excellent Aunt, "I thought it was the name of a new poem, but of course it's a new Knight. Well, my dear, go on and tell me how he diverted himself."

### SORS SHAKSPEARIANA.—CAPTAIN WEBB.

(Drowned in his attempt to swim Niagara.)

"I SAW him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swollen that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,  
As stooping to relieve him: Never more  
Came he alive to land.

Alas! he's gone."

[From *The Tempest*, very slightly adapted, and we only wish we could give it exactly.—Act I., Sc. 1.]

### BEGINNING IN SMOKE.

(Supplementary to a recent Correspondence.)

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A RESIGNED VICTIM," is wrong in supposing that this vicious habit, if contracted early in life, must be regarded as incurable. On the contrary, the process of cure is as simple as it is certain. When a young man, like most young men, I squandered my income lavishly on high-class cigars, giving often as much as five farthings a-piece for the most remarkable brands. The mischief done to my health was appalling, and, spite the character and quality of the tobacco, I was continually seized with vertigo, nausea, paralytic amaurosis, intermittent mania, and all the symptoms of diphtheric tetanus. An accident came to my rescue. A friend recommended me one day to try a cigar of which he was able, by a fortunate chance, to let me have seventy-five boxes at a figure that brought down the price to about something like forty a shilling. I did not mind this for a really good cigar, and took the whole consignment. I at once tried a sample of my new purchase. Incredible as it may sound, I gave up smoking then and there. When my friends, inveterate smokers, dined with me, I put these fine cigars before them. They have all gradually given up smoking—at my house. You may regard this as a curious phenomenon, but it is the case; and I leave "A RESIGNED VICTIM" to account for it as best he can, and inspect, if he likes, the seventy-four surplus boxes that, though now in prime condition, still remain, somehow, on the hands of one who where a cigar is concerned has always considered himself

AN EXCELLENT JUDGE.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A THOUGHTFUL M.D.," is a fool. I shall be one hundred and five next March, and I have smoked an ounce of Birdseye every three hours for the last two-and-ninety years. As I am always blowing a cloud, humorous friends (sorry wit, I call it) allude to me as "Old Furnace," but I prefer, Sir, very much to subscribe myself to you as

BLASTUS.

SIR, MR. EDITOR,—I've smoked (rather) ever since I was four, and I'm now close on thirteen, and I ain't a bit the worse for it. I began on penholders, mother's bonnet feathers, and brown paper, but I've now got into Pickwicks. Uncle smokes Pickwicks. Woppers. Them's the Pickwicks I've got into; becoss I tried to break Uncle of Pickwicks. I tried to break Uncle of Pickwicks by putting all the right ends into Blacking. That broke Uncle; but didn't he have a jolly row with his cigar man! Aunt thought it was the Blue Ribbon. It wasn't. It was the Blacking. Uncle don't like Blacking. I do; and ain't I having a time of it? Oh, no!

BOBBY.

SIR,—I had the misfortune yesterday to swallow my pipe—a handsome full-sized Hungarian briar. Can any of your Correspondents tell me what I had better do?

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

ADMNITUS.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

CHANGE OF NAME.—There have recently been some complaints in the *Times* that the well-known C. S. Coach, MR. WREN, has frequently claimed as the results of his own special training pupils who had only been with him a short time, and who it was said owed their success in examination to former instructors. If this were proved, MR. WREN would have to change his name, and instead of a Wren he could become a Cuckoo. But we can't think that a WREN would be a Robbin' in any sort of way.

"THE Diversion of the Sir Darya," read out LAVINIA RAMSBOTHAM, "Bless me!" interrupted her excellent Aunt, "I thought it was the name of a new poem, but of course it's a new Knight. Well, my dear, go on and tell me how he diverted himself."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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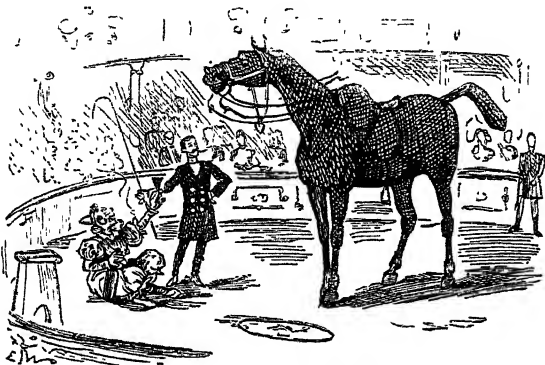


## "TO BE CONTINUED—IN TWO PARTS."

(The way to settle the Hyde Park Corner difficulty.)

THERE is no doubt that those who destroy should also be able to construct. Reform means a change of pattern, not an eating-up of material. Thus, a heavy responsibility rests upon those who pulled down the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Statue—to put it up again. Where? Echo answers, "Air!" And there is something in the idea of sending it up high-sky-high, over a charge of gunpowder. Still, this would be a primitive method of dealing with the scandal, the more especially as many may think that the Statue has been blown up enough already. So, discarding Echo's suggestion, it will be necessary to discover another answer to "What to do with it?" The latest idea, to "melt it down," seems crude.

As a preliminary it may be as well to consider the work of Art—it must be of Art, for it certainly has nothing to do with Nature!—as a whole. Then, regarded as a whole, the Statue seems to be easily divisible into two parts—the horse and the rider. How these two parts ever came together, it is difficult to understand, unless the work was executed



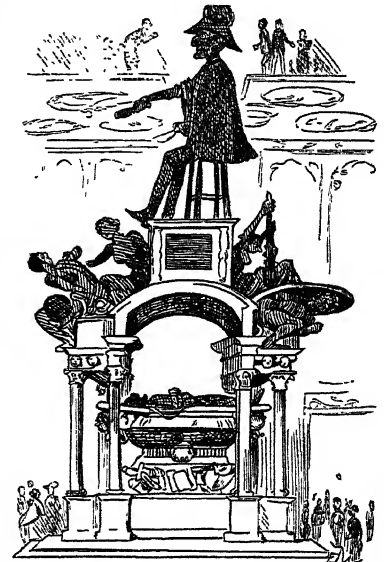
The Horse without the Rider. The "Steed" in the Circle.

by contract. The horse is evidently on the worst possible terms with his rider. He is stretching out his head as if in search of food, and seems to be on the eve of walking into a stable low enough to unseat his rider as he passes through. On the other hand, the Duke appears to be supremely unconscious that he is on horseback. He apparently is giving his whole mind to the rather absurd task he has set himself—to shoot some small birds with a telescope. Thus it may be convenient to separate these incongruous companions who, after so many years of forced neighbourhood, no doubt regard each other with familiarly-engendered contempt.

As the nobler creature (purely, of course, from an artistic point of view), priority for the horse. At a glance it will be seen that the charger cannot be used as a saddler's dummy for the display of harness. His attitude is too absurd for any purpose of that sort. However, there is a refuge open to him. A comic horse is always popular in a Circus. Any quadruped of ordinary intelligence can escape the shafts of the bathing-machine for almost an unlimited time by learning how to find a handkerchief concealed in a heap of sawdust placed in an accustomed spot; or, better still, by taking "a glass of sherry wine with the Clown." Thus, by fitting up the statue of the horse with a little simple machinery, he would become quite an attraction at HENGLER'S, SANGER'S, or any other well-known hippodrome.

Having disposed of the charger, "the hero of a hundred fights" remains, and fortunately a capital site is waiting to receive him. He is certainly ridiculous. This is as it should be, as the pedestal that should be given to him is equally grotesque. It is generally imagined that there is a magnificent monument to the Iron Duke in St. Paul's Cathedral. Nine people out of ten, if asked what they thought of the Wellington Memorial in WREN'S masterpiece, would answer, "Oh, it's very grand—in fact, splendid." Such a reply would only prove that nine persons out of ten never visit the Church of the Metropolis from one year's end to another. It has been asserted that the Dean and Chapter have acted in a foolish spirit in placing this "grand monument" in an out-of-the-way corner with a screen in front of it to make it the more difficult of identification. This is unjust to the Cathedral dignitaries, who have shown much wisdom and discrimination in their choice of a site for what may be also aptly called a sight! But such a sight! The effigy of the Iron Duke is resting upon a stretcher, which has been placed upon a sarcophagus three sizes too small for it. The Sculptor has evidently observed the insufficiency of the accommodation provided, as he has called in the assistance of some cherubim, who are doing their level best to keep the stretcher from tumbling over. The sarcophagus itself rests upon

the feeblest of foundations. A lot of miscellaneous armour has been piled into a heap, and this heap serves as a stand for the diminutive sarcophagus and the extra-sized stretcher. Up above, on an arch, are two pairs of Ladies and Gentlemen. The first pair, to the West of the monument, consists of a skittish young female thrusting a male would-be football player off a pedestal. It will be admitted at once that the idea is admirable as a practical joke. Regarded however as an ornament to the interior of a Cathedral, it is, to say the least, unsuitable. On the Eastern side a Lady is literally "sitting" upon a Gentleman, who is grumblingly bearing her weight on a shield. This, too, is funny but foolish. Fortunately the top of the monument has no statue, and here the effigy of the Iron Duke now resting at Hyde Park Corner might be placed with the most telling effect. No doubt it would be rather tall for the present chapel, but the roof might be removed to allow of the head appearing in the next storey. A clerk's stool would serve as an excellent support to the horseless rider.



The Rider without the Horse. The "Dook" on the Square.

Thus finished, the monument, taken as a whole, would be assuredly judged incapable of further improvement. The door of the screen might then be locked, and the key lost, and (who knows?) in years to come the Statue might be forgotten! But before shutting the door for good, it would be as well to add the Griffin and other equally appreciated works of Art to the collection, so that the space of the to-be-sealed-up chapel should be fully utilised.

Should the above scheme be adopted, the greatest benefit to the community would be immediately secured. However, should sentimentalists object to a plan so sensible, so reasonable, there is only one alternative. Instead of regarding the monument as a whole, it should be gazed upon in a hole. Someone should dig a pit large enough for the reception of the Statue. The horse and his rider should be slipped in, and then the opening should be filled up. This would be following the precedent set in the case of the Statue of CHARLES THE FIRST. However, in the case of CHARLES THE FIRST the exact spot where the Statue was buried was remembered. In the case of the Iron Duke—The remainder of the sentence is obvious.

## THE BIRDS IN CONCLAVE.

*The Grouse loquitor.*

"THE reports from the Moors are encouraging." Trash!  
I could write a report that would settle their hash;  
I could tell them of over-destruction, disease,  
Of a bad hatching season, and then, if you please,  
All the Cockneys would think that the sport was too dear,  
And would leave us in peace, say till this time next year.

*The Partridge.*

You are right, my dear Grouse; but, my friend, don't you see,  
If they spared you, it would be far harder on me;  
'Tis in vain I am "wild" when the season begins,  
What with villainous "chokebores" the murderer wins;  
And although with the Frenchmen\* like rabbits I run,  
One must sometimes get up to that terrible gun!

*The Pigeon.*

Came a quavering voice from a little Blue-rock:  
"The approach of the season may give you a shock;  
But your grief, like my own, would be far more profound,  
If they potted you very near all the year round!"  
"Oh, shut up!" cried the Grouse and the Partridge. "You will  
Find protection henceforth in the Anderson Bill!"

\* Not the countrymen of valorous M. LESSERS, but the French partridges, which do run.



"WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING WITH THE CRUET-STAND?"

"OH, WE'RE ONLY OILING THE JOINTS OF THE TORTOISE. IT MOVES ALONG SO STIFFLY, POOR THING!"

### BUMBLE IN WONDERLAND.

*In which our Old Friend liberates his pent-up feelings after spelling out, in the "Times," a marvellous account of the Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, which President Arthur is shortly about to visit.*

GOODNESS gracious! I rubs my old eyes, as though dust or delugion had got 'em. It feels like that cove in the play—I allude to a party named Bottom—Or old *Ripping Winkles* hisself; but it isn't no dream, nor no spell; And that 'ighly respektibul *Times* isn't likely to tip us a sell.

Wich this new-fangled rot about Parks, Open Spaces for kids, and sech muck Is a thing as I 'oped 'ud die out. Arter this, I'm afraid, no sech luck! Bits o' graveyards and haecres o' waste as fillantopists clammer for here, Wy, they're mere tailor's cuttins compared with the wonders of Yankeedom's speer.

*Three thousand, three hundred square miles as a Park for the People!* Oh, lor! The mouth as can bolt that at once *must* be blessed with a wonderful jor. And I wish I could only believe as the *Times* was a-aving a lark. When they writ that there "leader" o' theim on the Yallerstone National Park.

*Park?* Jest as well talk of all Kent as a feller's back-garden, you see; And there's me thought that Paddington plan as owdacious a dodge as could be! I oppoged it, in course, tooth and nail, as a vile waste of building-plots. Yes, But Three Thousand Three Hunderd Square Miles! Oh! it puts one's ideas in a mess!

Rocky Mountings runs through it! Thinks I, well, *that* don't sound like building-plots, quite;

Wich wy Nature should go in for 'ills is a puzzler. Perhaps it's all right. Can't build Willas six thousand feet up, on a blooming volcano, you know. And so I read on quite relieved. But, lor' bless yer, it wasn't no go.

The things as that harticle told, on the word of a party named NORRIS, Surpasses the wunderflest dreams of the poets, from TUPPER to ORRIS.

Though I must say as geysers, and spouts, Gobling Labyrinths, "grizzlies," and that, Isn't quite *my* idea of a Park, as I'd greatly prefer on the flat.

But the *waste* of it! That's wot I kicks at. That there Hact o' Congress sets forth, As the whole of that Yallerstone "lot"—wich ten figgers can't tottle its worth—Is "reserved and withdrawn" from the builders and miners and sportsmen, and such, Set apart as a Park for the People! The People! By George, it's *too* much.

The 'People be jiggered, I say. Oh, I know all that dashed "People" rot; Means workmen, clerks, women and kids, tramps and mudlarks; a narsty low lot Interferin' all over the place, stopping perks, spekylation, and trade. But after this Yallerstone game they'll be fifty times wuss, I'm afraid.

Wich I thought Uncle Sam 'ad more sense than to chuck away dollars that way. Wants BUMBLE out there. Lakes and Springs, game and fish, woods and forests would *pay*; And though biling spouts and huge gulfs, as the *Times* sez, may savour of Tophet, Jerry Builders and Railway Directors 'ud soon turn the lot into profit.

All I 'ope is it may not be *ketching*. Jest think if the parties who fuss About Paddington Park and the graveyards got playing this caper on *hus*! We ain't got no Yallerstone range, but that our Open Spacers won't tumble To NORRIS's 'ideos tip is the warm hasperation of BUMBLE!

In the case of *Heaven v. Pender*—which, if there were anything in names, sounds as if the plaintiff must get far and away, very far and away, the best of it—the Judge of the Bow County Court (whence it came up to the Court of Appeal) thought that the plaintiff, a working painter, who had fallen and been injured in the course of his work, "was entitled to recover." That was some consolation to begin with; but the conscientious County Court Judge reserved the point, which, after being argued several months ago, was only decided last week, by which time it is to be hoped the painter had thoroughly recovered, as he was "entitled" to do, from his injuries. The appeal was decided in his favour, their Lordships expressing their surprise that the amount of damage claimed was only twenty pounds. *Fiat justitia ruat Cælum*. Poor Cælum, after all, can hardly be said to have fallen on his legs. Can the poor painter be assisted from the Royal Academy Charitable Fund?

A PROPOS of the Suez Canal, of which subject everyone is just now heartily tired, Mr. CORTON wrote a letter to the *Times* last week, commencing—

"SIR,—As I had no opportunity of addressing the House on Monday evening last, I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly permit me to make the following remarks in the columns of the *Times*."

Good Heavens! if the Editor of the Leading Journal should allow all the Silent Members who, night after night, have no opportunity of addressing the House, to make their unspoken speeches in print, what would become of the news, the telegrams, and the leading articles? Let us hope that this will not be considered as a precedent, and that the cautious Editor of the *Times* will intimate to Mr. CORTON, should he want to run another few lines off his reel, that it really won't do.

WHILE OUIDA was writing her latest novel, it was noticed that she was more *distracted* and eccentric than was usual with her. The reason is now evident. She had been struck by an idea, and had taken to *Wanda* in her mind. What a wanda-ful mind!

HERE FLIES A POST!



## SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF A "CARRIER."

HERE *flies* a Post!  
 Marvel of the day.  
 Better bird than most,  
 Match him if you may!  
 Wondrous strength of wing!  
 Wondrous breadth of back!  
 Pelion you may fling  
 On him, he'll not slack.  
 Carrier-pigeon swift,  
 Does his mile a minute.  
 Then his power of *lift*!  
 Mercury not in it!

What would LESBIA say?  
 Ah! her dove-borne letter  
 Quite eclipsed to-day!  
 She would own this better.  
 Far beyond *her* dreams!  
 She might vent her passion  
 Now in quires or reams,  
 (Were that still the fashion)  
 Send not only things,  
 Feather-light and tiny,  
 Kisses, blossoms, rings,  
 Tresses small and shiny;

She could send her slippers,  
 Nay, all minor luggage,  
 Such as tourist-trippers,  
 In this trunk-and-rug age,  
 Comfort-marring, cram  
 Into railway carriages.  
 World is not all "jam,"  
*Billets-doux* and marriages;  
 So our flying post  
 Not alone Dan Cupid  
 Serves, but all the host  
 Of Interests grave and stupid.

Merchant and his bales,  
 Youngster hoop that trundles,  
 Tradesman hot on sales,  
 Old dame sweet on bundles.  
 Here's the flier's health!  
 Business well may boast,  
 Love, Law, Wisdom, Wealth,—  
 "Here flies a Post!"

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER's life has  
 its "Sporting" side. He is deeply  
 interested in Sweep's takes!

LITERARY LIGHT REFRESHMENT.—We see announced *Turnovers* from the *Globe*. This publication will probably be followed by *Tarts* from the *Times*, *Meringues* from the *Morning Post*, *Twists* from the *Telegraph*, *Dough-nuts* from the *Daily News*, *Sausage-Rolls* from the *Standard*, and *Amsangwitches* from the *Advertiser*.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says, "I prefer SHAKESPEARE's hysterical plays to all his others, though I like his sentimental and rheumatic plays very much." But she says she cannot understand why he didn't make a play out of the sad story of OLIVIA CROMWELL and CHARLES THE FIRST.







with his indescribable roll, trotted down to the Bar, and faced about. Loud cheers and laughter. Speechless FENLATER, led on one side, brought to with a glass of water, whilst CAVENTISH, called up to the table, was catechised by the SPEAKER.

"Did you hear question put," says SPEAKER.

"No," says CAVENTISH, bold as brass.

So SPEAKER put the question to him *solus*, as if he were the whole House of Commons. "Will you vote Aye or No?" says SPEAKER.

"Aye," says CAVENTISH, in firm voice, feeling called upon to sustain the dignity of the House. So his intelligent and valuable support reckoned to "Ayes," and CAVENTISH retired to make a quiet inspection of both Lobbies, and learn once for all which is the "Aye" and which is the "No."

"Used to manage it once," he says, "by turning up cuff of right sleeve. 'No' Lobby on the side coming in. *But somehow it was not there when you went out.* Quite reversed, in fact. Never could make it out. Then hit on scheme of watching Irish Members. They always go into 'No' Lobby. Consequently other *must* be 'Aye.' But once, out of pure cussedness, they changed about, and I got into mess. Mosh remarkable things thesh Lobbies. Sort of thing no fellow can understand."

*Business done.*—English Agricultural Holdings Bill read Third Time.

*Wednesday.*—Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill carried through report stage by little strategy. At a Quarter to Six rule of House required Debate to be adjourned. Everything was settled except the formal question that the Report be agreed to. Should ORWAY make a plunge and put question?

"We're over the border," he whispered to Sir FARRAR HERSCHEL, nervously looking at clock.

"Never mind," said the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, "many questionable things been done on the Scotch Border."

"Well, I'll go Farrar and hope we won't fare worse," said the Chairman; and he did, putting the question, declaring the Report Stage carried and getting out of the Chair as quickly as possible.

"If there's a row perhaps the SPEAKER had better deal with it. I must go and write a letter."

There was a row, of course. TIM HEALY indignantly protested against breach of Rules, backed up by CALLAN.

"If there's one thing that hurts me in this House," said TIM, "it is to see any breach of order." "And me, too," said PHIL CALLAN. But SPEAKER waved off champions of order and went on with business.

Scotch Members said nothing; were in truth exhausted with excitement of earlier scene. House being cleared for a Division, DALRYMPLE rose to address Chairman. Dragged down by coat-tails. Reminded he could speak at present juncture only seated, and with hat on. On other side, LORD-ADVOCATE also held down by main force. "Put your hat on!" they hissed in his ear.

But LORD-ADVOCATE in same position as PREMIER when similar crisis arose last Session. Hadn't got a hat with him. MORGAN OSBORNE proffers his, which, after critical examination, LORD-ADVOCATE declines. Mr. DUFF forces his upon Right Hon. Gentleman. He takes it in hand, turns it round once or twice, and hands it back. SOLICITOR-GENERAL, warned by former experience, makes no offer. Remembers how his hat wouldn't do more than cover a few bumps on massive brow of PREMIER. Not going to run that risk again. Other hats pressed upon LORD-ADVOCATE. Examines each carefully, but, apparently for various reasons, rejects them in turn.

"Never saw a man so particular about a hat," said JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL, evidently huffed. "Thinks he's going to be charged for the loan." Whilst LORD-ADVOCATE hesitates, time flies, sand falls in glass, question put, and opportunity gone.

*Business done.*—English Agricultural Holdings Bill read Third Time; Scotch passed the Report Stage.

*Thursday.*—PREMIER questioned as to date of Prorogation, says he "has not laid aside the hope that it may take place on the 25th." Members assume air of agonised resignation. The 25th is Christmas Day, and of course they must adjourn then, if only for a week. Thought perhaps they might get off by 25th November. PREMIER explains; means 25th of August. General feeling of incredulity, melting into sentiment of joy.

"Nice state of things we've come to under Liberal Government," says Nestor NEWDEGATE. "House of Commons positively thankful to get away by the 25th August. Comparatively new Members can remember when to be here on the 12th August was regarded as high treason, and House rarely sat after the 8th. They'll go on from bad to worse," and during CHAMBERLAIN'S Premiership there'll be no recess except two days at Christmas, and we'll have the House in Supply on Good Friday."

House in Supply to-night. Scotch votes under discussion. The burning question of Chairmanship of Fishery Boards fanned into blaze again by Sir GEORGE BALFOUR and Mr. BARCLAY. Seems present Chairman is something in the Stationery line. "Why a Stationer?" pipes Sir GEORGE BALFOUR in tremulously pathetic tones. "Why not a retired Lieutenant-General, formerly a member

of the Military Finance Commission of India, Assistant to the Controller-in-Chief of the War Department, a Liberal, and in favour of the abolition of the Law of Hypothec. These be qualifications. But why a Stationer?"

"Why a Stationer?" Mr. BARCLAY asks, his general discontent with life receiving fresh access as he contemplates an ex-Provost of Edinburgh in this comfortable berth. "Why not a Merchant Ship-owner and Farmer, six years Town Councillor of Aberdeen, a Liberal, and a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE?"

House answers, "Why?" and proceeds to discuss the vote for Lion King-at-Arms and the Petty Bag Office, topics which excite the deepest marvel in HENRY'S ingenuous mind.

"What is Lion King-at-Arms?" he asks. "Got one under the Treasury Bench, or in the Secretary to the Treasury's office? Could he be brought up to the Bar, or might Hon. Members have an order to see him? And the Petty Bag. What's the Petty Bag? Happen to have one in your pocket? Could we have one placed in the library? Is it made of leather, nickel-plated lock and fasteners to outside pocket, fitted with soap-glass, pomade-jar, scent-bottle, tooth and nail-brush, glass, all with electro-silver mounts, this price £18 10s., or with sterling silver mounts, £25? Bring in the Petty Bag, and let's look at it before we vote the money." *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

*Friday.*—Great Conservative demonstration promised for to-night. Effects of Monday's Vote on Suez Canal to be retrieved. Lord RIPON to be hurled from Vice-regal chair; ASHMEAD BARTLETT to reign in his stead. At Three Minutes past Nine ASHMEAD, having made special contract with the Water-works Company to lay on main, rose rejoicing in certainty of constant supply of water. MACFARLANE rose at same time, moved Count, and House forthwith adjourned.

*Business done.*—None.

## RANDOM SHOTS FOR THE TWELFTH.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Renting a Well-stocked Moor.



A Shooting Party.



Choke Bore.



Birds were Strong.



Marking Black Game.



Small Bags—One Brace.



Giving 'em both Barrels.



Dropped his Bird.



## MUSIC AT HOME. (THE EGOISM OF GENIUS.)

*Eminent Violinist.* "DELL ME—WHO IS DAT LIDDLE PALD OLD CHENDLEMAN VIZ ZE VITE VISKERS AND ZE BINC-NEZ, LOOKING AT ZE BIGGUS!"

*Hostess.* "IT'S MY UNCLE ROBERTSON. I'M GRIEVED TO SAY HE IS QUITE DEAF!"

*Eminent Violinist.* "ACH, I AM ZO ZORRY FOR HIM! HE VILL NOT BE APLE TO HEAR ME BLAY ZE VITTLE!"

## THE LOVING CUP.

AIR—"Fill the Bumper Fair!"

Sir W-LL-M H-RC-RT sings—

FILL the Loving Cup!  
Every drop we swallow  
As we tilt it up  
Speaks of—fun to follow!  
Wit *now* softly flames,  
Mutual flattery passes;  
We call no bad names,  
Idiots, dolts, or asses.  
Fill the *Loving Cup*!  
Yet each drop we swallow  
As we tilt it up  
Speaks of—fun to follow!  
Icarus, they say,  
Soared on waxen pinions,  
Till the solar ray  
Lost him air's dominions.  
We, in rhetoric warm,  
Soar midst bumpers bright'ning.  
(That is, till Reform  
Sends its scathing lightning.)  
Fill the *Loving Cup*, &c.  
Would you know how long  
Safely you'll inherit  
Fruits of centuried wrong?  
Long as *BULL* will bear it!  
Best enjoy your day,  
Brief,—so seers inform us,—

Let's be kind and gay  
Whilst the bumpers warm us.  
When careless JOHN wakes up,  
And takes to close inquiring,  
Then—but fill the Cup,  
I am not now firing  
Rhetoric's shot all round  
Deputation flying;  
(SMITH, I fancy, found  
Situation trying).  
Fill the *Loving Cup*, &c.

Some drops in this bowl  
Savour scarce of pleasure?  
Well, *you're* sound and whole!  
(Thank our lack of leisure!)  
If I'd had the power,  
If the Grand Old Man—well,  
Scorn-spouts I can shower  
On fools fit for Hanwell,  
Cits who won't back *me*  
When I'd fight you buffers,  
Yet on bended knee  
Ask my help—the duffers!  
But fill the *Loving Cup*!  
Every drop we swallow  
As we tip it up  
Speaks of—fun to follow!

THE TOAST OF THE (PARLIAMENTARY) SEASON.—The Happy "Pair!"

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

(By Macaulay Stiggins, C.C.)

## CHAPTER I.

LONDON was founded by King LUN, as everybody knows; but very few people know that his Palace was situate in the North-East corner of Ludgate Circus, and can be viewed at any time between the hours of nine A.M. and twelve P.M. on applying to the Restaurateur or Restorer of it. A small fee is expected by the fair attendant, in return for which slight refreshments are provided. As the primæval inhabitants of London were not a literary race,—and, indeed, their descendants have never been distinguished in that particular line—the King divided the City into twenty-six districts or Wards, so called from being parts of the large Lock that was connected with the City Quay. These twenty-six Wards were named after the letters of the alphabet, as a means of teaching the ignorant inhabitants their A B C.

After a time the Wards were named after their most distinguished inhabitant, or from some peculiar circumstance connected with them, and retain their names to this day. For instance, Aldersgate was named from a row of Elder Trees near the Gate, from the berries of which fine fruity Port was first made. Bassishaw was so called after a certain eccentric Bashaw with three tales, which he recited on every possible occasion, and who resided generally in the Bankruptcy Court in Basinghall Street in that locality. Candlewick was named after the inventor of the celebrated farthing rush-lights; he afterwards retired to Hampton Wick, and died in the odour of tallow. Dowgate, or Doughgate, was named after the discoverer of the renowned Baking Powder warranted always to rise to the occasion.

The Ward of Portsoken was obviously named from the jovial habits of its inhabitants, it being customary for the rude mob to salute them as they staggered home from the London Tavern as Port Soakers.

Bread Street Ward was inhabited principally by Bakers, who, on the many occasions when they were convicted of selling bad bread or



## “THE LOVING CUP.”

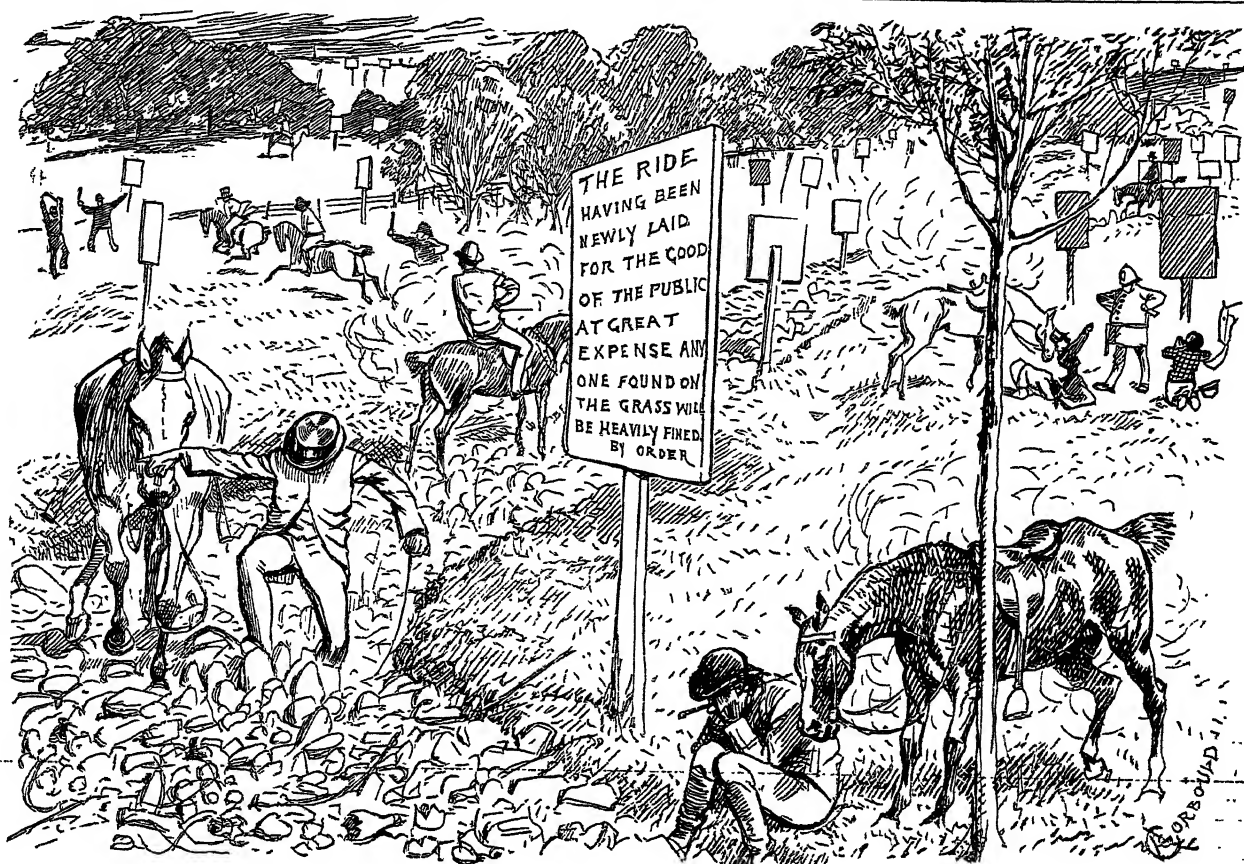
(MINISTERIAL BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE.)

THE LORD MAYOR. “HERE’S TO OUR NEXT MERRY MEETING, SIR WILLIAM! ‘THREATENED MEN LIVE LONG!’” (*Drinks.*)

“We are told that London wants no reform or changes in its admirable Institutions. . . . London never had a Government worth speaking of to look after its interests . . . it had no Government. Where was the Corporation of London? . . . You come to me for a remedy. . . . I see only one remedy,—in constituting London into a body able to take care of itself. When it is once so constituted,” &c., &c., &c.—*Sir W. F. Harcourt’s reply to the Anti-Water Companies’ Deputation, vide “Times” Report, August 1.*







## SUBURBAN PUZZLES. No. 2.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. WHERE TO FIND A PLEASANT RIDE.

giving short weight, were drawn through the City on hurdles for the first offence, for the second were put in the pillory with a full-sized mill-stone round their necks; for the third offence they were banished the City, and had to go and set up in business in the Strand or over the water. No Baker was allowed to deal in Starch, Alum, or Potatoes. In the reign of HENRY THE FIRST a penny bun weighed ten pounds, and, being so weighty, was called *avouirpous*.

Vintny Ward was full of Vintners, always a jovial and prosperous race. If found guilty of selling bad wine, they were compelled to drink every drop of it, but not in larger quantities than sixty-three gallons a week, which measure, from that peculiar custom, was always called a Pub's Dread, since corrupted by time into Hog's Head.

Billingsgate Ward was so named from the powerful and strictly classical language spoken in that locality, especially in the far-famed Fish Market, which was established by EDWARD THE THIRD for the benefit not only of Corporations in general, but of the Corporation of the City of London in particular, who, after enjoying their rather fishy monopoly for about five hundred years, generously gave it up, and allowed all kinds of fish to go to the cheapest Market, except smelts.

Broad Street Ward was so called because, being the home of the Stock Exchange, it was denounced by the first Bishop of London as the Broad Way that leadeth to destruction.

The principal Officers of the City were originally the Lord Mayor's Fool, the principal Gorger, who tested the food, and the principal Gauger, who tested the drink. The oldest inhabitant of each Ward was called its Elder, or Alderman, and about a dozen of the commonest fellows in each Ward, who had nothing better to do, were called Common Councilmen, and their principal duty in those wild days was to keep watch over the City by night, their reward being an ample supply of the food that had been tested by the principal Gorger, and of the drink that had been tested by the principal Gauger; but, as the best wine was sold at fivepence per gallon, probably they did not consume any great quantity. They also received twopence per night.

As no one was allowed to leave his house after Curfew, the duties of the Common Councilmen were probably not over burthensome. In the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST they were superseded by Parochial Dogberries, who were dressed in white great coats, and called

Charles. In the reign of WILLIAM THE FOURTH their coats were taken from them, and they were consequently called Peelers, but afterwards, as their wages were paid in shillings, Bobs, or Bobbies.

The Saxon English of those days was of the purest character: for example, we read that "JOHN GOLLYLOLIX the Dieghere left Whyt-crouchstete for Grenewyches."

Bribery and treating seem to have flourished like a green bay-tree: for instance, twelve salt fish, a swan, six rabbits, and one hundred shillings were sent by the Sheriffs to WILLIAM OVERDONE for his Christmas box, who must have felt a little overdone on Boxing Day. WILLIAM FULLBURN, Baron of the Exchequer, had for Christmas twenty salt fish, value 6s., one hat of beaver, lined with cloth of scarlet, value 7s. 6d., together with bread, wine, and poultry; and Sir WILLIAM DE NORWICH received one swan and six capons for Christmas; and for Easter, one beef carcass, one pig, one veal, twelve capons, and a silver-gilt Ewer, value 26s. 6d., so his services must have been great indeed to be so bounteously rewarded.

It is satisfactory to know that in *Mr. Punch's* own Ward a gallant draper, named JOHN GEDENEX, absolutely refused to serve the office of Alderman! He was thereupon sent to Prison, and his shops closed, and his goods and chattels sequestered. His proud spirit was thus broken, and he consented to serve the hated office, which he did for twelve long years, during a portion of which time he had to do penance for marrying a widow who had made a vow of chastity.

This seems a singular Law, and rather difficult of comprehension:—The fare of a boat full of people from London to Westminster was twopence, but after it was full the price was threepence.

The Lieutenancy of the City of London was created by HENRY THE SEVENTH, who, being a very stingy Monarch, compelled every man who left his tenancy in arrear of rent to join the Army or pay a fine of ever so many marks. In process of time, what had been considered a disgrace came to be regarded as an honour, and when it was kindly enacted that they should never be sent out of the Country, except in case of an invasion, all the wealthy Bankers and princely Merchants petitioned to be added to the Corps, whose brilliant uniform is as much an object of envy to Civilians as of wonder to the regular Army. They are forbidden to draw their swords, except on Lord Mayor's Day.

## A LIGHT POINT OF LAW.

THE Late Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, the well-known authority upon mental ailments, once wrote a very excellent book, called *Light*, wherein the title-subject was treated exhaustively. A few days ago, in a case relative to the copy-right in photographs, the claim of the Sun to derive profits from the sale of his own Sun-pictures was seriously argued, on the score that the luminary in question might be considered their "Author!" Had this point been decided in favour of the centre of the Solar System a dozen years ago, the learned writer might have found materials for an additional chapter to one of his volumes. But it is probable that, in dealing with it, he would have discarded *Light* in favour of his standard work upon *The Obscure Diseases of the Brain!*

AMONG the remarkable instances of escape during the terrible earthquake at Ischia were those of Prince BADINI and his son, who were playing cards, the entire audience at the theatre, and the actors, among whom was a comedian, one PETTRO, in a Punchinello's costume. Facts worth noting by the Pharisaical denouncers of cardplaying, theatrical entertainments, and actors.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that her Cousin, who has long held the dignified post of Reporter of his native town, has recently been made a Debenture of the Inner Temple.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 148.



M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

"HIS EXCELLENCY DON FERDINANDO  
CAN'T VERY WELL DO MORE THAN HE CAN DO."  
*Old Couplet.*

## A PARALLEL.

("History repeats itself."—*Old Saw.*)

"When the pursuit reached Ulundi Kraal, CHETWAYO fled hurriedly. He tried to mount a horse, but was unsuccessful. He then fled on foot and unclothed for about a mile and a half, when he was spied by some of USIBEPU's men, who stabbed him twice."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A MEMORY? Nay, fresh record; yet it seems  
Like reminiscence in the world of dreams.

Strangely familiar, shadow-ishly like—

Those feet that fly, those cruel spears that strike,  
That horse unmastered!

Keenly these recall  
That hour of horror when the tragic fall

Of the brave boy, Imperial France's trust,  
Smote sharply as the assegai's cold thrust

On English hearts. Pathetic parallel!

As fell the gallant Prince, so later fell,

In the same Afric wilds, the swart-faced King,

Those spearsmen's lord and victim. Time's swift wing

Brings quick reverses in its mighty range,

But seldom one more rapid or so strange.

A FAIR DAY'S WAGES FOR  
A FAIR DAY'S WORK.—How  
is the Working Man to get  
that when it rains?

MISNOMER.—The Army of  
Occupation in Egypt seems to  
have nothing to do.

## INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

(A further Extension of the British Umpire.)

THE growing tendency to give an International character to all friendly athletic contests having decided the Committee responsible for the recent new table of "the Amended Laws of Cricket" to send a draught of the document to the sporting representatives of several leading Continental and other nations, the following satisfactory, and in some measure important modifications and suggestions have, up to date, been received by the Secretary. It is understood that the Committee will at once resume their labours, with a view to putting the new material, as far as is possible, into some practicable shape, so that the great, though hitherto exclusively English game may at length possess a truly cosmopolitan character:—

## FRENCH.

(From the "Général-en-Chef" of "Le Trou-blue Club de Jeu de Criquette" at Asnières.)

1. The wickettes shall be six-feet high, and one and one-half of a foot broad. This will make them visible to the bowlsman, and be a protection to the "keepere."

2. The "keepere" shall stand behind the "wickettes" in a sentry-box. When there is a commotion, he may leave this. But, on the cry of "Play!" reaching his ear from the gentleman umpire, he shall retreat again for protection into the box, and wait "the bye." Then he shall emerge.

3. The dress of the batsman is, for the legs and chest, iron. There should be a casque, also, on the head, of this metal. In the *jeu Anglais*, which is played with a *boulet de canon* of excessive circumference, this will give confidence.

4. If the weight of the protective armour produces on the batsman

a regrettable embarrassment, he must, when desirous of making the run, have recourse to the "drive."

5. The drive should be the drive for six. This will be in a light omnibus, and the batsman can take with him the bowlsman, the keepere, M. le Long-on, Points, Squarr-leg, and the gentleman umpire. When the field is large, this excursion is enjoyable, and mounts the score.

6. For the "French-game," the ball is not so terrible, being of flannel, gaily coloured, enclosing air, and may be approached, even by the slip, with cheerful *élan*. When the ball is thus innocent, the dress of the batsman may correspond. He can wear *pantalons* of satin, spike shoes, epaulettes, and a crimson "top-at."

7. If the batsman encounter difficulty in his effort to beat the ball, thus light and of agreeable appearance, to a desirable distance, he may pursue it furiously with successive strokes to the quarter he has selected for his "it."

8. When the gentleman umpire perceives that by this process of producing the "it," there is nothing left of the ball wherewith to continue the Match further, he will rush to the scoresman and loudly proclaim, "No ball!"

9. This proclamation of the "No ball" to the scoresman concludes the Match, which is now said to be an "over."

## RUSSIAN.

(Notes from the Ledger of the Imperial Romanoff Cricketing Society.)

1. The wickets must not be pitched on the field selected for the Match, but somewhere else, known only, the night before, to the Chief of the Police, the Governor of Moscow, and, in special cases, to the Metropolitan of Cracow.

2. If the entire ground should be blown up in the middle of a game, the out Eleven lose their innings.



## ASSURING!

*Passenger (faintly).* "C'LECT FARES—'FORE WE GET ACROSS! I THOUGHT WE——"

*Mate.* "'BEG Y'R PARDON, SIR, BUT OUR ORDERS IS, IN BAD WEATHER, TO BE PARTIC'LAR CAREFUL TO COLLECT FARES; 'CAUSE IN A GALE LIKE THIS 'ERE, THERE 'S NO KNOWING HOW SOON WE MAY ALL GO TO THE BOTTOM!"

3. The ball must not be filled with dynamite, except when an unpopular Member of the Diplomatic Corps is at the wickets.

4. It is understood that the destination of both umpires, after the Match, is Siberia.

5. The CZAR can go in when he likes, and never gets out.

## AMERICAN.

(From the *Slickville, U.S.A., Fair Play Wanderers' Club.*)

RULES 1 to 45 (British style) can be taken as fixed right enough. 46. Deals with the umpire. Thus:—An umpire shall be boss of the money going on any given Match; but to put his character above suspicion, he mustn't be known to have been bought more than five times deep by both sides.

47. He shall not be got at earlier than three clear months before the date fixed for the game.

48. Drugs may be given to the bowler the same, and of the same strength as at the London Marylebone Club, St. John's Wood.

49. While one Eleven is in the field, the captain of the other may "educate" the refreshments. But he must stop at Nux Vomica, Strychnine, the stronger Bromides, and BUNKER'S Family Knock-me-down. N.B.—It is smarter cricket to keep the last in hand for a second innings, where the play is a good deal speculative.

50. The wicket-keeper may have an eight-shooter inside his knee-pad; but he mustn't introduce it freely into an innings until there's an unpleasantness about the gate-money, or till one of the umpires has had a hole made through him, in a temper, by the last man out.

## THE BAJJERWEE ISLANDERS.

(From the *New Fetish-Ball and Thigh-bone Club Customs Register.*)

1. The toss for the innings shall be decided by the meeting of the two Elevens in ambush at daybreak, armed with the *Curjin*, or sacred Bajjerwee brain-knife.

2. What is left of the two Elevens after "the toss," shall then commence the Match with a war-dance; the wickets having been previously covered with fresh tripe in anticipation of victory.

3. The ball shall be the skull of the Honorary Secretary of the local cricket-ground, lent for the occasion.

4. The victorious Eleven will eat their opponents at the conclusion of the game.

5. The skin of each umpire shall belong respectively to the family of the opposing long-stop.

Other suggestions are pouring in fast; and one, that both Elevens should go in simultaneously in top-boots, and armed to the teeth, on horseback, sent by a Kirghis Khan, has been well received by those members of the Committee who are in favour of rapid cricket and the one-day Match system. At present the desirability of ironing out the bowling, and keeping the champagne on the popping crease, is occupying much attention. Rule 40, enjoining on the wicket-keeper the necessity of not making any noise to impede or startle the batsman, is to be further amplified. He will not be permitted to stand on his head, suddenly imitate the cackling of poultry, trip up the hitter, or, on the delivery of a ball, sing "*Tom Bowling*" without a protest from the umpire. It is decided, too, that the stumps will in future not be drawn, but photographed. The issue of the Committee's report is awaited with much interest.

## A Seasonable Hint.

(For City Gradgrinds.)

"I'm sick, and want a holiday." The plea  
Of the poor Clerk with long-drawn drudgery pallid.  
Illogical, my man! Can you not see  
"Invalid" reason cannot be held valid?

COMPLAINT WITHOUT "GROUNDS."—The Suburban Householder's grumble at the absence of Garden.

THE AUSTRALIAN MOSQUITO FLEET.—"Quite a small fleet of powerful gun and torpedo-boats." Gnatty little cruisers.



# CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE FIRST.

I.  
OH, thou! so oft invoked in gloom or mirth,  
Muse! gay or sombre at the warbler's will;  
Heaven-lit, or touched with lurid  
fires of earth,  
Wilt thou once more forsake thy  
tri-forked hill,  
Or let me dip in thy much haunted  
rill  
Lips little used to aught save  
earth's red wine?  
Lo! WHITMAN, WILDE, and TUR-  
PER twangle still,  
Perchance the most good-natured  
of the Nine  
Will even deign to grace a prosy  
tale like mine.



II.  
Lately in London's maze there  
dwelt a youth,  
Who in that aimless labyrinth  
took delight.

He skimmed his *World*, he trifled with his *Truth*,  
He watched Burlesque's belanded lamp at night.  
Ah me! he was in sooth a shallow wight,  
Much given to crackling chaff and hollow glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight,  
Save ballet *belles* and bibulous company,  
And Turfdom's sordid thralls of high or low degree.

III.  
Childe CHAPPIE was he hight:—but whence that name—  
A *sobriquet*—it needeth not to say;  
Suffice it that it was of modish fame,  
Like "buck" or "dandy" of an earlier day;  
For town's loud losel-swarms, gregarious aye,  
Are now, as in the mightier olden time,  
Slow, sheep-like souls, informing common clay;  
Not all Society Journals' prose or rhyme  
Can make their dull wits bright, their stupid lives sublime.

IV.  
Childe CHAPPIE basked in Fashion's fullest sun,  
Disporting in Mayfair like a Mayfly,  
Heedless that when his little day was done  
Came the long night of moody misery  
That lesser insects know not; the dull eye  
And nerveless hand of the exhausted "Swell,"  
The desert waste of dull satiety,  
That loathly limbo where drear memories dwell,  
More joyless and more lone than eremite's dark cell.

V.  
As yet Childe CHAPPIE was alert of heart,  
And with his fellow-frolickers would flee  
From home's calm haven, forum, fane, and mart,  
For cynic scorn congealed all fantasy  
And quick affection of fresh youth, and he  
Regarded these as tame and "awfully slow."  
He loved all haunts of modish revelry,  
Where pleasure rolled in full and feverish flow,  
And e'en for change of scene descended yet more low.

VI.  
And none did love him, though the town he'd scour  
With youths who called him "bonny boy" and "dear."  
These were but comrades of the cheery hour,  
The sharers of his "fizz" or bitter beer.  
Yea, none did love him—not his chum most near,  
Nor she who willingly his gifts would wear,  
For only the false Eros haunts the sphere  
Where folly's moths dance in the blinding glare,  
And callous Circe flaunts in aureate-tinted hair.

VII.  
But after his first "Supper," wild with glee,  
He seized his banjo, which the youth could string  
And twangle, for to nigger minstrelsy  
He long had found high zest in listening;  
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
And piped a farewell in *falsetto* high,  
His boon companions loudly chortling,  
And with the "Boy" the beakers were brimmed high,  
While to his early haunts he piped his last "Good-bye!"

1.  
Adieu! adieu! Home life's a bore  
When one is twenty-two;  
Nights were not given to snooze and  
snore,

Day's hours are all too few.  
When the sun sets o'er land and sea,  
Life's beacon blazes high.  
Farewell, domestic fiddle-de-dee!  
My early Home—good-bye!

2.  
A few short hours, and Sol will rise,  
To give grey morning birth;  
We shall be prone with sleep-crown'd  
eyes,  
Dreaming of night's mad mirth:  
Whilst yonder, round my father's hall,  
My sisters, dear, but dull,  
Will toss the early tennis-ball,  
Or pull the morning soull.

3.  
Let love be hot, let wine run high,  
I fear not love or wine.  
From tame delights of home I fly,  
Life's fiery press be mine!

I mean to do the whole mad round,  
Stage, Sport, Club, Friendship,  
Love;  
For in these things do joys abound  
Home's doldrums far above.

4.  
My sire will "row," me vigorously,  
My mother sore complain,  
But o'er life's wildest waves I'll  
fly

Ere I touch shore again.  
Let sermons scare the goody-good  
From "Stage," or Bar, or Ring;  
But I, who am of gayer mood,  
Intend to have my fling.

5.  
With, ye, my bonny boys, I'll go  
The fastest pace that's set;  
With hopes to lead the field, you know,  
And cut all record yet.  
Welcome, the riskiest game that's  
on!  
Brim, brim the beaker high!  
Life's fizz till the last bubble's gone!  
My early Home—good-bye!

## HOW TO MAKE THE "A. P." HAPPY.

(A Fragment that ought to be picked up in the Twentieth Century.)

THE poor Old Man woke after his sleep of just a score of years. He had fallen off to slumber after the Alexandra Park had been closed, as a place of entertainment, to the Public. His drowsiness had been caused by the tones of a popular lecturer. He was recalled to consciousness by the bright voices of clean-looking children. A particularly cheery lad was standing beside him.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais vous êtes—?" said the boy to the Old Man, in excellent French. RIF was too feeble to reply.

Then the lad addressed him in ten different modern languages, each of which he pronounced without the vestige of a British accent.

"I do not understand you!" gasped the Veteran.

"English!" exclaimed the lad. "Why, from your poverty-stricken appearance, I believed you to be a foreigner. But allow me—you require refreshment."

And before RIF could answer a word, the lad had felt the Old Man's pulse, and administered a restorative.

"I know a little about medicine," the boy observed, with a smile. "In fact, I know a little about everything. My weakest point is my knowledge of languages. I frankly confess that I scarcely know a dozen words of Chinese; and as for Hebrew, I only read—not speak it."

"You must be some young Gentleman of quality?" queried RIF, now perfectly recovered from his recent fatigue.

"I'm only the son of a bricklayer, and come from an educational establishment that has been recently opened in the neighbourhood. I belong to the Universal School (originated by the Combined Metropolitan School Boards), and am one of the dullest of its scholars."

"Marvellous!" murmured the Old Man. "And now, as my eyesight is rather weak, can you describe my surroundings?"

"Certainly!" promptly responded the lad. "Yonder is a ground used exclusively for athletic exercises. Many years ago, the same spot was a race-course. But we have improved upon that. The large building at the top of the hill is a public library, very extensively frequented on a Saturday afternoon by the costermongers. That Park to the right is a very perfect botanical garden, much in favour with the coalheavers, who have recently devoted the greater portion of their leisure moments to the consideration of the European *flora*. Beyond, a cricket-ground, a croquet-lawn, and a field devoted to archery. The public swimming-bath (once private property) is also a feature. That excellent road running up from the Railway Station (in conjunction with the Metropolitan line, upon which engines worked by compressed air are, as you probably know, now only allowed to be used); to the Farthing fish-dinner Saloon, is made from the chopped-up stones once forming Temple Bar. Then—"

"But where am I?" asked RIF, impatiently interrupting the boy as he was about to describe a hundred other improvements.

"Where are you!" echoed the lad. "Why, in the grounds of the old Alexandra Palace."

"But to whom does it belong?"

"To the People, of course," replied the urchin. "Twenty years ago the place was purchased by the London Corporation for the use of the inhabitants of the Metropolis for ever. They followed the advice of Mrs. GLASSE, 'first catch your air,' and have made the most of that air ever since."

"Are you really telling the truth?"

"Certainly. The Alexandra Park Estate was bought by the City in 1883, and will be a boon to the Public to eternity."

RIF was delighted to find that the Corporation, unlike himself, had not been asleep!



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A DISCORD IN BLACK AND WHITE.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, August 6.*—Great sensation in House to-night. Appearance of FORSTER in military uniform. Marched up House with sword clanking at heel. Gave military salute to SPEAKER. Found Dr. LYONS in his seat. Significantly touched hilt of sword. Doctor beat hasty retreat, and Right Hon. Gentleman, entrenching chin behind stock, threw out his hair in skirmishing order, and deploying his legs so that they formed an impregnable laager, awaited the sound of the trumpet. It came on GORST's Motion to reduce Vote by salary of British Resident in Transvaal. General FORSTER then advanced to the front, and, saluting, made spirit-stirring speech.

"Give me," says he, "five thousand men and a hundred thousand pounds, and I'll undertake to make the proud Boer bite the dust. I'll re-establish MACARONIE, BLANC MANGE, TIPPITYTWITCH, LANGY-G'LANGY, and all the other noble savages for whom it is our duty to pour forth our blood and treasure. Not our own personal blood, of course, nor exclusively our own treasure; but the blood of our soldiers, and the hoarded savings of our taxpayers. For myself, I will establish a safe basis of operations at Cape Town, and thence direct operations that shall fill the world with envy and admiration."

"General," I ventured to say to him, when he had resumed his seat amid loud cheers from Mr. WARTON and Mr. Alderman FOWLER, "we're all proud of you. Believe, if you got the chance, CLIVE would be nowhere; and how well you look in uniform! But aren't you—hem!—isn't the lower part rather short?"

"Yes," said our Only Other General, looking down at his legs. "Fact is, I borrowed AGLAND's uniform. Much struck with it when he made speech on moving Address. But 'tis a little short in places."

Going down Corridor half-an-hour later, met large tree in flower-pot apparently moving along. Coming nearer, caught glimpses through foliage of a familiar collar, and presently aware of the gleaming of a well-known eye.

"Has Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?"

"No," said Grand Old Man—for 'twas he—"it's come by Parcels Post. Just carrying it into my room. Mean to refresh myself

occasionally during evening as long as it lasts. Much troubled about FORSTER," he added, putting the tree down, and dexterously lopping off a branch here and there with his pen-knife. "Gone on the war-path now. Asks me if I've given away new Field Marshalship, which, as HARTINGTON says, we're going to create 'as a certain kind of compensation to the Army,' because CONNAUGHT's nobbled another Colonelcy. Hints that he knows someone who would just suit the post. But don't see how it's to be done. Give me a lift up with this pot, dear boy. Thanks. See you again later. Just been making a speech on Transvaal. Will make another on Zululand a little after midnight."

*Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

*Tuesday.*—WARTON in very subdued frame to-night. Grand Old Man made several statements at Question Time, and long speech on National Debt Bill, and he did not once interrupt him!

Fact is, had a bad time of it this morning. On Saturday, three Bills he has blocked all Session escaped him. Got into Committee, and thereafter blocks inoperative. At two o'clock this morning, SAM MORLEY proposed to go into Committee on one of these, prohibiting payment of wages in Public-houses. WARTON rose to protest. House, delivered from his thralldom, jeered at him. WARTON, affected almost to tears, feels for his snuff-box.

"Oh, go on!" cries DODDS, in sarcastic tone, like small street-boy jeering Policeman from safe distance. This too much for WARTON.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Chairman," he said, in broken voice. "Is it decorous, when I am taking breath, for an Hon. Member to say 'Go on!' in that way?"

House laughed; WARTON sobbed. "Never mind," said the faithful TOMLINSON, handing him fresh pocket-handkerchief. "They would have jeered at WOLSEY in the hour of his fall." WARTON still standing tremulously taking snuff. Sir ARTHUR OTWAY goes on as if no human soul near at hand were in direst anguish.

"Clause 2 stand part of the Bill? As many of that opinion, say Aye, contrary No; think the Ayes have it. Clause 3? Clause 4? Clause 5?"



### OH, WOMAN! WOMAN!

*Mamma.* "BOTH SMYTHE AND ROBSON WERE MOST ATTENTIVE TO CELIA LAST NIGHT, PAPA! ROBSON'S AS GOOD AS GOLD, WITH THE TEMPER OF AN ANGEL—LIKE HERSELF!—AND SMYTHE'S A HEARTLESS, SELFISH, DISSIPATED YOUNG FIEND? I DO HOPE IT WILL BE ROBSON!"

*Papa.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IF ROBSON'S REALLY ALL YOU SAY, SHE'LL PRECIOUS SOON GET TIRED OF HIM. WHEREAS, FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION OF SMYTHE, I FANCY SHE WOULD BE ABLE TO LOVE HIM FAITHFULLY ALL HER LIFE LONG. ANY WOMAN WOULD!"

Each proposal received no other challenge than a sob from WARTON, which, not being recognised in Parliamentary procedure, passed without notice. Bill through Committee in five minutes, and Mr. MORLEY, who in some places passes for a kind-hearted man, actually moved that the Third Reading should be taken. This brought up WARTON, with new emotion.

"The Hon. Member for Stockton has interrupted me," he wailed. "His conduct is exceedingly rude," he whimpered.

House ought to have been abashed at this. If WARTON had been in habit of rudely interrupting other Members, from the PREMIER downwards, it would have been different. But with his blameless life it was painful to find him subjected to this. House, however, only laughed. Bill read Third Time, and WARTON went home through the fresh morning air a Crushed and Heartbroken Being.

*Business done.*—National Debt Bill read a Second Time.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—Members clearing out at increased rate. Pairing the first Order of the day. Takes precedence of Notices of Motion. Came across H. W. SMITH walking on Terrace this afternoon, very neatly dressed. Glazed straw-hat, several sizes too small, on back of his head; blue shirt widely open at throat, with black silk handkerchief loosely tied in sailor's knot; short jacket; trousers exceedingly tight at the knee and round the hips, with much waste material about the ankles; telescope under arm.

"I think she'll weather it, Mate," he said, fixing his telescope on a barge running under the bridge forty yards off. "But with the wind in that quarter, and a chopping sea, you can never make sure unless the skipper knows every rope. He'd have done much better if he'd hauled on the bowline at Chelsea Bridge, sorted his starboard souppers, let go his taffrail, and put the helm hard a-lee. But a man must be brought up all his life to the sea, or at least been First Lord of the Admiralty, before he can thoroughly understand the river."

"Going anywhere?" I ask, eying his toggery. "Off to Teddington Lock? or, peradventure, to Putney?"

"No," said H. W., shutting up his telescope with a slap, and hitching up his

trousers. "Off to the Baltic. About the roughest sea one can find this time of the year. NORTHBROOK is satisfied with the Solent. Give me the blatant, blustering, billowy Baltic," and H. W. sheered off, with his legs wide apart, as if the terrace were adrift in a heavy sea.

*Business done.*—Report of Corrupt Practices Bill.

*Thursday.*—Irish Members back in force and high spirits to-night. Paper crowded with Questions. Out of total of fifty-six they have thirty-two chiefly composed of parish gossip and Ballydeobol slander.

"Saves pence and trouble," KENNY explained. "A lot of us just over from Ireland, peremptorily summoned by PARNELL. Would have to write or telegraph to say arrived safely. Instead of that, put question to TREVELYAN in House of Commons about the thickness of the porridge in Ballymooney Workhouse, or as to whether it's true that one of the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act is not on speaking terms with his mother-in-law. Question and answer telegraphed to Ireland, and people at home know we're all right. Besides, some of our fellows haven't come up to the scratch, and it's well for your constituents to know that you're here making things hot for the Government."

TREVELYAN's patience marvellous. Temper impetuous. Irish Members shout and jeer, and make melancholy imitation of laughter.

"Pot-house Party" better name for them than 'Parnellites,'" says HARCOURT. "PARNELL at least knows and observes the ordinary manner of a gentleman."

It was this booing and bellowing that used to drive FORSTER off his balance, and deliver him up to the enemy. TREVELYAN takes no notice. Answers question, and sits down.

"Difference between FORSTER's way of dealing with Irish Members and TREVELYAN's," says Mr. GIBSON, "is that FORSTER came to his work with assumption that Irish Members had no right to question Chief Secretary. TREVELYAN graciously and abundantly concedes right, and answers the most ridiculous and insolent question in matter-of-fact, official, and always courteous manner. I believe if HARRINGTON, KENNY, or SMALL were to ask him, 'How many are twice two?' he would simply answer, 'Four.' That's where he has 'em. They chiefly want to advertise themselves in Ireland; and the cheapest and surest way is to have a row with Chief Secretary. But when TREVELYAN takes their question seriously, and answers it fully, they can do nothing but bellow, and they know that won't recommend them to their constituents, who feel that the lowest amongst them could do it as well."

*Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

*Friday Night.*—No one being in the Clock Tower just now, have got permission from SPEAKER to send down a few things, and take up my quarters there. Find, on the whole, it's more convenient. Scarcely any use going home after House adjourns. Hardly turned in before time for House to meet again. Adjourned this morning at twenty minutes to three. Quite early as compared with Monday and Tuesday's sittings. Going to sit all night now, meeting again to-morrow at noon. Much better live on premises. Have arranged accordingly.

*Business doing.*—Slowly, but firmly killing us all.

### Impromptu.

(By an over-worked M.P.)

FAG-END of the Session? Thou cynical wag!  
Beginning, or middle, or end, it's all "fag."

### Discovery or Invention?

IN connection with the alleged discovery of a certain Moabitic Manuscript, it has been stated that a message had been written "to the Consul at Jerusalem, Baron von MÜNCHHAUSEN, desiring him to prevent SHAPIRA from making the find public." But M. SHAPIRA did publish it nevertheless. *Query*:—Had anyone ascribed the authorship of the wonderful document in question to Baron MÜNCHHAUSEN?

THE PRACTICAL EASTERN POSITION.—Facing the situation in Egypt.



### A VERY SWEEPING MEASURE!

"After a private consideration of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill for not quite ten minutes, the Chairman of Committees in the House of Peers announced that 'they had arrived at the decision that it was not expedient to proceed with the Bill in the present Session of Parliament.' The decision caused profound surprise."—*Daily Paper*.

#### DOBBS!

[Mr. DOBBS has been finally successful in his contest with the Grand Junction Waterworks Co., the House of Lords having set aside the judgment of the Court of Appeal, and restored that of the Queen's Bench Division.]

HERE'S a health—not in water—to stout Mr. DOBBS,  
Who has floored the big ogre who bullies and robs.  
Not mighty Achilles, who fought with the rivers,  
Was more of a hero; the man who delivers  
The prey from Monopoly's terrible maw,  
Who tracks through the labyrinth windings of Law

The new Minotaur, must be stiff in the back  
As classical Theseus or Nursery Jack.  
He's the hero who tackles herculean jobs,  
Though he bear the scarce classical *nomen* of DOBBS.  
The fame of which name mayn't be slighter or shorter  
Because, in one sense, it is "written in water"!

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

CAN we wonder at the Ocean being occasionally rough, when we consider how continually it is "crossed"?



## FREE-(AND-EASY)-DOM AT DRURY LANE.

THERE have been so many disputes about recent events in Egypt, that it must be a matter of satisfaction to the Student of History to learn that Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, in conjunction with Mr. G. F. ROWE, have settled the matter between them. We have the authority of Lord WOLSELEY of Cairo and other talented persons for believing



A Substantial Shelter. The Captain and the Captives.

that the pictures of battles presented to us a few months ago by the first-named of these Gentlemen, in a drama called *Youth*, were absolutely startling from their reality, and anyone who ever saw Mr. RYDER in the character of a retired Ecclesiastical Masher, in the piece in which those pictures appeared, must have shared the expressed opinion of the Rev. Mr. PENNINGTON, and the (no doubt) secret conviction of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that Mr. HARRIS knew

the Clergy and their characteristics—to put it colloquially—down to the ground. With such a guide, then, as the Lessee of the National Theatre to conduct us, we cannot do better than take the “children home for their holidays” to Drury Lane, to brush up their knowledge of Modern Egyptian History.

The First Act of *Freedom* is introductory. We are in a bazaar, where Eastern Merchants are busily engaged in the rather fruitless labour of folding and unfolding a strip of carpet, while native women carry, on their heads, jars, at an angle conclusively proving them (the jars and their heads) to be empty. Then we are told by a retail slave-dealer, who, although Egyptian by birth and in appearance, is unquestionably Whitechapel by education, that a certain, or rather uncertain *Araf Bey* is in love with the daughter of a local British Banker, *Miss Constance Loring*, the betrothed of one of the noblest, the most talkative, the most energetic, the most patriotic and the bravest of men, *Captain Gascoigne, R.N.* When it is added that this hero of superlatives is also one of the portliest of Naval Officers, it may be readily and accurately imagined that the part is thoroughly well filled by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. But *Araf Bey* has a better half, a sort of Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle*, who determines to thwart his plans, and it is ultimately this tartly-talkative Lady who kindly kills him off in the middle of the Third Act, when his presence in the Drama is apparently a cause of some embarrassment to the joint Authors of the piece. *Araf Bey* explains to those who it may and may not concern his desires, and then leaves the Stage clear for the exhausting antics of a Lady of title, her daughter,



The Harlequinade-Quartette; or, Rehearsing for Boxing-Day.

a Yankee, and a Dutch Courier, whose characteristics are almost identical with those of Clown, Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloon.

When this would-be merry harlequinade-quartette have done a little easy tumbling, the English Banker, in the person of that fine old representative of the worst types of Dramatic Villainy, Mr. E. F. EDGAR, is introduced with his daughter to assist at the grand entrance of stalwart *Captain Gascoigne Harris* and his equally stalwart crew. Captain HARRIS is also accompanied by a number of female slaves, varying in age from early childhood to extreme maturity, and wearing rags peculiar to the land of the Nile and also to the Emerald Isle. These slaves fondle his knees, evidently regarding him as a substantial shelter. He makes many patriotic speeches, which would be more effective if the Yankee

member of the harlequinade-quartette refrained from capping them. The reason this individual does not refrain is the more easily understood when it is remembered that the representative of the Yankee is Mr. G. F. ROWE, one of the Authors of the piece. *Captain Gascoigne Harris* has not only secured the more and less attractive Irish-Egyptian females, but also their master, a wholesale slave-dealer. This vindictive person (for he is very vindictive) has been covered with chains by the Captain's command. And here we have a glimpse at history. The English Naval Officer appeals to the British Consul to imprison the wholesale slave-trader, and, at the instance of *Araf Bey*, his request is refused. Whereupon the Captain vigorously upbraids the Consul in clap-trap artfully contrived to snare applause, and then with his dozen portly mariners crosses bayonets with the Egyptian troops. Imposing *tableau*, and first escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

In Act Two the forgiving Captain has made it up with the timorous Consul, who is, in fact, conducting the marriage of the emotional



Strange Proceedings at an English Wedding in Egypt. “Nautchy,” but nice.

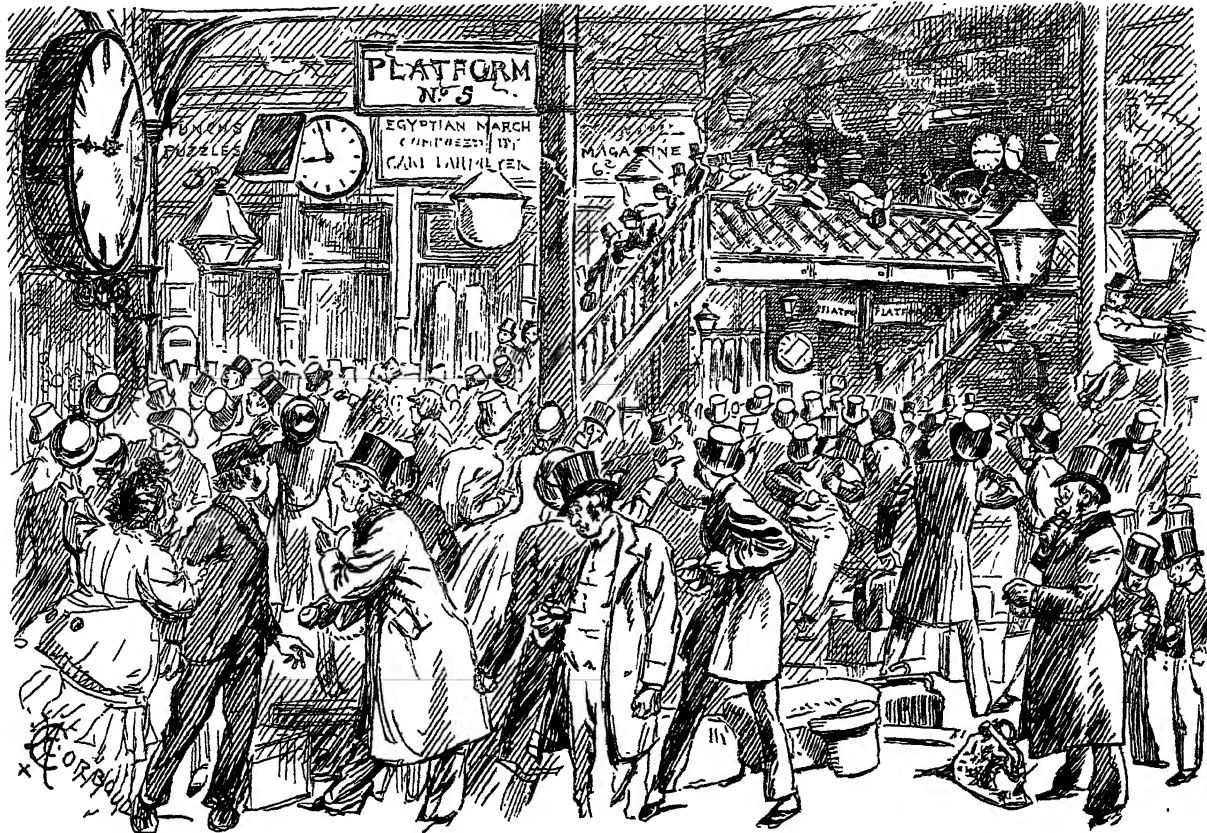
Naval Officer with the Banker's daughter. The Consul has thoughtfully engaged a ballet to entertain the wedding-guests, who, as the whole of the court-yard is occupied by the dancing, watch the movements of the nautch-girls from some flights of steps. The bride is very properly seated in the place of honour under an umbrella. *Captain Gascoigne Harris* and his fat lads enter, the latter bearing bouquets. There is no chaplain apparently to be obtained for love or money, so the Naval Officer marries his bride off-hand, or rather on hand, by placing a ring upon her finger. Then the Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle* enters in a gorgeous sedan-chair, bringing a splendid wedding-present from *Araf Bey*. Then, somehow or other, an *émeute* takes place, and the bride is sent away in the gorgeous sedan-chair. Then the British Banker appeals to the mob, and being, no doubt, recognised by them, in spite of his respectable disguise, as Mr. E. F. EDGAR, a Veteran Theatrical Ruffian professionally conversant with Stage Vice in all its branches, is, not unnaturally, immediately shot. Then Captain HARRIS is patriotic about the British Flag. Then there is a great deal of firing on both sides. The Egyptians swarm over the walls—imposing *tableau*—and second escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

In Act Three *Constance* has fallen into the power of *Araf Bey*, but is saved by the Egyptian *Mrs. Caudle*, who rescues her. Her lover, however, is seized by some comic assassins, who, earlier in the piece, have assisted in the “knockabout business” with the harlequinade-quartette, just as he is on the eve of escaping from a Rhineland Castle that has been “adapted” to the banks of the Nile. The funny murderers fire upon all the virtuous characters as they are swimming in the waters of the river, *à la Colleen Bawn*. Imposing *tableau*, and third escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.



A Curtain Lecture. Caudle Bey catching it!





## METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 7.

TO KNOW THE RIGHT TIME AT WATERLOO STATION.

In the Last Act, poor *Captain Gascoigne Harris* has been terribly bullied by the wholesale slave-dealer. He has aged materially, now looking about fifty. He is clothed in rags, and is rendered somewhat grotesque by being tied to a dromedary. When he complains of thirst, his merciless master shows him water, and then, with a cry of "No, you don't!" spills it in the sand. In fact, the unhappy Naval Officer is the subject of a number of cruel and even rather vulgar practical jokes. In the nick of time, however, a British gunboat comes at the rate of about two hundred knots an hour up a canal which flows conveniently beside the Pyramids, and "brings to" in front of the wholesale dealer's encampment. It is unnecessary to state that the hero and heroine are immediately united, the wholesale slave-dealer suppressed, the harlequinade-quartette rendered happy, and the comic murderers provided for. When all this has been done, the vessel fires a heavy gun apparently point blank at the Captain himself! Imposing *tableau*, and last escape of the hero of the piece from instantaneous death.

So much for *Freedom* from one point of view. Its chief characteristic is a certain *laissez aller*—a free and easy manner, noticeable in its construction. However, it would be unjust not to praise the Stage Management, the Scenery, and, in the cases of Messrs. HARRIS and FERNANDEZ, and Misses SOPHIE EYRE, FOOTE, and BEOMLEY, the Acting. Taken as a whole, the play is good. But taken as a part, with the dialogue well pruned, and the harlequinade-quartette halved, if not entirely omitted, it would be better.

## St. Stephen's Epitomised.

(By a Weary M.P.)

THE rule of the House is a paradox quite,  
For what do we witness here night after night?  
Perpetual "Motions"—with scarce any movement—  
"Amendments" eternal—and little improvement.

A NOVEL NOTION.—The last popular romance, *Unspotted from the World*, has a misnomer for a title. As a matter of fact the book has been spotted by the world—as a very good story.

## "VIVE LE ROI!"

"Mr. ASHLEY thought we might conclude that CEFWAYO was still with us. (Laughter.)"

"Sir M. H. BEACH said he trusted Her Majesty's Government would not incur the very grave responsibility of doing nothing."

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

HAS he really turned up again? If so, interview at once. Prepared to treat handsomely this time. Mean to do something. Pile it up if necessary. Wire back lowest terms.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

HAVE seen him. Successful. Complains bitterly of being badly used, but on receiving a new walking-stick, pair of epaulettes, top-hat, free admission to the Crystal Palace, and two dozen of marmalade, with an autograph letter from HER MAJESTY, is prepared to return, with five hundred fully armed followers, to Melbury Road, and have another palaver for a few months all round. One or two more supplementary conditions to follow.

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

EXCELLENT. Government quite agreeable to everything. Only waiting supplementary conditions.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

HERE they are. Madame TUSSAUD's Collection complete. JOHN DUNN's head in a fish-kettle, the skin of the Hon. Secretary of the National Temperance League, and twenty-two dozen of a sugary receipt for sea-sickness.

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

CERTAINLY. With much pleasure. Is there anything else? Shall have them all by Parcels Post—shortly.

From Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg, to Ashley, Downing Street.

War-dance and compliments. What does "shortly" mean?

From Ashley, Downing Street, to Bulwer, Pietermaritzburg.

Eh? Why, when Parliament's up!



## REFLECTED GLORY.

Shopman. "HERE! HI! ARE YOU HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BAYSWATER?"

Magnificent Flunkey. "I HAM!"

## CUT AND COME AGAIN!

WOODMAN, don't spare that tree!  
Your efforts it will tax;  
Its fall we scarce may see,—  
'Twill try the keenest axe.  
Yedrasil's self would not  
Prove a much tougher task,  
A long and arduous lot  
Of labour it will ask  
From axe, and bill, and saw;  
As *lignum vitae* tough;  
Forester stout, but raw,  
Will find that labour rough.  
Of wide and ancient growth,  
Deep root and spacious spread,  
Some foolish souls were loth  
To see it bow its head  
Beneath the Woodman's stroke;  
But 'tis not of the stock  
Of sturdy British oak,  
That braves the tempest's shock.  
It is a tree of bane,  
For all its leafy show,

It grows and spreads amain,  
But little lives below.  
So, Woodman, spare it not!  
Cut, Woodman's boy, and hack,  
Though you have scarcely got  
Full strength or finished knack.  
Lop if you may not fell,  
Prune if you cannot top;  
It cannot but be well  
Its growth to check or stop.  
Ply bill or saw until  
The axe may have its way.  
The ancient Woodman, WILL,  
In forestry grown gray,  
Knows that to lay it prone  
Is hopeless task to-day;  
Or one sharp axe, his own,  
He at its root would lay:  
Watches half smilingly  
Loppings though small not vain:  
"They'll thank us by-and-by—  
Cut, lad,—and come again!"

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

We have all heard of a famous pedestrian known as BLOWER BROWN. We are now told of an expert swimmer who rejoices in the appellation of BLEW JONES. We are only waiting for a good "all round man" to be named BLOWN ROBINSON, and we shall be perfectly happy.

"THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S DUTY" (from *Railwaydom's* point of view).—Open your purse and shut your mouth, and see what WATKIN sends you.

## MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

If ever there was one important body of men whose werry soles ought to be filled with gratitude to another equally important body of men, it is Her Majesty's Ministers as regards the Grand old Cooperation.

We begins our horgies with 'em at Gildhall in Nowember, and we finishes 'em with 'em at the Manshun House in Orgust. No matter whether they are our frends or our foes, conservatives or raddicles, reformers of good things or conserswaters of bad uns, we never goes a hinch from the strait line of time-onered custom, but sets such a egsample of igh-minded forgiving horsepitality as praps the world has hardly never seen.

And so it was at the gorgeous Bankwet on Wensday last.

I couldn't restrain my natral curiosity to see how "my rite hon-nerabel frend the LORD MARE," as the Aldermen allers speaks of him, would receive the Hed of the Government as is pledged to their destruchshun; so, when I heard him enounced, I peeped out of the Egipshun All, when nobody was'n't a-looking, and had a good look at 'em. Ah, the site as I took at 'em was a site indeed!

It was a trying moment for both those elustrious men, and, as they drew near, as the poet says, "the boldest took his breath for a time"! There was a sort of half-and-half smile on both their wisages, but it was about as reel as the shake hands before the fight between the Game Chicken and the Artful Dodger. Both tried their best to look easy and dignifide, but only one succeeded, need I say witch? There was a calm look of quiet satisfacsashun with things in general, about the LORD MARE, that fairly puzzled his would-be Destroyer, and I noticed arterwards, when I handed him his favrite dish of stewed Tung with Salary Sauce, he looked at me with quite an umbel look, and said, "No, thank you, ROBERT!"

But where was the owdacious Sir WILLIAM VERDANT HARCOURT? His own beloved Horgan, the *Daily Noose*, that has the largest circulation of any Liberal Paper in the World, whatever that may mean, enounced that he would cum, then why was he conspicuons by his absense? Must I reweal the naked fac? Then be it known to all, that the bold Secretary of State who denounces the Corporashun behind its broad backs, in langwidge that I dare not repeat, and even

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 18, 1883.



CUT AND COME AGAIN!

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN. "WORK AWAY, MY LAD! EVERY LITTLE HELPS!"







## INCORRIGIBLE!

*Irish Attorney (to his Clerk, who has taken the Blue Riband, and has been "celebrating the event").* "I'LL NOT STAND IT, SURR! WID YER PLIDGES! INSTID O' TAKIN' PLIDGES YE'RE ALWAYS BREAKIN,' YE'D BETTER MAKE NO PROMISES AT-ALL-AT-ALL—AND KAPE 'EM!!"

accepts their generous invitation to dinner, no sooner sets his two astonished eyes on JOHN TENNIEL's highly flattering Cartoon, than, instead of jining all the rest of the world in their harty laugh, as every wise and sensible feller would, he sends off to the Mansion House to say that he has just thort of a werry speshal engagement, and can't come! And it is wispered as how he has follard it up by ordering no more *Punches* to be brort into his sollem manshun. Poor Sir WILLIAM! He fust loses his temper, and then loses his dinner.

The Bankwet was upon the hole p'raps the most successfulest as was ever given in that nobel All of Horspitality. I missed the long row of Royal Attendants with their lovely gold bullsem epperlets, as we has when we has lots of Princes, but even this was partly purwided by the wonderful amount of what the French call "cheek" of his grace the Dook of WESTMINSTER. Wishing ewedently to give a sort of sample of how he means to cum out when he is elected LORD MARE of New London—long be the day!—he had acshally asked for the loan of two of Her Majesty's Royal Footmen, and there they was not only standing behind his cheer but acshally condysending to wait upon him and his beautiful Dutches! However the LORD MARE as usual was quite equal to the occasion, and hordered up his Coachman and Postillion to stand behind him, who, tho' they wasn't of much use and got a good deal in everybody's way, made a werry respectful show for our stable old Institution.

Nearly all the Ministers of any importance was there. The lowly minded Gent from Brummagem didn't put in an appearance, being probberly engaged in toiling or spinning, or some such low ocyou-payshun, but that didn't seem to spile nobody's appetite, and the absense of the Senior Member for Chelsea, *harcades hambone*, as BROWN said, which I bleeves is sarcastic French for "a nice pair!" was endured without a murmur. It is said his Republican instincts is shocked at the sight of so many Livery-men.

The LORD MARE of course made the speech of the evening. In fac he didn't leave much for the Magnificent Elderly Gentleman to say, but nevertheless, he made a grand speech, and wound up with words of hope for all on us, as would have cut Sir WILLIAM's hard hart to the werry core.

## A FAREWELL VERSE.

As it is possible that one particular dramatic star, now about to set for a season beyond the Atlantic, will yet have time to dazzle the provinces a little before his final departure, and need perhaps an *encore* verse for the famous Lyceum Ballad, the singing of which an enthusiastic contemporary insisted made fair women grow pale and faint, and sent strong men streaming in tears into the lobbies,—here is one for him:—

When other slips and other stalls  
Their tales of frost shall tell,  
And SHAKESPEARE but the house appals,  
Though it be papered well!  
When *Juliet* is far too stout,  
And *Hamlet*'s eighty-three!—  
Don't ask me if I have a doubt  
That you'll remember me!

To which may be added the following final verse, that might be sung by the rest of the company during the voyage in half a gale of wind:—

When Yankee talent fumes and frets,  
And London yawns and stares  
To find, instead of HENRY's "sets,"  
But flats, with painted chairs!  
When 'mid Atlantic's "Much Ado"  
We're hopelessly at sea,—  
And far too ill to think of you—  
P'raps you'll remember we!

THE BARE TRUTH.—A truth announced in a somewhat remarkable notification:—"Nuda Veritas restores grey hair to its original shade." Does it. *Nuda Veritas*, as to hair may be supposed to signify baldness. In order, then, to be effectually applied as a restorative of grey hair, does it require the head to be shaved first?

## Dirge.

(By an un-paired M.P.)

Is life indeed worth living? Truly yes!  
When tramping on the Twelfth the heather o'er;  
But August at St. Stephen's will, I guess,  
Make him a pessimist whose joy is less  
As his desires are Moor!

Next in importance to the speeches of the LORD MARE and of Mr. GLADSTONE was the Speech of Lord DARBY, tho' it was about the shortest, and why? because he revealed one of the profoundest and importantest Cabinet secrets as ever was divulged even after dinner. In *Wino Werytas*, as BROWN said, which means, I believe, that "good wine needs no gooseberry-bush," in witch I quite agrees. Lord DARBY acshally said that wen they are about to appoint a Ambassador, or Governor, or a Secretary of State, the first question they asks is, not wot brains has he got, not what egspierence has he got, not what nollodge of the world has he got, but, what sort of Wife has he got?

Ah! my Lord DARBY, no wonder you're such a favrite with the fair sects! A sweeter complement or more hellegantly put was never paid 'em since our werry great granfather gammoned EVE.

I wunder what the Government will do for to shew their gratitood to the LORD MARE. They can't make him a Knight as he is one every day, and they can't very well make him a Barren-Knight as he has got a werry numerus number of offsprings all ready, so p'raps it will be a Wicount, like Lord MATCHBOX SNEERBOOK, who was present.

I'm amost afeard as he spoke out too strongly for his own interests, both BROWN and me we both thort so, and so did His Lordship's Postillion. He's a man of werry few words, of course, being a Postillion, but he thinks a lot, as he's plenty of time to do, and wot he says he means, and what he did say was, "I thinks as if his Lordship had rid 'em a little more with the snaffle, and not quite so much with the curb, they might have jogged on together pretty cumfural for some time longer." But when his public dooty stands in one pair of scales and his privet interest in the other, I knows from a long egspierence which will have to go to the wall.

ROBERT.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM considers a slice of a good Best failure ham, nicely broiled, and a dish of Matter-of-fact peas, one of the best things you can have for luncheon at the present time.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR THIS DAY—MONTH.

(Forecast for the use of Parliamentary Obstructives.)

OFFICIAL Reception of anybody and everybody by the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

Annual Shutter Closing in Eaton Square.

Marylebone Club, Lord's. Single Pitch-and-toss Match by the Gate-keeper against himself.

General Afternoon Meeting of nobody in the least worth knowing in Piccadilly.

Covent Garden Party in Bow Street.

Sweeping out of the rooms of the Royal Society, and appointment of new Charwoman.

Further Exhibition of the Wellington Statue at the corner of Hamilton Place.

Re-chalking of Courts of Princes. Admission without voucher.

Two-in-hand Club. Random Meeting everywhere all day of the General Omnibus Company.

International Bathing Match in Serpentine after half-past Eight P.M.

Perambulating Flower Show in Seven Dials.

Levy—for arrears of Taxes in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

Drawing-Room Entertainment at East-End Music-Hall.

Public Recitation of "Oh, Solitude, where are thy Charms!" by the Single Horseman in Rotten Row to the Policeman on duty.

And Farewell Dinner to the SPEAKER by the remnants of the still sitting House of Commons on the occasion of his temporary, but sudden departure for Colney Hatch.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 149.



ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, ESQ., M.P.,

AN INQUISITIVE BUTTON-HOLDER WHO REPRESENTS HIMSELF; IN FACT, A SPECIMEN OF "HOOK AND EYE."

## STANZAS TO SALT.

[The *Lancet* is given to understand that amongst other follies of the day some indiscreet persons are objecting to the use of salt, and propose to do without it. Nothing, says our contemporary, could be more absurd.]

Why shouldst thou incur an unmerited odium,

What hast thou done now, and what is thy fault?

Why will people not eat thee, Chloride of Sodium?—

That is thy chemical name, Common Salt.

For whether our diet be wholly leguminous,

Or if we eat both our mutton or beef,

You aid in the decomposition albuminous,

Giving our nature the proper relief.

Why should all our functions be terribly sent awry

By leaving salt out when eating our meals?

The doctors have said the canal alimentary

Steady improvement from salt oft reveals.

We know that the cow and the horse and the buffalo

Rush off to "salt-licks" in prairie or wood;

So, even if you should a friend's feelings ruffle, oh!

Warn him that salt does him infinite good!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says there has been a good deal of annoyance caused at the church she is in the habit of attending, on account of the Rector introducing two Aconites and a Thoroughfare to take part in the service.

## CHARITY NOT AT HOME.

(From the Diary of a Patriotic Philanthropist.)

**Monday.**—Application for a subscription to the Local Dispensary. Too absurd! I make a point of always contributing to the collection on Hospital Sunday once a year, and this institution must have benefited by my almsgiving.

**Tuesday.**—Letter from the Secretary of the Lone Widows and Poor Orphans Rescue Society, asking for my help. As the Association claims to have been founded one hundred years ago, it must have been very badly managed to need assistance now. Refuse.

**Wednesday.**—Circular from the Discharged Prisoners Anti-Contamination League. No sympathy with this movement. Do not believe that convicts can be reclaimed by getting them employment on their release. Throw the circular into the waste-paper basket.

**Thursday.**—Appeals from no less than one dozen Hospitals, all telling the same story—closing Wards on account of failing funds. Very sorry, I am sure; but really these institutions should be self-supporting.

**Friday.**—Polite note from the Secretary of the Institution for the Relief of the Foreigners of Europe, sending me a ticket for a ball. Must consider this, as strangers deserve our sympathy at all times. Pigeon-hole envelope and enclosures.

**Saturday.**—Ah, a charity after my own heart! Society for the Support of Prosperous Natives of the Equatorial States. Of course! Must help the prosperous natives of countries distant thousands of miles from England. Distinctly our duty to increase their prosperity. Sent off a cheque to the Secretary for £1000 as a first instalment. Shouldn't have slept comfortably if I hadn't!

"DRAWN GAME."—A Picture of Still Life.

## DUPLICITY.

*A Rondeau on One who has Rounded on Us.*

[A Reuter telegram says that in many of the seditious letters seized in the Punjab, significant mention is made of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH's visit to India.]

D'you leap, sing, feast, or wed, or build, or bury,

We said, scarce six months since;

Would you make mourning, or would you make merry,

We asked, O Nut-brown Prince.

You "flanked" the proudest tribute for a statue

(Leech, bard, clown, king,

You didn't care); and now sedition's at you,

DHULEEP SINGH.

No more your diamonds shall shed a fairy

Light o'er patrician halls;

Hindu PARNELL, preceding Hindu CAREY,

Black HEALYS! ochre SMALLS!!

Your Eastern mug must pour froth like a fountain—

That's the seditious thing—

And you'll become an Asiatic Mountain

Dew-leep SINGH.

CAN the proposed subsidy of £120,000 a year to ABD-UL-RAHMAN be looked upon as Ameer trifle?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM caught cold the other day. She has had, she says, to use a gargle for her throat every morning.

A FREE-SIMPLE.—The "Inquiry" Fee to a Jew Moneylender.



### "FOR EXAMPLE."

*Pater.* "WELL, MY BOY, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE COLLEGE? ALMA MATER HAS TURNED OUT SOME GOOD MEN——"

*"Young Hopeful."* "YA-AS—SHE'S JUST TURNED ME OUT!"

[*He had been expelled!*]

### ADAPTING: BY THE GAUL.

(*About the Moral of the Sardou-Uchard Case.*)

*Mario Uchard* (suddenly alive to the fact that he once wrote something about a wife going wrong). Here, I say, *cher ami* (for I'm not going to quarrel with you, even though you do cut me out of the playbill, and the pay-bill, too, of the Auteurs Dramatiques), you know that's my idea, a wicked wife with a child—original situation in French literature, *hein?*

*Sardou.* Well; and who cribbed it from DIDEROT? and what about *EMILE DE GIRARDIN*? Besides, I'm an Academician, and I make more stage-rights in a month than you by your books in two years. But if you like to denounce *Herr VON POTZTAUSEND*, who has just reproduced two scenes out of my *Fedora* at Berlin, I am your Dramatic Author. We'll make a flaming franc pamphlet of it in the interests of dramatic morality.

*Alphonse Daudet.* I'm not going to bring an action against you, *CLARETIE*; *pas si bête*. I find my books manage to sell without that kind of advertisement. But you know, you industrious *chiffonnier* of letters, that if *Numa Roumestan* had never been written, *Monsieur le Ministre* would never have been played.

*Claretie.* Well, if a writer in this enlightened Republican era can't paint the pitfalls and deceptions of undue ambition, I may just as well put all my reams of *papier écolier* (two reams a day is my figure) in the waste-paper basket.

*Zola.* I am a Pontiff. I am above such pitiful recriminations; and I only just mention the fact that there is such a book as *Son Excellence Rougon*.

*Claretie.* Oh, yes; quite so. (*Convulsed with indignation.*) But look here—look at this Italian paper—the miserable robbers have actually put a Minister of Public Works on the stage, and made him come to grief in the same *dénouement* as mine. Where is international honesty—where is the *Gendarmerie*?

*Octave Feuillet.* And they are playing the *Monde où l'on s'ennuie* all over the United States!

*Paul Féral.* I have given up my *Bonni*, it is played in Eskimo.

*Catulle Mendès.* They have the *Mères Ennemies* in Russian, only they turn them into fathers for political reasons.

*An Anonymity.* And they are going to play my "*Pschutt, Pschutt, Pschutt!*" at the next Handel Festival, with words by M. SIMS GEORGE GILBERT!

*Omnes.* Plundered on every side! Unhappy, too generous France!

*The Ghost of Dumas Père.* Going in for original copy, all of you, eh? Well, suppose everyone of you who takes something out of my works only twice a year deposits my *droits d'auteur* at the foot of my Boulevard Malesherbes statue—and—and even ALEXANDRE, who lives close at hand, won't have fingers long enough to collect the bank-notes.

*Omnes.* *En v'la un gèneur!*

### A CHARING CROSS CAROL.

A BUSY scene, I must confess,  
The Continental Mail Express!  
The babbling of boys and porters,  
The shouting of the luggage-sorters.  
Indeed a vast and varied sight,  
Beneath the pale electric light;  
The roll of trucks, the noise, the hustle,  
The bawling "By yer leave!" and bustle.  
While anxious tourists blame and bless  
The Continental Mail Express!

Though wanting minutes ten to Eight,  
Still people hurry through the gate:  
Now London's dull, the Season over,  
They flit from Charing Cross to Dover;  
They take their tickets, pay their fare,  
They're booked right through to everywhere!  
To lead a life of hopeless worry,  
With *Bradshaw*, *Baedeker*, and *Murray*.  
And yet they hail with eagerness  
The Continental Mail Express!

I think of toil by rail and boat,  
And cackle at the *table d'hôte*:  
Of coin of somewhat doubtful mintage,  
And wine of very gruesome vintage;  
Of passes steep that try the lungs,  
And chattering in unknown tongues.  
Of Rhenish hills, Italian fountains,  
Of forests dark, and snowy mountains—  
To start, I'd give all I possess,  
By Continental Mail Express!

'Tis Eight o'clock, save minutes two—  
Here comes a stout, fur-capped Mossoo;  
He's in a flutter at the wicket  
Because he cannot find his ticket;  
And over there may be espied  
A pretty little two days' bride.  
How bored she'll be with six weeks' spooning,  
How wearied with the honeymooning!  
Yet *lots* go, leaving no address,  
By Continental Mail Express!

Eight-five! The lading is complete,  
The last arrival in his seat;  
The porters' labour's almost ended,  
The latest evening paper vended.  
We wish departing friends "Good night!"  
A whistle blows, the Guard says "Right!"  
We watch the red-light's coruscation,  
Then slowly, sadly, leave the station.  
All London's gone, say more or less,  
By Continental Mail Express!

RECENT PUBLICATION.—"*Spare Cash. What Shall I Do with it? A new Work for the Guidance of Investors.*" Additional answers—Buy shares in Joint Stock Mining and Manufacturing Companies on the faith of Circulars and Prospectuses which you receive by Post. Invest your Spare Cash in German and other Lotteries in reliance upon Advertisements sent you by the same conveyance. Subscribe to the erection of Statues and Testimonials, in order that your name may appear in print. Forward contributions to the Anti-Tobacco and Anti-Vaccination Society, the Restriction upon Marriage Perpetuation Society, the Society for keeping Museums and Galleries of Art closed on Sundays, and the United Kingdom Alliance. If you have any Spare Cash that you don't know what to do with remaining, remit it to the Headquarters of the Salvation Army. Invest your Spare Cash regardless of any suspicion that you may possibly do worse than make ducks and drakes with the money.

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE. CANTO THE SECOND.

## I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou, alas!  
Art little like *this* epos to inspire.



Goddess of Wisdom! Were the  
Golden Ass  
A hopeful subject to arouse thy fire?  
The Gilded Youth for whom I wake  
the lyre  
Would deem thy wisdom owlish,  
tedious, slow,  
The leaden sceptre and dominion dire  
Of Boredom dread in thine Olympian  
glow,  
Thy grave broad brow, and strait-  
laced breast of virgin snow.

## II.

But where's Childe CHAPPIE? I  
must not forget  
To track that dawdling pilgrim.  
Vestured brave  
In sheeny hat, and collar closely set,  
Snowy as ever laundry-maid did lave  
Or deft, "clear-starcher" stiffen, see  
him wave

A morning greeting to his comrades dear,  
Chanting the Comic Opera's latest stave  
In husky tones he vainly strives to clear  
With deep astringent draughts of foaming Bitter Beer.

## III.

The night's hot fever yet his pulses feel,  
He hath "a head," and nodding to his friend  
Makes the brain whirl like the revolving wheel  
Of hurrying Hansom, and his back to bend,  
To flick a dust-fleck from his bright boot-end,  
Brings feelings scarce of comfort or of joy.  
Alas! why did they liquors wildly blend?  
What may they quaff this nausea to destroy!  
Shall it be B.-and-S. or bumpers of the "Boy"?

## IV.

At least they will not miss ACRASIA'S wiles,  
ACRASIA brassy-tressed, with bistre deep  
Eye-ringed, who at yon counter stands and smiles,  
The bar's blonde siren, to whose haunt fools creep,  
And o'er her calculated witcheries keep  
A jealous watch, as with her Lamia glide  
She hands the boys, their sapless brains to steep,  
Potations; they self-deemed astute and "snide,"  
Of *nous* bereft, low chaff the bar-queen golden dyed.

## V.

Her reign is brief, soon are her glories gone;  
But London's Lamia hath full many a lair.  
Comus at every bar erects a throne,  
And each may find a newer Circe there.  
Crass CHAPPIE! could another ever share  
That shrewd and callous heart it were not *thine*.  
Dolls of the trim-drawn tie and sleek-smoothed hair  
In dozens daily bow at that coarse shrine,  
Each deeming to his suit her favouring eyes incline.

## VI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,  
CHAPPIE hath many a pathway yet to tread.  
To Waterloo they swiftly bowl along,  
He and his chums; by fond delusion led  
Drawn from the *Sporting Spanker*, lately read,  
O'er a late breakfast; little schemes deep fraught  
With hopes Utopian circling in each head,  
Of "tips" and "morals." With such lures are caught.  
The Turf's green gulls, by no experience trained or taught.

## VII.

Region of Rascalry, where SENLAC rose,  
Star of the fool and warning of the wise;  
He who, sore baffled by remorseless foes,  
Shrunk from the fight, and lost the longed-for prize.  
Region of Rascalry! turn honest eyes  
From thee thou harpy-haunt of sordid men!  
Where honour falls, and only tricksters rise,  
Where the pale Swall, hard hit, fills high again  
To foil the Rahab eyes that glitter in his ken.

## VIII.

Childe CHAPPIE deems the winner he can spot,  
He backs *Penelope*, swift as the wave,  
And long-limb'd *Teddy*'s mount; puts on the pot.  
But the Turf's maw's insatiate as the grave:  
Dark *Sappho* wins. CHAPPIE sits blanched, but brave,  
Swell breasts are so imbued with pluck and fire,  
*Could* he have won, though,—at the odds they gave!—  
Well, bad luck's not eternal, but will tire  
Pursued with dogged grit. Once more awake the lyre!

## 1.

Hail, glorious Goodwood! Thy promise afar  
Gives hopes to the Plunger. The fortune of war  
Shall change when the summer shines bright on thy lawn,  
Thy tints of crushed strawberry, lemon, and fawn.

## 2.

Ah! who is more brave than your Johnny of note,  
With his snowy shirt-front and his dainty dust-coat?  
He leaves London's streets to the hucksters' dull flock,  
And comes down by the Special with hat at full cock.

## 3.

Mayfair hath sent forth her fair dames to the race;  
For the turf they abandon the Park and Hans Place.  
Ah! those roseate cheeks shall glow redder before  
The last gloves are won and the last race is o'er!

## 4.

The Beauties of Stagedom, red-lipped and long-lashed,  
Who teach the pale lads what it means to be mashed,  
Have left the dull Strand and the dingy stage-door,  
And are here to win gloves and maybe something more.

## 5.

"Oh, talk not of 'cutting it'! 'Form' knows not fear.  
I'll pull it all back upon *Junket*, my dear.  
Fate has floored all the Prophets this time—it's a bore,  
But there's Goodwood to come, and Newcastle Town Moor!"

## 6.

"A cropper I've come, but it shall not be said  
That this Johnny's a cocktail blue-funked off his head.  
When *Junket* romps in for the Cup, from the ranks  
Of the winners shall CHAPPIE be missing? No, thanks!"

## 7.

"Let's liquor! There isn't much harm done so far.  
Hail, Goodwood! 'Tis there we'll renew the wild war.  
The Lawn that so often has seen us before,  
Shall see us—and see us as winners—once more!"

WOMAN'S RIGHT.—Not to be left.

## HORTICULTURAL CUTTINGS.

Culled by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Peeler-go!-nyum!

Haughty Culture.

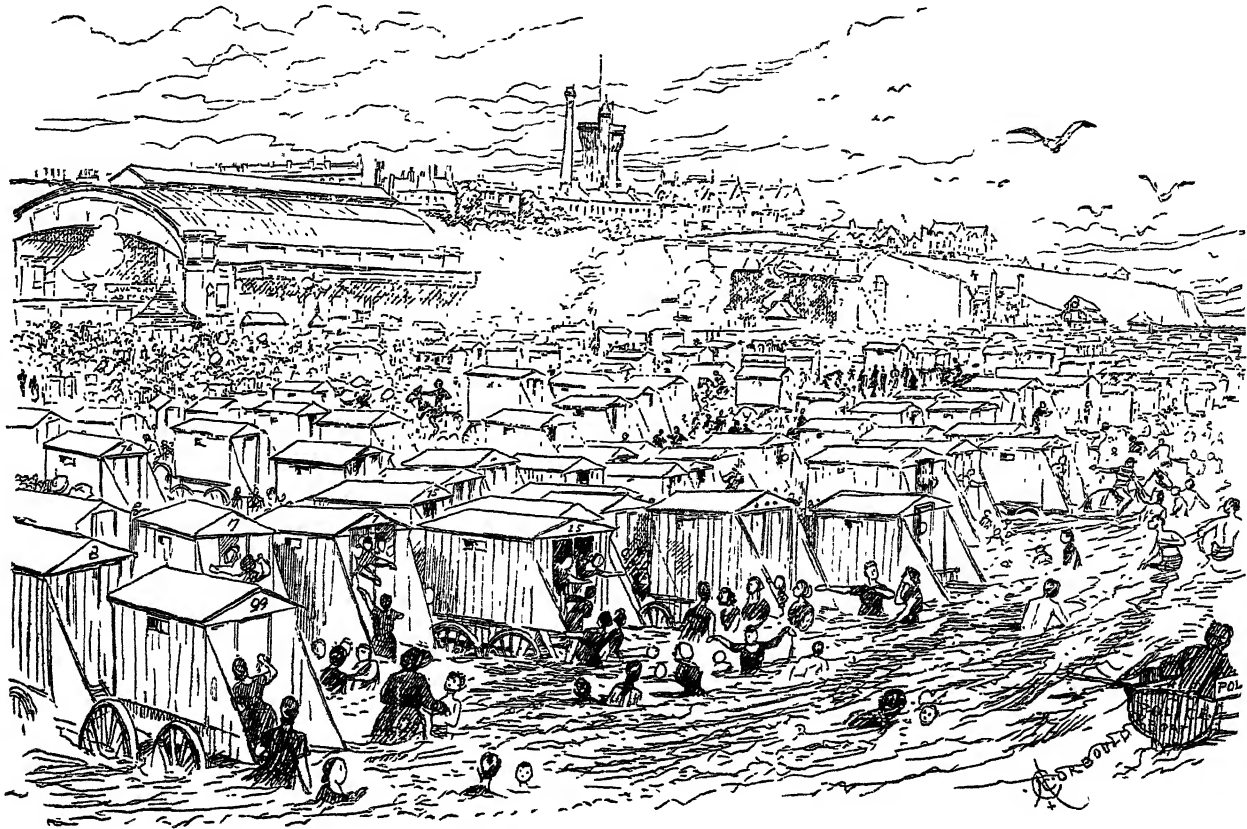
Gee-rainy-(um!).

Ran-uncle-us.

Prim-you-la!

A-rum Lily.





## SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

TO FIND YOUR BATHING-MACHINE IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE NUMBER.

## SHALL DOBBS HAVE A STATUE?

"WHO on earth is DOBBS?" asks JONES of Cheapside, as he hurriedly gobbles down his elegant breakfast at his suburban villa at select Surbiton, fearing to lose his train. We will tell JONES, and the rest of the world at the same time, and then we will discuss the question with which we began.

Mr. ARCHIBALD DOBBS, then, is a gentleman of remarkable energy, courage, and public spirit, as will be readily acknowledged when we inform the world of London what he has done for them. Being dissatisfied, as most of us are, with the price charged for the supply of water, he appealed to the Magistrate, contending the charge should be based upon the rateable value of his house, and not upon its gross value, but the Magistrate decided against him. Not having a very high opinion of the legal attainments of a Police Magistrate, he boldly appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, and they decided that the Magistrate was wrong, and Mr. DOBBS right. The Water Company, well knowing the importance of this decision, immediately gave notice of appeal to the Court of Appeal. Matters now began to look serious. However public-spirited a man may be, the fighting at law of a wealthy public Company is no joke. So Mr. DOBBS appealed to the Public to assist him. But the Public is a very curious body in relation to such matters; and while they readily follow a Royal lead anywhere, or for any object, are very slow in assisting a man in fighting their battles, and, with the exception of some assistance from the Corporation and from one or two of the Vestries, the response was but small. When the appeal came on before Lord COLERIDGE and two other eminent Judges, the decision of the Queen's Bench Division was over-ruled, and Mr. DOBBS declared to be in the wrong.

Some men never know when they are beaten, and, fortunately for all of us, Mr. DOBBS is one of them. So he boldly appealed to the House of Lords, and they have decided, unanimously, that the Police Magistrate was wrong, that Lord COLERIDGE and the two Lords Justices were even more wrong, for they ought to have known better, and that gallant Mr. DOBBS is right.

Now, let us see what the result will probably be. As their decision will reduce the power of the Water Companies to charge us for water

by about one-sixth, the saving to the Metropolis by this plucky proceeding will be about £150,000 a year. Now for the question with which we began. Shall DOBBS have a Statue? Certainly not; it might be as hideous an abortion as that just removed from Hyde Park Corner; but surely some means can be devised by which the Public might show their appreciation of good judgment and great pluck combined for their interest. In one large City house, of exceptionally high rental, where the consumption of water is but small, it is calculated that they could lay in as much beer as they consume water, and at less expense. Mr. DOBBS has begun a great work with conspicuous success, and if his effort be properly appreciated, others will be induced to continue it, until the giant water-monopolists be brought to reasonable terms.

## THE PEERS TO THE PREMIER.

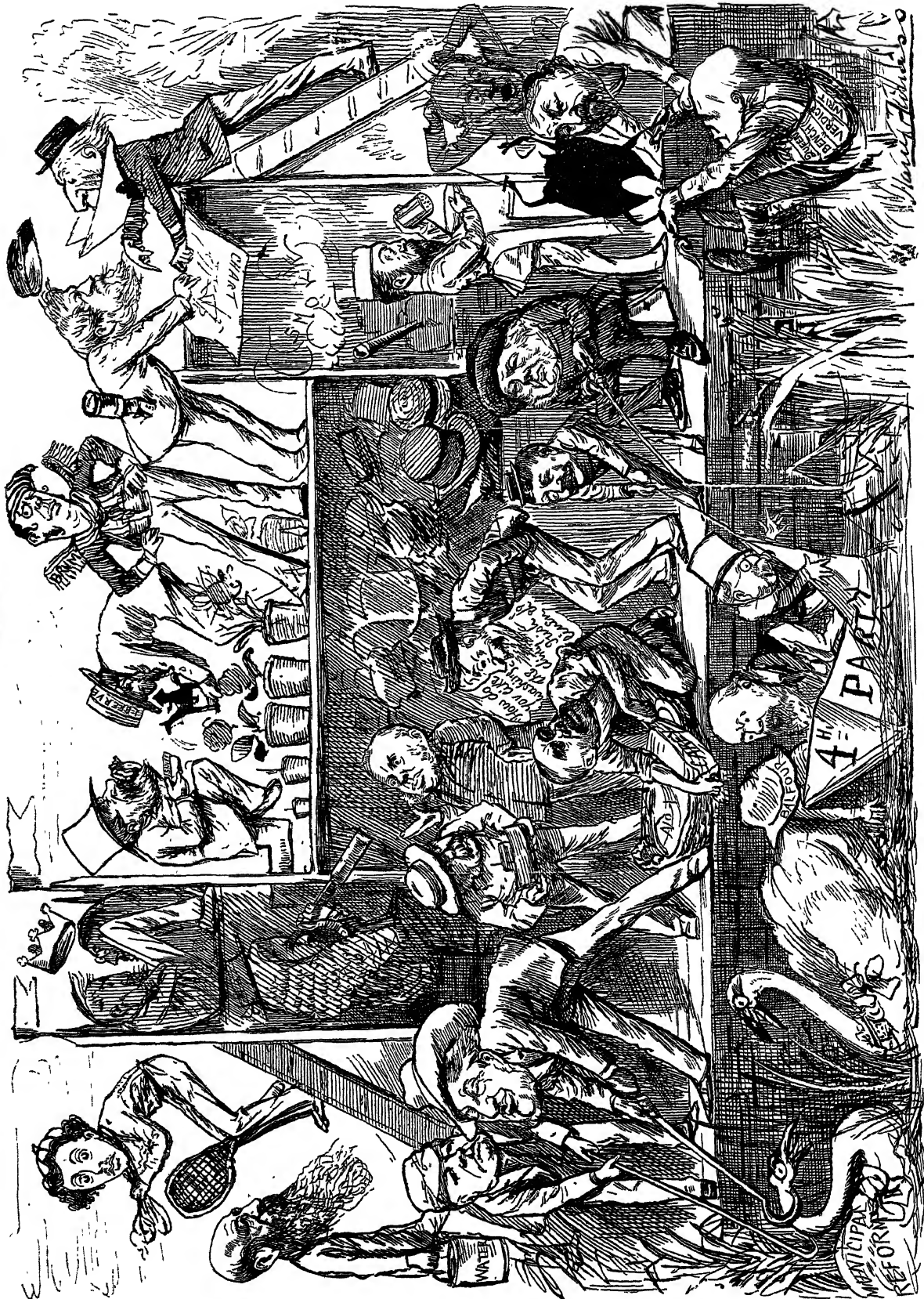
It's truly disgusting! You give us no work  
Till too late at the table to be a beginner.  
Pray what is the use of a good knife and fork  
You can't use till the end of the dinner?

## THE PREMIER TO THE PEERS.

You swear your light labours your zeal disappoint?  
As Political Cooks you our toils would be halving?  
Go to! If the times are so much out of joint,  
'Tis because of *your* "cutting and carving"!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM cannot exist without her fashionable and Court Intelligence. Miss LAVINIA commenced reading aloud a paragraph from *Truth*; "The QUEEN has also commissioned the Duke to invest his father-in-law—" when she was interrupted by her Aunt exclaiming, "Good gracious! LAVINIA! What on earth could he be invested in? But go on, my dear; I am most anxious to know who was the broker, as I should like to go to him myself."

AN "AREA PENSEE."—The Policeman's.



THE "HOUSE"-BOAT, OR A PARLIAMENTARY THAMES-BANK HOLIDAY.  
*(Suggestion for next Year, instead of the Greenwich Dinner.)*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday Night, August 13.*—Donnybrook Fair in House to-night. "But," as O'SHEA says, regretfully, "Donnybrook under disadvantages. Been raining all night; slush up to your ankles, and the whiskey bad."

Whole thing had too much air of pre-arranged performance. Not been a lively Session for Irish Members.

"We've never been the same men," says T. D. SULLIVAN, with a sigh, "since FORSTER left us. He was the making of us as a party. Always foresaw the consequences. Told HEALY he was doing a bad thing for Ireland—that is, for us—when he and the rest combined to drive out FORSTER."

What with that, and stoppage of American funds, things gone hard with the patriots. Felt necessity of having at least one good burst before Session closed. The nearer the end the more useful the effect. Government obligingly assented. Irish votes postponed from week to week till to-night, when, after due notice, they are moved. Large muster of Irish Members. Severe competition for *Grand Prix*, to be won by Member who can heap on absent men the coarsest abuse without being suspended. HEALY very good. HARRINGTON a poor creature, making shrill echoes of HEALY's invective. The O'KELLY moderately explosive. O'BRIEN intense, not to say too-too. T. P. CONNOR blustering. All the delicate nature and highly-strung temperament of Mr. CALLAN vibrating at what, falling in love with his own sarcasm, he frequently alludes to as "the chaste and virtuous BOLTON." But the palm and the *prix* carried away by JOSEPH GILLIS. Something so delightfully judicial in his manner whilst saying most horrible things, and over all the air of conviction and ingenuousness, that endear JOSEPH to the least susceptible heart. Moreover, he reaches heights unscaled even by the venomous weakness of HARRINGTON. He represents the murderers of Lord F. CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE as the helpless victims of Government machinations, done to death by bribed witnesses and packed juries.

"I suppose now," I said to Mr. HEALY, "that this sort of thing goes down in Ireland? A little wearisome here after the seventh hour. One feels as refreshed as if he'd been bathing in the Thames by a sewer outfall. But of course you must live."

"Sorry for you, TOBY," said TIM, who isn't such a bad fellow, after all. "But we're obliged to do it. As you say, we must live. But won't trouble you again. This'll see us over the Recess."

*Business done.*—Some Irish Votes passed.

*Tuesday.*—Quite affecting scene in House to-night. Bankruptcy Bill comes up on Report stage. Conservatives insist upon falling on CHAMBERLAIN's neck and kissing him.

"Never was such a Minister," says Mr. RITCHIE. "No, never," says Mr. WHITELEY. "Well, hardly ever," says Mr. DIXON HARTLAND, who, having fought Bill tooth and nail in Grand Committee, feels necessity of coming down gently.

General chorus of testimony as to skill, tact, and ability shown by CHAMBERLAIN in piloting the Bill through Grand Committee.

"Talk about the lion lying down with the lamb!" says HARCOURT, who doesn't remember any time when his undoubted



## RETROSPECTION.

SCENE—*Æsthetic Neighbourhood.*

*Converted Betting Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band).* "POOTY 'OUSES THEY BUILDS IN THESE SUBURBS, MR. SWAGGET."

*Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar and Banner-Bearer in the same).* "AH! AND HOW 'ANDY THEM LITTLE BAL-CO-NIES WOULD 'A' BEEN IN FORMER—"

[A warning flourish on the Concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject!]

excellence was acknowledged from Conservative Benches, "nothing to this. Does anybody know where I could find a cockatrice's den? Should like to go and put my hand in it."

"Better try your foot," says ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "More accustomed to putting that in."

"Tell you what, young fellows," HARTINGTON says from under the brim of his hat, "CHAMBERLAIN's done more than saved the Bankruptcy Bill. He's saved Grand Committees. If his Committee had not done more than yours, JAMES, we should never have dared to propose renewal of experiment."

Sir WILLIAM McARTHUR wanted to ask "How about Madagascar?" HENRY, desirous of changing the subject, proposes to ask the worthy Alderman "How about Lambeth?" Not sure, however, that he'd make much of the question. Few scenes of equal interest to that



witnessed in one of the Committee Rooms the other day, when Sir WILLIAM received visit from large body of his Constituents. Hadn't called to ask him to sit for his portrait, or to receive piece of plate, or even to invite him to dinner. Simply looked in to ask him to resign his seat.

"Can't imagine," says Mr. WOODALL, "anything more uncomfortable or more embarrassing than to be shut up in Committee Room with twenty or thirty of your Constituents, who insist upon your resigning."

But Sir WILLIAM equal to occasion. Nothing could exceed urbanity with which he beamed upon them through his spectacles, or the personal interest with which he turned from one speaker to the other, anxious not to lose a single word of so interesting a conversation. When all had finished, Sir WILLIAM, leaning gracefully upon his gingham umbrella, blandly explained that, whilst anxious not to offend anyone's prejudices, he really could not, in the interests of the vast electorate of Lambeth, yield to the solicitation of deputation. No anger; no resentment; no scornful words; only the bland smile, the benevolent presence, and the gingham umbrella persuasively pointed to the door through which the deputation presently filed, agreeing that they hadn't made much out of the visit.

*Business done.*—Tremendous. Irish Parliamentary Registration Bill passed through Committee, Bankruptcy Bill finally disposed of, and Irish Tramways Bill read Second Time.

*Wednesday Afternoon.*—"AGNEW doesn't speak often," Lord HARTINGTON said just now; "for, like myself and other Lancashire Members, he feels responsibility attaching to our position. As SHAKESPEARE says, 'What Lancashire says to-day, England thinks to-morrow.' So, except at Salford, Lancashire chary of speech. But when AGNEW opens his mouth he says something. Only wish he'd opened it sooner on this particular point."

These remarks, somewhat extended for HARTINGTON, refer to brief address by AGNEW on question of WARTON's Wednesdays. WARTON always comes down at noon on Wednesday with fresh supply of snuff, strongly suspected of being medicated. Members about to enter House find him there. He offers snuff. The unwary take it, become violently agitated, and, instead of following original intention of entering House, retire. Come round in from half-an-hour to an hour, according to strength of constitution. But in meantime SPEAKER been waiting for House to be made, and legislative machinery at a stand-still. Members begin to fight shy of snuff of late, so WARTON boldly blocks the way. Tries to prevent them entering. AGNEW brings this under notice of SPEAKER, who utters grave rebuke, and WARTON temporarily snuffed out.

*Business done.*—Scotch Local Government Board Bill in Committee.

*Thursday.*—Distinguished visitor at House at night. Mr. MARWOOD, having professional engagement at Newgate on Monday, runs up to town a day or two before. Where shall he go? Madame TUSSAUD's, the Tower, or Houses of Parliament? TUSSAUD's a little melancholy with its chamber of departed acquaintances. The Tower a place where, Mr. MARWOOD has heard, in the Dark Ages they used to get rid of surplus population by taking off their heads with axe. That's low. Mr. MARWOOD will not countenance it even at this date.

"Shall call on my friend the 'OME SECKRETERARY at the 'Ouses of Parlyment," he says.

Sir WILLIAM unhappily not at home when his colleague in the Executive Government called. Fact is, had been rather let down at question time by so inconsiderable a person as HARRINGTON. Having to answer question about dog-fight at Blackburn, Grandiose Old Man naturally not content with ordinary reply. Couldn't resist chance of "going for" the newspapers, which, I am told, don't habitually estimate him at his own value. "When gentlemen read these accounts in the newspapers," says he, with a comprehensive wave of his arm, "it will save time and trouble if they assume they are not true."

"Does the same principle apply to information given in American newspapers?" HARRINGTON asked. House, recalling familiar spectacle of last year, when Grandiose Old Man was constantly appearing and reading in sepulchral tones extracts from American newspapers describing the doings of the Land League, laughs and cheers. G. O. M. doesn't like being laughed at, so goes home, and thus misses opportunity of showing Mr. MARWOOD over the House.

In his absence distinguished Hanger-on of the Government does very well. A nice, quiet, mild, elderly Gentleman, of affable manners, and even benevolent countenance. Peers came to peer at him through glass door of Strangers' Gallery.

"Wears a high black stock like me!" cries Lord WAYNEX, with a look of terror coming into his eyes.

Held quite a *levée* in Lobby of House of Commons, but is not at all stuck up. Listened with decent politeness to Lord WEMYSS, making thirteenth speech on Agricultural Holdings Bill.

"Now he uses the long drop in his speech, if I may say so," Mr. M. observed, patronisingly. Whether this professional remark alluded to length of address, or to neatness in despatching subject, left problematical.

After visiting Lords, Mr. MARWOOD not at all above looking in on

Commons. Sat for an hour in Speaker's Gallery. Most of the time had his eyes fixed on Benches below Gangway on Conservative side, where there was a large muster of Irish Members.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. MARWOOD?" I ask, observing his concentrated attention. (No hang-dog look about him. Not a bit afraid of talking to him).

"Ah!" he said, slowly rubbing his hands together, drawing in his breath, and emitting it with kind of hungry sigh. Curious person to talk to. Mysterious and monosyllabic.

*Business done.*—Mr. HEALY paid off Sub-Inspector CAMERON for endeavouring to keep the peace at Wexford. Sat late, and got some Votes.

*Friday.*—Curious instance supplied in House of Lords to-night of power of phrase. Cruelty to Animals Bill passed in Commons by overwhelming majority. Getting on very well in the Lords till WEMYSS, making twenty-third speech for the week, severely denounced it as "a germ Bill." "What's a germ Bill?" Lord DENMAN whispered. "Don't know," WEMYSS replied. "But it sounds well." Lords didn't know either. But felt there was something darkly mysterious about a germ Bill. Had heard of "germ theory." Distinctly improper thing. Might have something to do with that; so throw out Bill by 30 Votes to 17.

## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*The Start—Training Notes—Inquiry—My Companion—Waking Moments—Observations—Stoppage—Across the Border—Early Wit—Slow Progress—An Offer—Arrival—Embarkation—The Steamer—Laudation—Explanation—Live and Larne—The Quay—The Harbour—Reception—Welcome—Off to the Yacht.*

WITH what an air of annoyance and reckless contempt one fellow-passenger always treats another fellow-passenger's bag!

Every man thinks that the whole carriage belongs to him, and looks upon every other person as a trespasser and a nuisance.

Awaking, or partially awaking, about 4:30 A.M. on a lovely morning, I am informed, by a Guard or Porter, that we are stopping at a place called Penrith. This name having a decidedly Welsh sound, it occurs to me suddenly that, in spite of all my precautions at starting (when, to begin with, the Station-Master's clerk, confidentially, and as a great piece of politeness, put me into the wrong carriage, from which the Guard forcibly rescued me, thereby earning my gratitude and a couple of shillings), I have either made a mistake in the train, or that that part of it, in which I ought to have been, has gone on to my intended destination, and another part, with me in it, has turned up in Wales, where, as it seems to me, we are at this moment, when we should be in Scotland, or, at all events, at Carlisle.

There is only one supposition, inadmissible in all railway travelling, and that is, that the driver doesn't know his way, or has taken a wrong turning in the dark, and lost it. A stage-coach, handled by a coachman new to the road, might do this, but an engine-driver can't.

We, my travelling companion and myself, examine *Bradshaw*. This process is always accompanied by a series of impatient exclamations varying in their intensity according to the difficulty of the inquiry. I cannot at a moment's notice define the precise meaning of "objurgations,"—but as, in the course of our *Bradshaw* Inquiry, we do not use very strong language, I am inclined to the opinion that, in this case, we use "objurgations," and while we are about it we objurgate freely. If objurgation doesn't mean this, it is such an ugly word in itself that it ought to. The result is that we find Penrith in something under ten minutes.

Being perfectly satisfied that we are on the right route, my companion, who has kindly undertaken the inquiry, throws down the *Railway Guide-Book* with a "Confound *Bradshaw*!" and reclines, with an air of utter exhaustion, at full length, on the seat. Certainly, the study of *Bradshaw* at 4 A.M., after a series of short snoozes,—say, as far as I am concerned, twenty spasmodic attempts at sleep, to be calculated at forty winks each,—is certainly very trying. My companion, who, like myself, is to be a guest on board our friend MELLEVILLE's yacht, and with whom I have a slight previous acquaintance, has commenced the journey by saying that "he never can sleep in a train, and hoping that, if I do, I won't snore." I assure him, of course, that I am never guilty of snoring, and should have prepared myself for a chat, with our cigar, had not my experience told me, with certainty, that, whenever a man begins by informing me how he finds it impossible ever to sleep in a train, he is sure to snuggle himself into a comfortable corner, gradually become huddled up all in a heap, so that at last he resembles a badly-stuffed dummy waiting to be carried about on the fifth of November, the only indication of life being a persistent snore, which slowly increases in tone, until the noise, having prevented anyone else from getting a wink of sleep, suddenly reaches such a pitch of intensity as to wake the performer himself, who, however, merely gives a discontented shrug, huddles himself up again into another helpless attitude, and in less than a minute is again sound asleep, and bringing out the second series of his highly unpopular snoring-entertainment. When



he wakes for good, hours afterwards, he at once complains of the impossibility of getting to sleep when you (his unfortunately wakeful and long-suffering companion) "will make such a confounded noise with your snoring." My companion is no exception to this rule, and so I try to get to sleep first; but I make a false start, and he wins by three snores to nothing.

At Carlisle, being late,—it is rarely my good fortune to travel by a train that keeps to its time,—we have only an eight minutes' wait. Everything in the way of refreshment is at the other end of the platform, a distance apparently of a quarter of a mile.

Awaking to this fact, we run.

Much can be done in eight minutes, but not everything when you have a considerable way to go there and back, when you are strange to the place, when you are on the alert to catch the slightest indication of a whistle or a bell, when you are immediately prepared to drop your hot coffee, cram your bread-and-butter in your mouth, chuck down any coin that comes first to hand without waiting for change, or, if engaged in a refreshing toilette, you will throw down the brush, put your travelling-cap on anyhow (deranging your hair again), hustle on your coat, nearly assault the attendant who is civilly coming at you with a clothes-brush, but give him sixpence, and then, feeling as if you had brushed your hair the wrong way, and were dressed in somebody else's clothes, you run down the platform, the train having moved farther off than before, and anxiously visit every carriage, until, just as you are in utter despair of finding the right one, you see a friendly porter halloaing to you from afar off, or your travelling companion (though he is the very last person to afford you any assistance, having generally gone wrong himself, or, if right, having re-settled himself comfortably, and probably wondering what on earth can have become of you) signalling to you wildly to "come on," as if he were challenging you to a combat of two. By the way, *à propos* of "challenging," I do notice this in my travelling companion, that when he is awake there is a certain asperity in his manner as if he wanted to have a row with me. Seeing this, I prepare soft answers, and avoid any topics likely to lead to difference of opinion. In fact, not being at all certain of my man, I humour him on every point. "Birds in their little nests agree," says the poet, with remarkable poetic licence by the way, and two fellow-travellers in the same compartment ought to be unanimous. *Happy Thought*.—Be unanimous.

The consequence is that my companion appears to be better pleased, with himself, at all events, if not with me, and when once across the Border, we begin—I start it and he follows suit—with that fevered and unnatural jocosity that will exhibit itself at five A.M.—when you ought to be asleep, but can't—to attempt imitations of the Scotch brogue. We don't get much further than pointing out a labourer in the fields—(healthy work a labourer's in the fields at five A.M.—what's he doing?—probably like the early bird, catching the worm—or, still more probably, catching the early bird itself)—and saying, "Eh, Sirs, there's a mon!" or "There's a wee bit lassie!" and we talk of a "drappit in the ee," but we don't risk taking it at five A.M.

With the same forced gaiety we playfully point out to one another several Abbotsfords, a variety of imaginary birth-places of ROBERT BRUCE; of course we select a pig-stye, and ask "who was born there?" the answer being "Hogg;" and then we indicate several BURNS' Monuments, and some hives as the place where the Bawbees dwell; and then we inform each other (for *les grands esprits*, &c.) that a lot of natives in a field are Scots wha hay-making.

After these feeble specimens of early wit and humour, the conversation becomes desultory; then we sleep alternately, each waking up by turn fresh for a talk, only to find the other asleep, and to be annoyed with him. Gradually we feel the pangs of hunger.

Then the train begins to dawdle. At the small stations they appear so pleased to see a train that they cannot make up their minds to part with it. Guard, Station-master, porters, all chatting pleasantly for awhile, and then dashing into business. The business seems generally to be suggested by the head official being suddenly struck by the idea that, as the visits of a train are few and far between, our engine, on the present occasion, may as well be utilised for the moving of a few coal-trucks. More delay. We seem to have got into a line of McDawdles.

To give some sort of colour to the protracted stoppages, someone (if possible, in an official uniform, but anybody will do) opens the door, and requests to see the tickets. This process is repeated—sometimes twice over, by mistake, at the same station—once within every twenty minutes. At last a porter opens the door, and asks if we'll have breakfast on board the steamer (an hour hence), because, if so, he'll wire on. We hesitate. At least I do; for, collapsing as I now am with hunger, I feel, from painful experience, that to order a breakfast beforehand on board a steamer which has to cross the sea to Ireland, may end in bitter disappointment, and be a waste of money. This last reason I think arises from the atmosphere of the country; I am becoming acclimatized, and the first symptom is a partial exhibition of Scotch caution.

It is very fine; it is warm, scarcely a breath of air to move the trees; but, as I point out to my travelling companion, we are not

going to have much to do with trees, and appearances inland are but very untrustworthy authority as to the real state of the case on the coast and on the sea,—and so, my companion being evidently of a hasty temperament, and the porter on the doorstep appearing impatient, the former decides, autocratically, "Wire breakfast for two on board"—and I assent, hoping it will be for the best.

At Stranraer. On board the steamer in correspondence with train,—a correspondence which, I am glad to say, is published in *Bradshaw*,—plying between Scotland and Ireland. It is for the best. Excellent breakfast. First-rate fish, first-rate eggs, better toast was never crunched, and better marmalade couldn't be found anywhere in Scotland. Bravo, Steward and admirable Stewardess! The latter when at work as stern as *Lady Macbeth*, and with a brogue that absolutely so frightens me at first, that I refuse to let her take away my cup to fill it with coffee and milk; but she insists, and I timidly yield, and she returns with it, made exactly as I want it, real *café au lait*. On no passenger-boat that I can remember have I ever met with such a possible breakfast. There is a choice of about half-a-dozen things in fish and meat—for the small sum of two shillings a head, out and come again as often as you like. But to be just before I am generous, nay, lavish, of praise, I should add that on no passenger-boat do I ever remember myself being so well, with such an appetite for breakfast, or (which is five points out of six in my favour) the sea so calm. I am therefore viewing the commissariat department under exceptionally favourable conditions.

One traveller, who looks like *Rob Roy Macgregor* badly disguised in a modern tourist suit, goes through the whole course, for, having to return to the saloon in the course of half-an-hour, I find him still at it in the most unabashed manner, evidently taking out his railway and boat-fare in a supply which would serve for three meals in one—*tria juncta in uno*—and last him the day. The Stewardess, Steward, and their assistant regard one another in an uncertain manner. He comes up on deck at last, but I don't think they can have made much out of Mr. ROY MACGREGOR, who, I should say, doesn't often get such a chance when his foot "is on his native heath." By the way, why "foot"? Why not "feet"? The MACGREGOR was not noted for generally standing on one leg like the figure of Mercury! And, if both feet were not on his "native heath," which one was? and where was the other?

*Solution of Difficulty*. If one of ROY MACGREGOR's feet was in one county, perhaps the other was in Ayr.

Ireland, bedad! Ould Ireland! Larne Harbour.

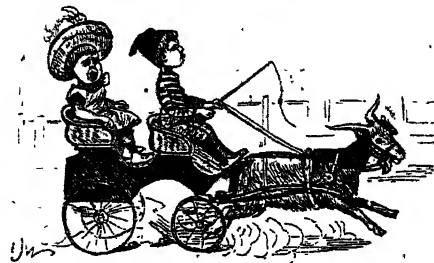
*Happy Thought*.—Arrange a joke beforehand, to amuse them on the yacht. My travelling-companion shall say, speaking of Larne, that he "didn't know there was such a place." To which my reply will be, "Indeed! Well, you see you've got to Larne," or "I always said you had a good deal to Larne," or simply "Live and Larne."

On second thoughts, I won't take my travelling-companion into partnership over this *jeu de mot*. From what I've seen of him when awake, I don't think he is the sort of man to be entrusted with a part in a joke. I will perfect it before dinner-time, and bring it out as an impromptu. This was SHELDON's plan. History repeats itself. That's why History is so dull.

Some of the Yacht's crew are on Larne quay, and in a twinkling they have deposited our baggage in the gig, and in another few twinklings we have greeted our host, MELLVILLE, the owner of the *Creusa*,—naturally, but unlearnedly, pronounced "*Cruiser*"—the men "give way"—[*Happy Thought*.—That's why a boat's crew should be so obliging, because they're always "giving way"—and we are now nearing the gallant schooner, *Creusa*.

## A SEASIDE STUDY

In Natural History.



A Goat and Two Kids.

## A Virtue of Opium.

CERTAIN Missionaries in China declare, in a petition addressed to the House of Commons against the trade in Opium, that the use of that drug "enslaves its victim, squanders his substance, destroys his health, weakens his mental powers, lessens his self-esteem, deadens

his conscience, unfits him for his duties, and leads to his steady descent, morally, socially, and physically." Among all these counts in this indictment of Opium there is one that may be thought to tell in favour of the accused. Does Opium really lessen self-esteem? If so, then perhaps some of the petitioners would do well to take it.



## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

(Why shouldn't a Portrait-Painter make his Sitters pay in proportion to their ugliness? He might put it to them delicately, but firmly.)

*Alderman Sir Robert.* "AH, VERY LIKE THE COLONEL—VERY LIKE, INDEED! FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS, DID YOU SAY? WELL, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO PAINT ME LIKE THAT."

*Our Artist.* "OH, FOR YOU, SIR ROBERT, IT WOULD BE TWO THOUSAND! I DON'T WISH TO FLATTER, BUT YOU HAVE—A—A VERY EXPENSIVE CAST OF FEATURES. THE COLONEL'S FEATURES ARE ORDINARY, POOR OLD CHAP! HOOK NOSE, SHORT UPPER LIP, PROMINENT CHIN, LITTLE MOUTH, BIG EYES, HIGH FOREHEAD, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW—VERY CHEAP, INDEED!"

## NURSE GLADSTONE.

KIDNAPPER? Goodness gracious, not at all!

A Nurse, no more; and e'en that avocation Is "temporary and exceptional."

Some people do want so much explanation,  
Ask such crass questions,  
And make such strange and sinister suggestions.

A Nurse! An honourable office, surely.

What is there in a little loving dandling

To stir the catechists from STAFF to MORLEY?

The child needs hushed repose, and gently handling.

Why fuss and bother?

The Nurse is skilful—loves it like a mother.

The babe is backward, feeble for its age;

But then, all prodigies are not precocious.

The poor thing's early treatment was not sage.

Shall we expose it, Spartan-like, ferocious,

To danger's full rushes,

Helpless, alone, like MOSES in the bullrushes?

Suppose we did! Who knows who might pretend

To—falsely—play the part of PHARAOH's daughter?

Some sly French *bonne* its weakness might befriend,

Some Coptic Herod it condemn to slaughter.

No, no, by Isis,

We won't forsake it whilst its fate's at crisis.

We'll "give it a fair start." What may that mean?

Now surely such a query must be needless,

Unless to satisfy the spluttering spleen

Of ASHMEAD BARTLETT. Quidnuncs, hot and heedless,

Like that *Paul Pry*,  
May urge such questions; but they're all my Eye.

The babe, we say, is backward; see, poor thing,

How like a Mummy it is swathed and swaddled!

'Twill need a finger kind whereto to cling.

When once it feels its feet, has safely toddled,

Why then its Nursey  
May safely leave the child to fortune's mercy.

Those feet don't look like toddling? Why contemn

The tucked-up tootsies of this heir of RAMESES?

When it has proved that it can trust to them,

Then Nurse's function's finished; from the premises

She will begone;

But not—oh *not*—till it can run alone!

AMONG the improvements to be made during the Vacation in the New Law Courts, "The Wells of the Courts occupied by Mr. Justice KAY and Mr. Justice CHITTY, will be raised." The two Judges evidently share with Truth the distinguished honour of sitting in a well. But surely this contemplated alteration is dangerous. Isn't this raising the wells uncommonly like meddling with the clear springs of Justice? "Better leave Wells alone," as the Bishop of BATH and WELLS said, when they wanted to deprive him of the second part of his title.

MORE WORK FOR THE POSTAL AUTHORITIES.—To lay down the limits for "Parcels of Nonsense"—in Parliament and elsewhere.



## NURSE GLADSTONE.

"OH, THE LITTLE DUCKY-WUCKY! NEVER WILL ITS NANA LEAVE IT TILL IT CAN RUN QUITE ALONE;—NEVER!!"





SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCUIT.

THE arrangements for the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's "American Tour," having, according to a Contemporary, at length been "substantially completed by the Committee," it is satisfactory to find that the whole undertaking promises to prove a great financial success. It has long, of course, been known in legal circles that the beggarly pay received by the leading lights of the Bench, when taken in comparison with the heavy sums made latterly by their more fortunate rivals of the Stage, had led to a tension of feeling on the subject that could only find ultimate relief in some spirited outburst. And the determined and business-like prominence of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE at a recent Banquet, showed clearly in which way the wind was setting. It is therefore not a matter of surprise to hear that by the engagement of an excellent man of business, Mr. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, Lord COLERIDGE, and the learned *troupe* who accompany him, have already managed before their arrival in the States, to fill up nearly every one of their dates, down to the very day of their return voyage home again across the Atlantic.

It is satisfactory, too, to note that, while business has evidently been the guiding motive of all the arrangements, there will be no lack of recreation for the hard-working luminaries *en route*. On August 28 a certain "Mr. SLOANE" gives them a "reception," and on the 29th it is announced that "Judge HILTON will entertain the party." At Windsor, Vermont, they will, on the 1st of September, be shown "Mr. EVARTS's guests," no doubt a rare collection of personages, and well worth seeing. The very next day, too, they will be treated to a private view of "FABIAN's Twin." All this is as it should be. The unusual strain of an extended legal tour cannot be lightened too much with pleasing little distractions of such a character, and it is agreeable to note that even the claims of private friendship will not be forgotten. "On Saturday, September 8," says the Report, "the party will go to Fredericton, New Brunswick, where Lord COLERIDGE will visit his old friend, Lord JOHN FREDERICTON, the Bishop of Fredericton, New Brunswick."

Nor is the Dominion behind-hand in graceful attentions to the hard-working *troupe*. Receptions are offered them freely on all sides. "At Quebec," the report proceeds, "they get a reception and a dinner." This is handsome. At Montreal there is a reception, but no dinner. Ottawa also prefers to indicate its hearty cordiality in the same unobtrusive fashion. There is hand-shaking, but nothing more. But Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE, Lord Justice BOWEN, Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., and Mr. INCE, Q.C., and the several other distinguished Members of the English Bar who make up the clever performing party, are not likely to resent the elimination of the dining element from the tariff of welcome set before them. Even an injudicious sandwich or two might be too much for them, as a glimpse at the rough sketch of their own capital but arduous programme, suffices to show. In fact, a good deal of severe training will be requisite to enable them to get through it at all.

Still the programme, as far as can be gathered from the brief details as yet published, appears to have been capitally arranged with a view to securing the patronage of every class of the community, and large takings may be confidently expected. Indeed, no expense has been spared, and no device neglected in order to ensure a run of excellent business; and the following preliminary advertisement, drawn up by a well-practised hand, will, immediately on the arrival of the learned party, be inserted in all the leading journals, and continued without intermission daily, till the termination of the tour, as announced, on the 25th October next.

THE LEARNED BRITISH LEGAL TROUPE.

UNPARALLELED COMBINATION OF TALENT, comprising

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE,

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN,

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.,

MR. INCE, Q.C., and several other

UNDISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH BAR, who will perform

THEIR ASTOUNDING FEATS, acknowledged by successive

BRITISH JURIES to have often produced on them

ASTONISHING EFFECTS, exciting frequently their

HUMAN INTEREST, and provoking sometimes even

ROMANTIC IDEAS by the most

MAGNIFICENT LEGAL STAGE MANAGEMENT.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

THE BOSS OF THESE UNIQUE ARTISTS,

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, will, after delivering one of his

LUcid AND REMARKABLE JUDGMENTS, perform

THE THRILLING AND HAZARDOUS FEAT of

DASHING HIS OWN WIG.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN in his great and unrivalled

ROARING COMIC SCENE of

PUTTING HIMSELF OUT OF COURT.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

MR. CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., and

MR. INCE, Q.C.,

THE HIGHLY POPULAR PATTERN SILK TAKERS, in their

SERIO-COMIC CHAMBER DUOLOGUE of

A RUSH FOR A REFRESHER.

THE TALENTED TROUPE

DEVILLING FOR RUSSELL, with characteristic Chorus by several rising

MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR BAR, who will dance

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF THEIR OWN CASE.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.—"We have not seen such a clever set of right down cusses for a long time. We will back COLERIDGE to divide himself into fractions and sum himself up again. HILTON had better take to scissors grinding."—*Chicago Sentinel*.

THE LEARNED TROUPE.—"Judge BOWEN is a thing to be seen. He says he's game to cross Niagara on a chain of his own evidence, and we should like to have five dollars on it. He plays too, on the feelings of a jury—without his notes. BARNUM should come to terms at once."—*Nashville Straightouter*.

THE LEARNED TROUPE will appear as under:—Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands, Watkin's Glen, Rochester, Buffalo (reception), Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago (reception by State Bar), Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Sioux City, Omaha, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, Decatur, Logansport, Indianapolis, Dayton, Cincinnati, Springfield, Columbus, Wheeling, Chattanooga, Pittsburgh, Cumberland, Harper's Ferry, Parkersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Mansfield, Salamanca, Syracuse, Albany, concluding at New York.

For further particulars apply to ELLIOT F. SHEPARD, Managing Agent, New York. A few dates still vacant.

CON. FOR DISTRICT SURVEYORS.—Why are rumours concerning Mr. GLADSTONE and Prince BISMARCK like Jerry-Builders' houses?—Because they are generally found to be "devoid of foundation."

MOTTO FOR A SUNDAY MORNING SITTING (by an Irish Obstructionist).—"The better the day the worse the work!"

CAN a man who "stands in his own light" be considered to be "in his way"?

## "THE SERVICES!"

[A correspondence is going on in various papers as to whether the Army or the Navy takes precedence.]

No matter which Service comes first in the toast,  
That we've honoured for so many years,  
Be sure that whoever may rule o'er the roast,  
We shall drink it with heartiest cheers.  
We know that whenever they're called on to fight,  
They will make every foe cry "*Peccavi!*"  
So here's to the "Navy and Army" to-night,  
And eke to the "Army and Navy."

Let grave antiquarians fiercely discuss  
All the *pros* and the *cons*,  
and ne'er yield  
On which should come first,  
'tis no matter to us,  
When each strives to be first in the field.  
If "*Palmas qui meruit ferat*" be right,  
Then both should most surely be palmy;  
So here's to the "Army and Navy" to-night,  
And eke to the "Navy and Army."

WELL HEARNED!—For "M.C.C. and Ground v. Mote Park," W. HEARN and G. G. HEARNE lately contributed between them 342 runs out of 443. This may fairly be called the "Hearned increment," eh?

"A SELLING RACE."—The Jews.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 150.



THE BOLD BUCCLEUCH,

MONARCH OF ALL THE LOWLAND GLENS.

"I am sure the Duke himself!"—*Comedy of Errors*, Act V., Sc. 1.

## LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

*A River Rondeau.*

At Boulter's Lock—nay, don't  
pooh-pooh—  
'Tis pleasant, when you've  
nought to do,  
On dreamy sunny August  
days  
To lounge and laugh, to  
smoke and gaze,  
And watch the countless craft  
pass through.

The gondola, the frail canoe,  
The girls in pink, in white, in  
blue;  
The Maidens' Eight, beyond  
all praise,  
At Boulter's Lock!

The pic-nic punt, the laugh-  
ing crew—  
I'd like to join them, wouldn't  
you?  
Alas! we cannot always  
laze!  
So let's to SKINDLE's take  
our ways.  
I'm getting hungry, *entre  
nous*,  
At Boulter's Lock!

IMPORTANT POLITICO-LITE-  
RARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—MR.  
ASHMEAD BARTLETT is pre-  
paring a Political Fairy Tale,  
in which he will embody those  
vehement, if somewhat vague  
and vengeful, views upon  
Foreign Policy, which an un-  
kind fate denies him a full  
opportunity of propounding in  
Parliament. The title of the  
work will be, *Malice in Blun-  
derland*.

## MYSTERY, MURDER, AND THE MONEY MARKET.

*(The fragment of a Story picked up in Capel Court.)*

"The Madrid journals publish particulars of the Bourse gambling connected with the recent conspiracy. More revelations are promised when the censorship of the Press has been abolished."—*Daily Paper*.

THE PRISONER, bound hand and foot, was yet able to crawl to a window which separated his room from the next. He was surprised to find that it was furnished more like a City office than what his imagination had pictured to be the head-quarters of a Secret Society ubiquitous in its ramifications. There were tables and chairs, a desk with drawers, and an iron safe. In a corner was a strange-looking little machine, under a glass case, from which continually flowed a thin strip of paper, apparently covered with hieroglyphics. A stern-countenanced but respectably-garbed individual of middle age was seated at the desk, writing. After a while he stopped for a moment, seemed to be thinking deeply, and then approached the thin slip with its strange characters. What he read upon the paper seemed to annoy him, for he stamped his foot impatiently, and touched a button projecting from the wall. Immediately, a secret door was discovered, which opened suddenly to admit a cloaked figure. The man at the desk motioned to the new-comer to throw off his disguise. The peremptory command was obeyed, and the Prisoner uttered an exclamation of intense astonishment as he recognised in the now undraped figure one of the most celebrated diplomatists of modern times. The man at the desk, holding the strip of paper in his hand, appeared to be giving orders which were received by his visitor with obsequious bows. Then the Statesman was motioned to withdraw; and assuming once more his long black cloak, disappeared through the wainscoting. He had scarcely gone before the man at the desk touched another button, and a second secret door was revealed. Again a man in a cloak appeared, to be followed, later on (from a series of secret doors) by another and another and another.

When each in his turn uncloaked, he revealed to the watching Prisoner at the window the face of either a General or a Prime Minister of world-wide celebrity. They belonged to many Nationalities. Some were French, others Germans, others Italians and Russians. The man at the desk treated one and all with haughty abruptness. He seemed to be giving them directions, which they appeared to be receiving with slavish self-abnegation.

When he had dismissed the last of his distinguished visitors, he struck a small bell which stood on the desk before him. Immediately the thongs of the Prisoner were unloosened, and he was ushered into the presence of the person he had been watching.

"Stand there!" said the man at the desk when the highly respectable Clerks who had introduced the captive had retired. "Don't utter a word until asked a question, but take out your note-book and listen attentively."

The man spoke in calm tones, but his voice sounded like the voice of a never-to-be-thwarted conqueror. The Prisoner felt that resistance was impossible.

"You are poor, desperate, and daring? It was for that reason I caused you to be kidnapped. You would not shrink from any crime?"

"For a consideration," answered the Prisoner, wildly, but firmly, "I would poison my own grandmother."

"The very man for my purpose," murmured the man at the desk—then he said, in a louder tone, "Take down the following commissions. You will go to Paris, and shoot the President of the Republic the next time he appears on the Boulevards. Then you will go to Berlin, and blow up the King's Palace. Next you will travel to Madrid—nay, cross that out; I have got all I want in that quarter—you will travel to Vienna, and organise a Murder Conspiracy amongst the Railway Officials." He paused, and looked at the thin piece of paper. "And that will do for the present."

"And if I do not obey?" cried the Prisoner, defiantly.

"If you do not obey," repeated the man at the desk, leisurely, "the Curse of the 'House' will be upon you until you die!"



# SOME PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING THINGS.

"BY THE BYE, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ARTICLE IN THE PENTONVILLE PULVERISER IT'S ADMIRABLE!"

"OH, YOU FLATTER ME—"

"NO, I ASSURE YOU—IT'S QUITE SPLENDID—SO GOOD! I WAS NEVER SO SURPRISED IN MY LIFE AS WHEN I SAW YOUR NAME AT THE END!"

"Oh, anything rather than that!" shrieked the captive, and he immediately promised to execute the commissions which had been confided to him—promised, nay, swore!

"You can go," said the man at the desk at the conclusion of this painful scene.

The Prisoner wavered. At length he plucked up courage, and asked a question.

"Have you any objection to telling me your profession?"

"Not in the least," replied the man at the desk. "You will find my description in the *Post-Office Directory*."

"You must be the head of some terrible Secret Society—the General of the Nihilists, or the King of the Irish Republicans."

"Certainly not!" returned the other, indignantly. "I am a person of the highest respectability."

"And yet you have ordered murders, explosions, revolutions! Not a conspirator! Then, in the name of wonder, what are you?"

The question produced an explanatory answer—

"I am merely a leading Stockbroker who has sold rather heavily for the fall!"

## Grossely Offensive.

A SPORTING sponge, a shooting bore  
Is POTTS; if he's a friend, he'll tax him.

His is the Tennysonian maxim:—  
"Let knowledge grow from Moor to Moor."

THE TAMATAVE QUESTION.—Is it all Hova?

## PATIENTS AT THE PALACE.

"A Sanitarium and winter resort for invalids and elderly people, within half-a-dozen miles of Charing Cross, is seriously proposed among the hygienic improvements of the future. Instead of going to a Southern country, leaving friends and home comforts behind, the invalids and elderly persons are to enjoy a climate made up of equal parts of Madeira, Algeria, and the South of France, at the Alexandra Palace, on the Northern heights of the Metropolis, and full in view of the Dome of St. Paul's."—*Daily Paper*.

WHENEVER the Dome of St. Paul's is visible through the veil of smoke that habitually hides it, the effect is certainly very picturesque.

I wonder if the fogs in Madeira in November are white and chilling, like to-day's, or yellow and suffocating like yesterday's.

The Resident Physician's manners are very pleasant, but even he cannot prevent my feeling rather uncomfortable with the thermometer below zero.

In the prospectus I notice that the Sanitarium is described as an "airy" building. Perhaps this is why the assistance of two men-waiters and the hall-porter is required to hinder one from being blown away on the grand staircase.

\*The patient who would insist on sleeping with his window wide open, because "he had always done so at Madeira," will be buried, I hear, some time to-morrow.

Possibly the Resident Physician may be right in saying that the view of London from the sky-lights is far superior to the view of the Mediterranean from Mentone.

The influenza which I caught going to the theatre last night, shows the enormous advantage which the neighbourhood of London possesses compared with Madeira, where there are no theatres and no influenza.

By the constant yells I hear, I fancy there must be some more than usually important horse-race going on in the grounds.

The last application to wind up the Sanitarium was postponed owing to the absence of the Matron, who is laid up with rheumatism and bronchitis.

How curious that another doctor has just been created an Earl for his success in curing the "Alexandra Park Cough"!

## Sport!

FOX-HUNTING cruel? Bah! What pack of hounds

Equals the penny-a-lining, social spies

Who break into our life's domestic bounds,

And hunt us with their yelping pack—of lies?

The tenderest heart might blamelessly determine

To hunt these hunters ruthlessly—as Vermin!

RACING MEM. FOR NEXT YEAR.—There's many a slip  
Twixt the "Cup" and the "tip."

## "ESQ."

[A Correspondent of the *Standard* recently suggested that Mister and Esquire should be abolished.]

*Binks of Peckham unbosometh himself.*

I HAVEN'T got a title, and it would seem very queer,

If e'er the QUEEN should make me on some happy day a Peer;

I am not a J. P., I'm not a Q.C. or M.D.,

I'm not a blessed Baronet, and not a K.C.B.;

And therefore, if you please, I have a passionate desire

To stick to what I dare to claim—plain "Mister" or "Esquire."

They call me "Mister" when they write for taxes or the rates,

And when they send the little bills they sometimes keep on slates;

But surely I am dubbed "Esquire" when I'm politely dunned,

Say for a small subscription to the new Church organ-fund;

And till I'm Common Councillor to no more I aspire,

So leave me with my comforters—plain "Mister" or "Esquire."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she intends to celebrate the Luther Festival by a visit to the Luther Arcade. She is carefully reading up the History of the Reformation, and supposes that the term of "a Gay Lutheran" must have arisen from the fact of the Great Reformer having given permission to the Landgrave of Hesse to provide himself with a pair of wives at the same time.

VERY appropriate name for the place where Lord WOLSELEY is staying for shooting, "Cannon Hall." Billiards in the evening, of course. Our only General is great at Pyramids.

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE THIRD.

## I.

"Is thy face index to thy soul, dear child,  
LILIA! sole empress of my purse and heart?"



When last I saw those  
clear wide eyes they  
smiled  
Upon Lord MIDAS,—  
will e'en MIDAS  
"part"  
As I'm prepared?—" "  
Awakening with a  
start,  
The pillow heaves be-  
neath him; he is  
"dry."  
The clock lifts up its  
voice: his valet  
smart  
Brings him his coffee;  
noon is long gone by;  
Dressing is dreary  
work with heavy  
head and eye.

## II.

Once more on London's *pavé*, yet once more,  
Though the flags rock beneath him like a steed  
Gone groggy. Welcome to the Strand's loud roar!  
To "nips" and lemon-squashes it will lead,  
Though the strained hand now quivers like a reed,  
And the knit brow is ponderous and pale,  
CHAPPIE must on; for he is but a weed  
Flung forth on London life's swift stream, to sail  
Where'er its shallows sweep, where'er its floods prevail.

## III.

In his youth's summer he *must* have "some Fun"—  
The primal law of the esurient mind,—  
And Fun's horizon is a narrow one,  
By Boredom's desert bounded. Shall he find  
Cheer or content in service of his kind?  
Labours of serious thought? Those dried-up dears,  
The Muses, and their sterile song? Nay, blind  
To Beauty, save when stage-decked she appears,  
*His aim is "seeing life,"—love, larks, and bitter beers!*

## IV.

Something perchance of passion, but the vain  
Short fever of the heart whose every string  
Twangles to Self's monotonous hard strain,  
The song a satyr might essay to sing,  
If garbed and club-trained like the cynic thing,  
The twopenny Tuxon with his shallow dream  
Of calculated gladness, who his fling  
Takes in the swarm, like gnats adown a stream;  
To satire, if nought else, a not unpregnant theme.

## V.

A heart grown aged ere the first light snow  
Hath touched the head, finds little joy in life;  
No longer wonder waits it, nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Quicken that heart again. To wield a knife  
And fork with eager zest, to know right well  
What thirst seeks 'suaging in, that home and wife  
Are slow, dull, boring things wherewith to dwell,  
Whilst manhood's unimpaired 's the lore of the young Swell.

## VI.

Like a Chaldean CHAPPIE watched the "Stars,"  
Not of the heavens, but the stage—the bright  
Bold Beauties of Burlesque, pale Nenuphars  
Fragrant in frailty; these were his delight;  
Could he have gazed upon them day and night  
He had been happy: cloddy souls so sink  
The spark immortal. A lank-limbed young sprite,  
Coarse-tongued, *cynaille*, apt at smirk and wink,  
Would keep him meshed and "mashed" on desperation's brink.

## VII.

There is a sound of rellicking by night,  
Stagedom's worst hangers-on have gathered then,—  
Its limbs and its limb-worshippers, and bright  
The lamps shine o'er flushed women and fooled men.

Breasts—if not hearts—beat feverishly, and when  
Whispers the void-brained vain voluptuous Swell,  
Keen eyes look passion—which mean greed of gain—  
And all goes gaily as a jester's-bell:—  
But hush! hark! is that sound gay laughter or a knell?

## VIII.

Think you *they* hear it? No! to CHAPPIE's mind  
Fate's spirit-voice speaks not. Those lips *look* sweet.  
On with the frolic! Chaff flows unconfined,  
Decorum's bosh when youth and pleasure meet,  
The glimpse of glowing breast, of silk-shod feet—  
But hark!—that still small Voice speaks out once more!  
Is 't a cloud-picture, the handwriting fleet  
BELSHAZZAR saw that spreads thought's gaze before?  
To-morrow? Bah! get out! To-morrow is a bore!

## IX.

To-morrow means—oh, doldrums, leaden, slow,  
And gathering duns, and lips that coldly press,  
And cheeks gone pale which some short years ago  
Glowed red and brown midst Herley's strain and stress;  
Means sudden partings, impecuniousness,  
And social ostracism, curious "Why?'s"  
And answers softly whispered, "Can't you guess?  
*Gone to the bad, poor chap! A wanton's prize!*"  
Upon such joyous nights such joyless morrows rise.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR FRESCOES,

TO BE EXECUTED BY "MONSIEUR HERBERT" IN THE PEERS' ROBINING-ROOM.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Meeting of the Old and New Peers  
at Brighton.



Equestrian Portrait. Ryde Peer.



The Lord Chaunt-Seller.



An Early Bird.



"Law!"



"Just-inion!"



"Motheth and Thales."



"Like-her-'Gus."



## THE BATHING MACHINE.

A STUDY OF A RARE OLD CONSERVATIVE.



EHOLD an old relic of old-fashioned days,  
Recalling the coaches,  
the hoy, and post-chaise!  
It has not advanced in a  
timber or wheel,  
Since first it was fashioned  
by BENJAMIN BEALE.  
It is not æsthetic, nor  
yet picturesque,  
'Tis heavy and cumbersome,  
expensive, grotesque—  
And I feel very certain  
there never was seen  
Such an old-fashioned thing  
as a Bathing Machine!

The windows won't open,  
the doors never fit,  
The floor is strewn over  
with pebbles and grit;  
A looking-glass too, with  
a silverless back,  
A pinless pincushion, a  
broken boot-jack:  
It smells of old seaweed,  
'tis mouldy and grim,

'Tis sloppy and stuffy, 'tis dismal and dim—  
'Tis a deer-cart, a fish-van, or something between;  
Oh, a hideous hutch is the Bathing Machine!

The driver says "Right!" and he raps at the door;  
He starts with a jerk, and you sit on the floor!  
It creaks and it rattles, you rise and you fall,  
And bound to and fro like a mad tennis-ball!  
Again there's a lurch, and you nearly fall flat,  
And first sprain your ancle, then tread on your hat—

While you're bumped and you're battered, bruised blue, black,  
and green,  
In that horrid contrivance, the Bathing Machine!

## HOW WILL IT WORK?

"According to a list we printed the other day, several Englishmen have made vast acquisitions of land in the Western and Southern States of the Union. British dukes and earls figure in the statement for many hundreds of thousands of acres."—*Daily Paper*.

THE highly interesting question here raised may be best solved by a brief extract from the Parliamentary Reports of the day—say, a generation or two hence, as under:—

HOUSE OF LORDS. APRIL 1, 1883.

On the LORD CHANCELLOR taking his seat as usual on the Wool-sack at a quarter past four—

The Duke of DENVER said,—He had no wish to be too smart on the learned Boss who presided over this august Assembly, but he wanted, as a British Peer speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, to be informed why the sack on which his Lordship was fixed up in that House was stuffed with Colonial Wool instead of American Cotton? The latter was far cheaper, and, he believed, when properly doctored with fine shavings by a patent of his own—about which he guessed he would have something to say to their Lordships later—far softer as chair stuffing, as his Lordship would find out if he tried a specimen or two he had brought with him, and now in the Lobby. He hoped he was not misunderstood. Meantime he would lay a prospectus of the concern upon the table.

The Duke of BUCCLEUCH, who was proud to say he owned not a single acre beyond the seas, and spoke as the largest holder of landed property in the three kingdoms, denounced the proposition as another bit of encroaching Yankee impertinence. It was true that, owing to the operation of successive Land Laws, all that now was left to him was the freehold of his Park-like Villa at Walham Green; but still such proprietorship should, he trusted, have its legitimate weight with their Lordships. It was with a blush of shame that he reminded the noble Duke that his illustrious ancestor, the Marquis of SALISBURY, was an Englishman first and a speculator afterwards.

Lord FORTESCUE considered such retorts simple downright cussedness, and cutely calculated to waste the time of the House. He wished to know, too, why the two dozen extra spittoons that their Lordships had determined to have in the Robing Room had not yet

been handed in. If Black Rod had been cornering over that job, he should vote that that sniggering official be skewered out of his snug box pretty sharp with an apple-slicer.

Lord ABERDEEN guessed he was of the same opinion.

After some desultory criticism on the propriety of the recent fashion introduced by some noble Lords of amusing themselves by whittling during the delivery of the Speech from the Throne,

The Duke of RICHMOND, GORDON and GRIGGSVILLE introduced his Bill for the better preservation and expansion of the Tinned Pork Monopoly Acts. He explained its provisions. He said that, speaking with some warmth on behalf of the American pig-producing interest, the measure he now proposed would make the sale of British-fed pork practically impossible. This would be simply effected by requiring a heavy licence to be taken out by the home producer, while the curing of British-fed bacon would be made penal. The impetus given to the American productive trade by such paternal legislation would be obvious. The Tinned Pork trade would receive a legitimate protection, and large breeders in the States, like himself, would get that proper encouragement from the State that they not only expected, but had an hereditary and constitutional right to demand.

Lord CARLINGFORD, speaking as one of the most powerful land-owners in New Jericho, said he was darned glad to hear that observation. Upon which

The Archbishop of YORK rose, and, amid a scene of some excitement, asked the LORD CHANCELLOR if, as a Spiritual Peer, he was bound to listen to language that he had just been given to understand was more fitting to the atmosphere of an American drinking saloon. He did not like it.

The Duke of NORFOLK said that, speaking as a genuine Frisco straight-outer, he would in that case advise the Right Reverend Prelate to leave it; and he continued to point out that Old York and New York were not precisely on the same spiritual platform.

Lord ROWTON was of opinion that second-class banter came but badly from the Premier Duke of England. His peerage could only date back to the Victorian era; but he would rather sign himself fourth Baron than be largely interested in a Bogus Embalming business, and callous as to the use of a big big D.

The Earl of SLICKSBURG said that, speaking for his great ancestor, the first Lord CAIRNS, he regarded the latter portion of the Noble Lord's speech as purely personal, and that he felt bound to argue the matter out forcibly. Whereupon

The LORD CHANCELLOR intimated that if there was to be any firing, he trusted to the good sense of their Lordships' House, to give him ample time to get safe under the Wool-sack.

The usual formalities were then proceeded with; and, after a brisk use of six-shooters all round, the debate was hastily adjourned till to-day, without a division.

## THE SILVER TEMS!

THE butiful River's a-running to Town,  
It never runs up, but allers runs down,  
Weather it rains, or weather it snos;  
And where it all cums from, nobody nose.

The young swell Boatmen drest in white,  
To their Mothers' arts must be a delite;  
At roein or skullin the gals is sutch dabs,  
For they makes no Fowls and they ketches no Crabs.

The payshent hangler sets in a punt,  
Willee ketch kold? I opes as he wunt.  
I wotches him long, witch I states is fax,  
He dont ketch nothin but Ticklebacks.

The prudent Ferryman sets under cover,  
Waiting to take me from one shore to t'other;  
I calls out "Hover!" and hover he roes,  
If he aint sober then hover we goes.

When it's poring with rane and a tempest a-blowin,  
A penny don't seem mutch for this here rowin;  
And wen the River's as ruff as the Sea,  
I thinks of the two I'd sooner be me.

For when I'm at work at Ampton or Lea,  
Waitin at dinner, or waitin at tea,  
I gits as much from a yewthful Pair  
As he gits in a day for all that there.

Then let me bless my lucky Stár  
That made me a Waiter and not a Tar;  
And the werry nex time I've a glass of old Sherry,  
I'll drink to the pore chap as roes that 'ere Ferry.

ROBERT.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says her favourite poem is "Gray's Effigy."



### FOR SUNDAY WEAR AT THE SEA-SIDE.

*Fair Customer (pettishly).* "ONLY FANCY WALKING UP THE AISLE OF A CHURCH WITH A THING LIKE THIS ON ONE'S HEAD!"

### LEFT IN TOWN.

I WANDER up and down Pall Mall,  
In Piccadilly or the Strand,  
And hear like ocean's thund'rous swell,  
The roar of traffic on each hand.  
The cabs are full, each 'bus and tram  
Is loaded, but of course I frown  
And sigh and say, it seems I am  
The only person left in Town.

I wander into Drury Lane,  
Or else the Gaiety at night,  
My pilgrimage is not in vain,  
Folks view the play with much delight.  
Both pit and stalls are full, they roll  
Applause from where the "gods" look down;  
And still I am, it's really droll,—  
The only person left in Town.

If at a restaurant I dine,  
The waiters bustle to and fro,  
And at the table next to mine  
Are seated several men I know.  
The same thing happens at the Club,  
But who are SMITH and JONES and BROWN?  
If I am really, there's the rub,—  
The only person left in Town.

No matter, I shall still declare,  
Since Fashion issues her decree,  
That Town's a desert everywhere,  
With ne'er a single soul to see.  
And though some millions remain,  
Of faithful subjects of the Crown,  
I vow I am, it's very plain,  
The only person left in Town.

"WHO shall decide where Doctors disagree?"—  
What is the latest opinion on the state of Mr. SHAPIRA'S  
skin? "What's the matter with it?" asks Mrs. RAMS-  
BOTHAM. "Why doesn't the poor man go to Aix-les-  
Bains or Aachen?" It is now at the British Museum.  
What a lucky man to get rid of his skin like that. In  
the hottest weather he will be able to realise SYDNEY  
SMITH'S plan, and sit in his bones.

### A TOUR DE FORCE.

SOME doubts having been expressed in certain—evidently ill-natured—quarters as to the real character of the "enthusiastic reception" said to have been accorded by his loyal subjects to the young Spanish Monarch during the course of his recent provincial tour, the following stray leaf from his own private journal, picked up at Saragossa, will be read with satisfaction and interest:—

3 A.M. *Barcelona*.—Roused early by MARTINEZ CAMPOS. Says he has heard privately from the Alcalde that several further attempts are to be made on my life to-day. Strongly advises me not to expose myself in public without the cover of a fish-kettle up my back. I refuse, simply replying, "A pretty kettle of fish for a king of Spain!" He bows himself out with a respectful smile. Evidently, I have said a neat thing. *Mem.*—To cultivate this, and keep up my character.

4 A.M.—Bother MARTINEZ CAMPOS! Can't get to sleep again. Never mind; pass spare time in thinking out "neat things." Seem to have got such a good crop of them that I rather hope I shall be shot at.

8 A.M.—Breakfast. DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS hurries in and begs me not to touch the coffee. Says it is his belief that it is poisoned. Reply at once, "Then I must see the grounds," and empty the whole pot at a draught. Come, I think that's a good one. Great enthusiasm outside when he tells this to the troops.

10 A.M.—Prepare to visit the Archbishop at the Cathedral. Streets thronged. MARTINEZ CAMPOS here again, this time pale with emotion. Says he has just heard on best authority that a bomb is to be thrown under my horse, *en route*; and, as his business is to ride behind me, implores me, in the name of "that Spain we both so much love," to let DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS take my place in the procession, dye my hair, and walk about with him, both of us disguised, in the crowd at the back. I instantly rejoin, with well-assumed asperity, "The King of Spain never dyes!" This is so startlingly fresh—I think it is quite my best one as yet—that it knocks MARTINEZ CAMPOS completely over. I don't believe he'll be able to come, after all. Just like him!

2 P.M.—Procession over! No bomb; though I had a very smart

bit of *repartee* ready for the occasion—if the horse had thrown me over his head. However, said a good thing to the Archbishop. Called me the foundation of the kingdom. Quickly cut in with "Well, come, Your Grace, you're the *Coping Stone*." Don't think he saw it; but blessed me heartily. Shall try it on the Archbishop of somewhere else. Saragossa perhaps.

4 P.M.—Arrived at Cardona. People fairly enthusiastic, but seem to require rousing by some stirring incident. Looked anxiously out over the waving handkerchiefs for an assassin. Positively not one to be seen. Wish MARTINEZ CAMPOS could be thrown—or something. But he will mount such a quiet hack. Ha! at last! He has ridden over a *gamin* who has got in the way. Lucky. Express eager interest in dumb show. Mayor hurries forward, and says boy is not hurt. I produce a *pesta*, and ask his name. Nobody knows. *Now's* my chance. "That's odd," I say, "for I thought everyone here was a card-owner." Mayor in fits. Enthusiasm tremendous. Off as fast as we can.

8 P.M. Saragossa at last. Reception really very fine, but DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS and MARTINEZ CAMPOS nagging me all the way about possible infernal machines. Don't believe a word of it. Say I'll "prove it," and get off my horse and walk. Crowd electrified. Carry me on their shoulders to Archbishop's palace. Good. Archbishop comes out in mitre and cope, bowing with his clergy. Fine chance. Compliment him on the *salute of his canons*. Doesn't see it, but blesses me heartily, and says the Ancient City of the Moors throngs to meet me. Thought he would bring in "the Moors." Without a moment's hesitation I rejoin, "the Moor the merrier." He sees that, and is removed in fits. Effect excellent. Dine with the Governor, and bring in something about holders of Spanish fours "being at sixes and sevens," owing to spiteful rumours. MARTINEZ CAMPOS and DE LA VEGA DI ARMIJOS still bothering about poison in soup. Forget my retort, but know it was kingly and excellent, and took twice.

10 P.M.—To bed, safe and sound, arranging more neat things for to-morrow.

TIME FOR "PLAYING OLD GOOSEBERRY."—The Silly Season.



### THE NEW HOVA-TURE.

*John Bull.* "WELL—IT'S NOT FINISHED YET, OF COURSE. IT'S AN UNSATISFACTORY WORK SO FAR. DON'T UNDERSTAND THE 'LEADING MOTIVE,' AND—UM—IT'S RATHER TOO FRENCH FOR ME!"

#### The Whole Duty of Man.

[The drinking of hot water is now recommended to dyspeptics.]

OUR modern advisers can put it much shorter  
Than earlier Doctors—there isn't a doubt of it,  
Their physical rule is "take lots of hot water;"  
Their mental one, "always keep out of it."

"I DID not think my Cousin would have taken offence," said  
Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "but, to my surprise, he retired in high gudgeon."

#### "The Play's (not) the Thing."

MR. OSCAR WILDE's Play, *Vera*, which the *Herald* dismissed as "long-drawn dramatic rot"—(they have a neat style of criticism in New York)—was, from all accounts, except the Poet's own, *Vera* Bad. MR. OSCAR WILDE has made Brother JONATHAN wild. Will the *Æsthetic* give us some more *Impressions du Théâtre*? If so, he will probably have something to tell of "my Soul's dread weariness," and not very much to say in favour of "my freedom and my life Republican." Alas! poor OSCAR! Played out! Only one thing left for him, to become a trenchant Dramatic Critic, and deal demnition all round.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

## THE HOUR OF PARTING, OR TOBY'S LATEST PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. AU REVOIR!

House of Commons, Monday, August 20. — JOSEPH GILLIS'S power of expressing thought in brief language something remarkable. To-night, on Vote for Donegal Workhouse, JOSEPH B., thrusting a thumb in either armhole of his waistcoat, and with a look of unwonted severity mantling his genial countenance, said—

"A Whig is a hollow sham."

Criticism might be raised on point of relevance of remark. Whigs have nothing to do with Donegal Workhouse, nor Donegal Workhouse with Whigs. But only poor mind would raise trivial objections of that kind. Sensible people only too glad to have opportunity of seizing great truths howsoever disclosed. Asked him later, "What is a Whig?"

"A Whig," said JOSEPH GILLIS, in same sententious manner, "is anyone I don't like. TREVELYAN's a Whig; GLADSTONE's a Whig. You're all Whigs."

"That, I suppose, is why you're always giving us a wiggling."

The lower part of JOSEPH's face slowly opened. Cavity widened, till I was afraid his ears would get buried in it.

JOSEPH GILLIS was smiling!

Very kind of him to encourage my little efforts to please. But he is just now in high spirits. For weeks been doomed by PARNELL's new policy to sit silent, seeing Bills pass, and Votes agreed to. Might occasionally, when PARNELL away, cry "Hear! hear!" or "Oh! oh!" but nothing more. Now HEALY broke loose. Gone on the rampage; determined to show that Irish Parliamentary rowdiness only in its infancy. JOSEPH delighted beyond measure.

"TIM's something like a feller," says he. "Sometimes I suspect PARNELL of being a Whig. Nothing of a Whig about TIM HEALY."

"No," I said. "Quite the contrary. Hair, if anything, cropped too close."

Said this with a purpose. Wanted to see JOSEPH's seraphic smile again. Thought perhaps on second attempt at least one of his ears might go. Interesting thing to note for a diary. "Remarkable natural phenomenon." "Ear to-day and gone to-morrow"; and that sort of thing. But J. G. too much engrossed in contemplation of HEALY's superior merits.

"Hard work to beat him on Saturday," he continued. "When he accused TREVELYAN of murdering Irishmen and spitting Irish babes on bayonets, felt quite low. Sure I couldn't top that. But when Grand Old Man talked of probability of his presently going off the hooks, and I cheered the prospect, rather think I beat him. Don't want to boast too much of it; but SPEAKER says it's the most brutal remark he ever heard in the House, and he's been here for twenty years and heard all our rows of last nine years. Told HEALY this; made him quite mad. Says he'll beat my score before Session closes. If he does, must go Nap on him. Afraid it'll be hard work. But up to now I think I'm ahead." *Business done.*—Brought in Appropriation Bill, happy harbinger of end!

Tuesday.—House of Lords had high old time to-night. Threw out everything they safely could and mauled the remainder.

"We'll show the Commons that there are Barons in England yet," said the Lord Markis, bending his beetling brows upon Earl GRANVILLE. GRANVILLE nods, and smiles pleasantly.

"Go your way, my Lord," he says. "Grieved for the Irish and Scotch, but, from purely party point of view, nothing better for us. Only sorry we couldn't manage to give you fuller opportunity. Already given England a kick by mutilating the Agricultural Holdings Bills. You gave Ireland a whack on the head by throwing out Parliamentary Registration Bill, and you serve out a backhander to Scotland by throwing out Local Government Board Bill. Wish we had a Bill promoted from the Isle of Man, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, or Sark. You might as well go the whole hog. What a Leader it is! What a Premier it would make!"

Fancy this is sarcastic. But no doubt about genuineness of enthusiasm on part of Lord REDESDALE.

"Spoke to you the other day, Toby," says he, "about Westminster Abbey. Never mind just now. A little low then. Feeling disappointed in SALISBURY. But now he's better than ever. This is what I call Statesmanship. Wish it was not so late in the Session. Otherwise would certainly introduce my Bill for the Abolition of the House of Commons. SALISBURY in humour to back it, and Majority safe to carry it. Shall give notice for next Session."

HARCOULT looking on from Privy Counsellor's place by Throne, watched with much interest process of chucking out.

"Curious," he says, "to reflect on the Community of human nature. Often find, in studying Police-Court Reports, that when a man gets drunk he begins throwing furniture out of the window. House of Lords, politically inebriate, pitch out Bills promiscuously."

House of Commons debating Appropriation Bill. STAFFORD NORTH-COTE plays feeble tune on Parliamentary organ. Sort of quadrille, introducing all old and familiar airs sung through Session about Transvaal, BRADLAUGH, India, Ireland, and the rest. GLADSTONE comes out with brass band all fresh and strong, and completely drowns the wheezy organ. ASHMEAD BARTLETT comes to rescue, and in luminous speech discusses everything, including Mr. DODDS, whom he says he is accustomed to treat with profound contempt.

"ASHMEAD," says the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, "is a kind of Parliamentary WHITELEY, a Universal Provider. Always in stock, producible at moment's notice and anything you may want, from Tamatave to the Ventilators on the Embankment."

ASHMEAD, by the way, started new motto for his family crest: "I for Eye."

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read a Second Time.

Wednesday.—Glorious victory for Markis. Carried by Majority of One his Amendment to Agricultural Holdings Bill against disagreement of Commons. Ooray! Would have been more only Duke of RICHMOND went with Liberals. A little awkward it seems on the face of it since RICHMOND is special authority on Agricultural Policy. The Markis only liked it the more.

"Scarcely worth trouble to divide against other side," he says.



"Can do that any day, and beat 'em. But if when you divide the Front Bench, go one way yourself and principal colleague goes the other, life begins to be worth living."

Soothed by this great victory, Markis doesn't further insist upon his amendments.

"Suppose it's all right," says bold BUTTLEUCH. "But confess I don't quite see it. Seems to me, SALISBURY's making us look a little ridiculous. Blusters and threatens the Commons, cuts their Bill to pieces; drives tenant-farmers into arms of Liberals; then, when Commons put up their back and stand by their Bill, we sneak off, letting them undo all our work. This may be high statesmanship. Fancy it is, since SALISBURY arranged it, but don't quite see it."

In the Commons, Indian Budget on at last. End of last Session promise given that it should be introduced this year earlier than ever, instead of which it is later.

"But what can you expect from ANANIAS and SHAPIRA," says Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, hurrying in from British Museum, where has been looking at new version of Deuteronomy.

KYNASTON CROSS, undeterred by depressing surroundings, makes admirable speech—the best Indian Budget speech of two Parliaments.

GLADSTONE here at Question Time. "Is it true that you are going to give the vacant Thistle to Lord DRUM?" I asked him.

"The Thistle to DRUM?" says he. "Why, he'd eat it!"



THE LARGE MAJORITY OF ONE.

Lord Gr-n-rd. "Alone I did it!"

[Sinks exhausted.]

Of course DRUM not the name of the not too brilliant Peer. But Lord RONALD GOWER, hearing I was writing a Diary, begged me of all things not to write in it spiteful things about my contemporaries. "Caddish," he says, "to go to a man's house, retail his conversation, sell it in two volumes to a Publisher, and print it hot and hot."

RONALD an authority on this matter. Mean always to stand by his instructions.

*Business done.*—Peers cave in on Agricultural Holdings Bill.

*Thursday.*—Last chance of doing justice to Ireland. Appropriation Bill down for Third Reading. Now or never for emptying the sewer. Wouldn't have supposed there was anything left after Monday in last week and Saturday. Seems to be sort of return pipe. TIM can pour it out on Monday or Saturday till the sewer seems quite dry, and on Thursday on opening the mouth there is the stream as thick and as noisome as ever.

JOSEPH GILLIS confined his eloquence to occasional efforts to get House Counted Out. If he succeeded, all arrangements for Prorogation be upset. SPEAKER, Government, and about a hundred Members kept in town into next week. JOSEPH's gentle eyes glisten at the notion. Tried once or twice. But Lord RICHARD is, as he complains, "on the *ky rivy*." Members troop in, House made, and—then—troop out again, whilst sewer outfall continues, and swamps House otherwise nearly empty.

Only Attorney-General for Ireland on Treasury Bench—he and TREVELYAN, with HARTINGTON occasionally looking in. HARTINGTON has to make a speech on Indian Debate. Horrid bore; but someone must say last word for Lord RYON, and no one better than Lord HARTINGTON. So sits and yawns audibly. Keeps himself awake by balancing hat on bridge of nose. Once, yawn coming suddenly whilst hat in critical position, it nearly fell into his mouth. This woke him, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, pleasantly rising to "expose the *qui bono*" of the adjourned debate, HARTINGTON made capital speech, full of point and vigour. Not the slightest trace of yawn in it.

But this came after the deluge, which went on till half-past eleven in monotonous mechanical style. CALLAN belching forth incoherent vulgarity, O'BRIEN hissing out hatred between clenched teeth, and TIM HEALY working himself up into Stage passion, melodramatically maligning mankind in general, and, in particular, "thrampling on the Saxon" as did the lamented but obscure "General JACKSON."

Much of the abuse levelled at Attorney-General for Ireland, who sits silent, immovable, and placid.

"Ever seen Tifis in a storm, TOBY?" says Mr. BOURKE, who, like Ulysses, has travelled far. "Dooce of a row in the valleys; rain

beating, wind blowing, streams roaring, and, far above, old Tifis's bald white head rising up cone-shaped. When I look across at PORTER, just now, reminds me of that. Shape of head uncommonly like Tifis seen from some points."

Switzerland! Ah! Let's go home, and pack.

*Business done.*—Commons wind up everything.

*Friday.*—Commons not sitting to-day. Lords have it all to themselves. "And quite right, too!" the Markis says. "'Tisn't often—only about once a Session—that we can thoroughly enjoy ourselves. Should be allowed to do it without counter-attraction of other House sitting." So Conservative Lords gather together round hospitable board, and favourite dish served up. The other day a good big bundle of the succulent vegetable. To-day only one, being the Amendment to the Agricultural Holdings Bill, which the Markis stoutly swore that,



AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL.

come what might, he would stick to. Dish, borne shoulder high, carried round in triumph by the Markis himself and Earl REDESDALE, as being representative of the type without which these joyous Salisbury *saturnalia* at end of Session could not be.

"Tastes differ," said the Markis, setting the dish down in the middle, and seizing the solitary succulent between finger and thumb. "But if there's one thing I like, it's the leek."

Then he ate it, and Conservative Peers went home more than ever convinced of the greatness of their Leader.

*Business done.*—Markis eats the leek, and the Agricultural Holdings Bill passes as settled by the Commons.

*Saturday.*—Prorogation. Rather a dull ceremony. The LORD CHANCELLOR and other elderly Gentlemen got themselves up in red gowns, and were nearly as determinedly funny as the Savages at the Albert Hall. Looking down on scene from Gallery was Japanese Minister, Mr. MORI (mem. not *memento*).

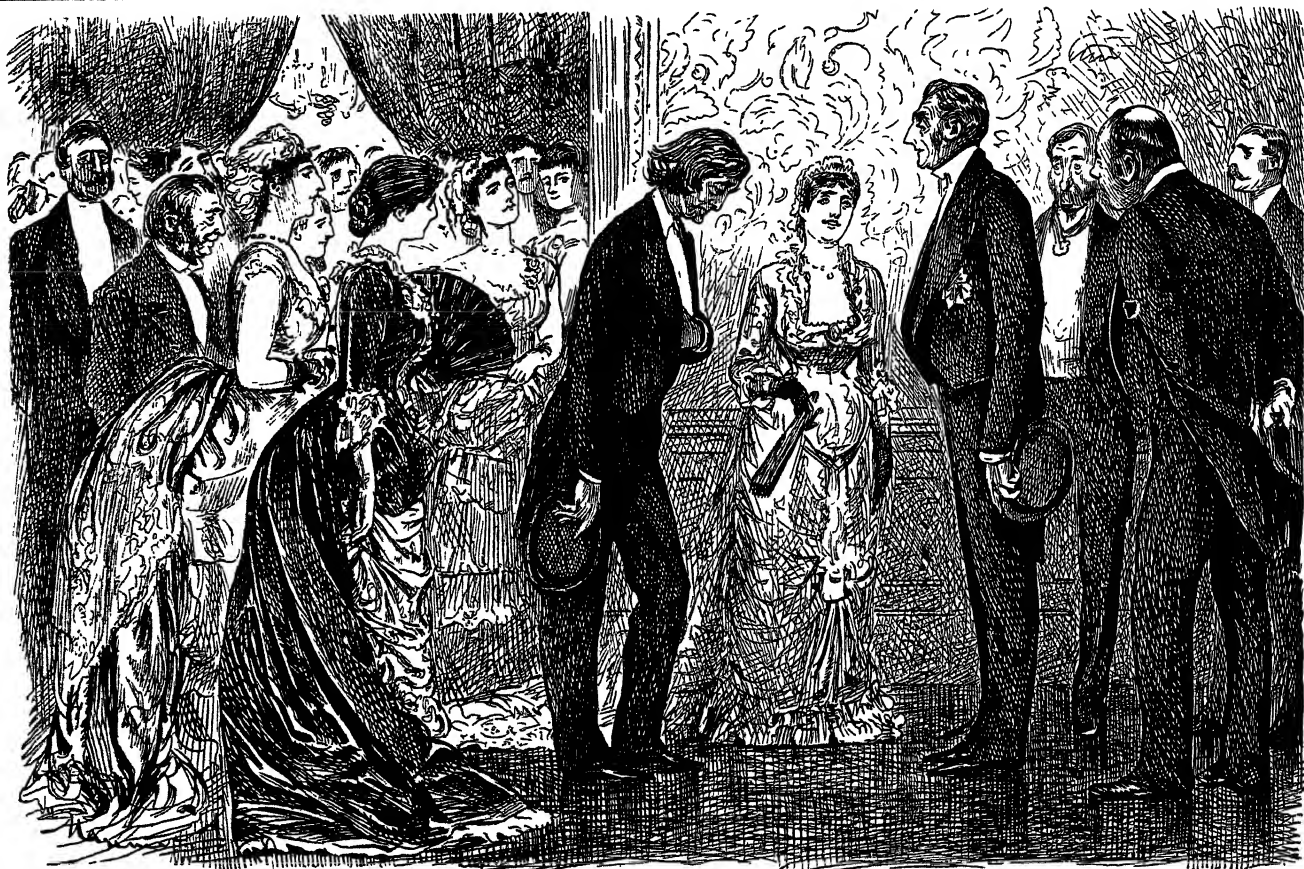
"Getting up a Parliament down our way," says his Excellency; "so just looked in to see how it's worked. Better go over to Japan in recess, TOBY, and see our young Parliament. Ito writes me, 'Getting on nicely. Have set up a Biggar, turned out a very respectable imitation of O'DONNELL; now manufacturing a Cavendish Bentinck; have an Ashmead Bartlett in our Eye, and hope soon to have a Warton. Some difficulty about this last. Had to behead fourteen before we could get one to take snuff properly.' Ito wants to know whether there's anything more wanted to make first-class House of Commons. Wish you'd go over and give him a few hints. Not far. Think it over." I will.

*Business done.*—All.

## LE CHOLERA ANGLOPHOBE.

SCIENTIFIC REPORT.—This grievous malady has been discovered by me to be essentially an affection of the stomach, and as such of course directly traceable to English sources—or, if the gravity of Science permitted, one might say *saucers*. For, it being a notorious fact that the English are the most gluttonous and least delicate race in Europe, it follows logically that the disease is of Anglo-Saxon creation. The ordinary English diet of cucumbers and raw rump-steaks is peculiarly conducive to the propagation of Cholera. Then look at the connection between Cholera and the national malady, the Spleen. I have also noticed several symptoms, in my experiments at the Hôtel Dieu, which abundantly support my theory. There is the blueness of the skin—and we all know the English love of "True Blue," "Blue Ruin," &c. There can be no doubt that Cholera is entirely English in its origin, and is perhaps used by the insular Government to destroy life where its ships and its armies are ineffectual.

J. PASTEUR.



## A BOND OF UNION.

Mrs. Leo Hunter (introducing eminent Actor to his Grace, whose ancestor was ennobled at Bosworth). "I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER, DUKE! MR. VAN SCROOPE IS GOING TO PLAY *RICHARD THE THIRD*, YOU KNOW!"

## THE ROD STILL IN PICKLE.

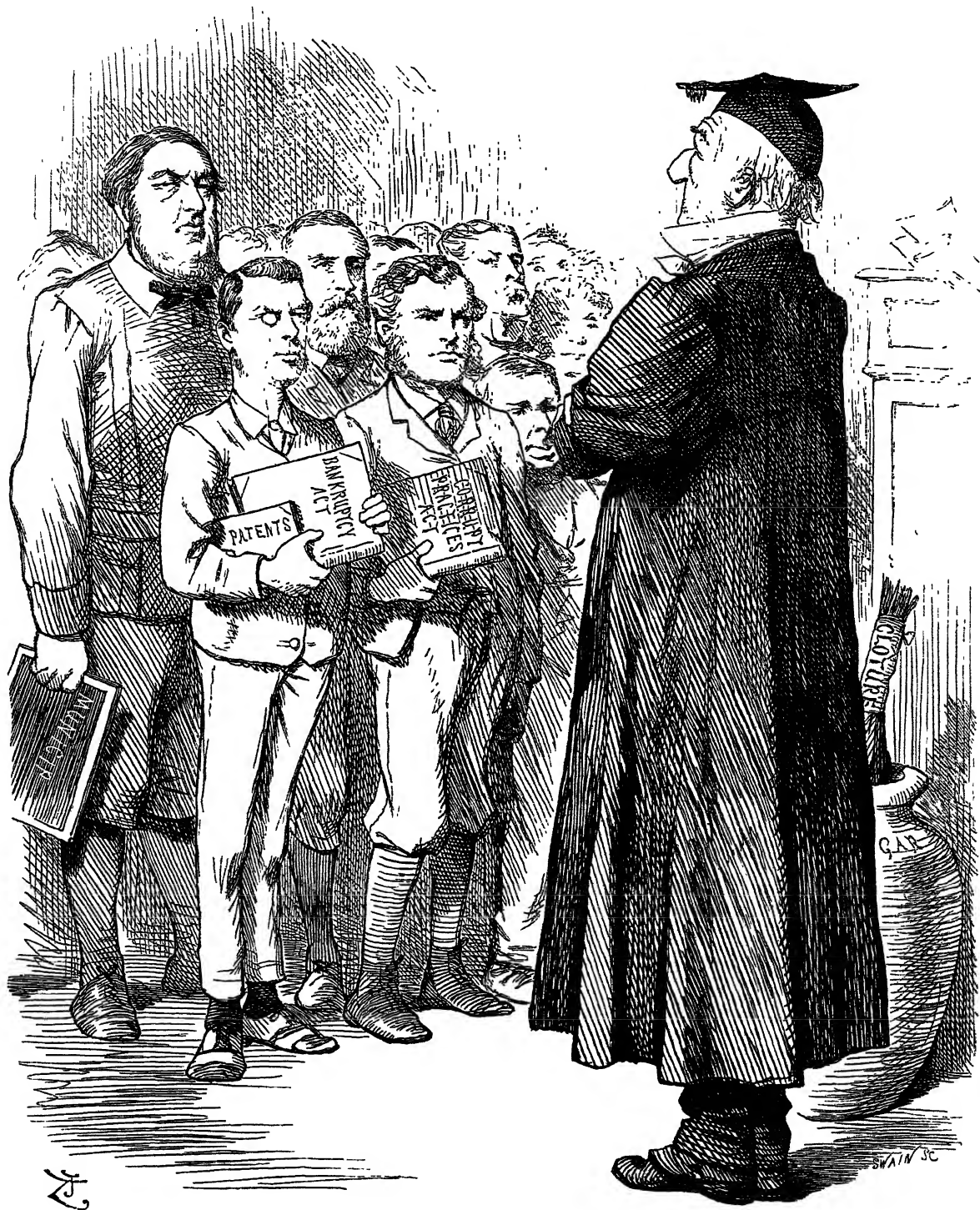
*The political Dr. Birch loquutur—*

My young friends! It is after a term of extreme prolongation and dreariness That I give, in a friendly dismissal, relief to your palpable weariness. Smiles are fighting with yawns, I perceive, and the former scarce gaining the victory. Well, a deal of the blame is your own; you are—some of you—so contradictory, Rebellious, and sluggish, and rude, and of obvious duties neglectful. That discipline must be austere, just to keep you at work, and respectful. Well, well, at a moment like this I would drop the *Orbitus plagosus*. And if, when we start our next term, you don't waste so much time, nor oppose us— Myself and my able assistants—in what is our *duty*, remember, You may hope to break up and vanish before we're in sight of September. Your holiday letters I *hope* may have given your friends satisfaction. (If so, some are easily pleased.) And I trust they'll approve of my action In somewhat prolonging your labours, else might they have seen with amaze a Blank record, and you must admit a long bill and a *tabula rasa* Pair off very poorly indeed as the dual result of a term. It Is not very much you *have* done, and the prizes,—I'm loth to affirm it,— Have seldom been fewer. You, CHAMBERLAIN, really have done the School credit, No prize has been better deserved, Sir, and even your rivals have said it. Go on as you're going at present, and do not get pert or uplifted, And who knows what honours may come to a pupil so palpably gifted?

You, JAMES, have done capital work in a branch not supremely attractive, But vastly important. You, HARCOURT, would fain, I'm aware, have been active Had fate not been adverse. Cheer up, Sir! your chance will yet come. For the rest of you, An optimist holiday mood is essential for making the best of you. However, it *might* have been worse, and my young Irish friends, though still prankful, And not model boys by a long way, have not, I'm exceedingly thankful To say, yet compelled me to take this particular rod out of pickle; Perhaps the mere fact of its presence recalcitrance ready to tickle, Has made application superfluous. Truly a good thing for them it is That I have not yet been constrained to—ahem!—to proceed to extremities. I would fain take the best view of it. Anyhow this I may tell 'em:— 'Twill still be kept handy at need, in the brine-tub, this special *flagellum*. *Verb. sap.* Now dismiss! May you get through your fairly-earned holiday gaily, And resume all your studies next term in a mood much more "work-brittle." *Vale!*

## A Welsh Rare-bit!

A GENTLEMAN from Wales visiting London for the first time, obtained from the Member for his borough an order for the SPEAKER'S Gallery of the House of Commons on one of the evenings last week when some of the Irish Members (we follow a patient example, and won't "name them") so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by the violence and vulgarity of their behaviour and language. Being afterwards asked by his friend what he thought of the proceedings, he replied that they had not struck him as being very remarkable, as he happened to be the Chaplain to a large Lunatic Asylum!



## THE ROD STILL IN PICKLE.

HEAD-MASTER. "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MASTERS CHAMBERLAIN AND JAMES, ON YOUR SUCCESS. MASTER HARCOURT, I TRUST YOUR CHANCE WILL COME NEXT TERM; AND I AM GLAD MY YOUNG IRISH FRIENDS HAVE NOT FORCED ME TO ADOPT—AH—EXTREME MEASURES!!"





## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*The Gig—Companions—Description—Question—Discussion—Captain—The Merry One—On Board—Cabin—Harbour—Sheets in the Wind—Proposition—Fourth Party—Opposition—Lunch—Disturbance—On Deck—On Shore—Up-hill Work—Larne.*

*In the Gig, rowing towards the Yacht Creusa.*—MELLEVILLE steering, my travelling companion, whose name is KILLICK—I only



Mate and Vegetables.

recall it when he is so addressed by MELLEVILLE—sitting opposite to me. To put it sociably, MELLEVILLE, our host, is in the chair, supported on either side by KILLICK and myself. As I am undecided whether to call him "Skipper" or "Commodore"—an old difficulty with me—I, as a Happy Thought medium, decide to address him Americanly as "Boss," and do so accordingly. "Boss" is an excellent word. This brings out my travelling-companion, KILLICK, of whom up to this moment I have had not much experience, except when in a state of early semi-consciousness, and evincing a tendency to irritability, or hopelessly fast asleep and snoring, who has, I find, a sharp and nasty way of asserting as a positive fact anything of which he knows much, little, or nothing, which would be decidedly objectionable to strangers were it not for his readiness so to modify his original statement whatever it was, if either very politely questioned, or if left utterly uncontradicted, as to bring it into substantial accordance with the most opposite expression of opinion on the same subject. He at once protests against my adoption of the term "Boss," and says, frowning, and in a hard, incisive tone, as if his voice were coming up through a nutmeg-grater—(I find afterwards that he is a sweet singer and excellent musician, and it is, I believe, proverbial that all sweet singers have bad speaking voices, though I am not sure whether the converse holds good—as if so, what a lot of undiscovered sweet singers there must be among costermongers, dustmen, cabmen, and, on the whole, practising bar-risters)—KILLICK says, shortly—"shortly" is the word, never was a happier description of his usual manner—KILLICK says, shortly, "Pooh! Not 'Boss!' He's the 'Governor.'" I reply, with quiet determination, seeing the man I have to deal with—(how thankful I am now that he was asleep all the night when I was awake in the train!)—that "I personally prefer 'Boss.'" To which KILLICK replies, a trifle less shortly than before, "Well, I should say 'Governor.'"

I feel it would be in bad taste, in presence of MELLEVILLE himself, to pursue the discussion further. It being a matter entirely unimportant, I yield, and address MELLEVILLE as Commodore, whereupon KILLICK immediately observes, as a concession, "that there is no real objection to 'Boss'—only that it is not a term used in the Navy." I agree with him again, which seems to make him quite fidgety.

Five minutes' rowing brings us to the yacht. The Captain is ready to receive us. He is a stout, square-built, pleasant-looking man, with a mild-speaking voice (so many professional nautical men have mild persuasive voices when they are unprofessionally engaged, so that if it is characteristic of a sweet singer,—as in KILLICK's case, above-mentioned, which sounds like quoting a legal precedent, the well-known *Killick's Case*,—to have a bad-speaking voice, so it is evidently characteristic of a professional nautical person who can shout out "Belay!" and, as the song says, "rant and roar like true British sailors," to have a peculiarly mild and pleasant-speaking voice for use in ordinary conversation. There is a bright-faced smiling young man—he salutes us, and is as pleased to see us as is the Captain—who at once possesses himself of our luggage, and disappears below, whither we follow him. This bright young person is Steward, Butler, Valet, Chambermaid, all in one, equally obliging and ready in each capacity, and is the personification of the Happy Valet.

We are shown to our cabins. Mine is palatial. It is situated "aft," and has the curious appearance of having been built in perspective. The cupboard-doors, the drawers, the lockers, and wash-stand are all slanting towards a point of sight. There is a sofa, arranged on the same principle—and everything in the cabin follows, so to speak, the same lines, so that the general arrangement is that of a scene on the stage, arranged to give an audience the effect of length and distance. There is a lofty skylight, and plenty of air. Each drawer is fitted with a small bolt outside, intended to be of service in rough weather, by preventing the drawer slipping out, but at present these bolts are only irritating, as they insist on slipping down just when you want to open the drawer, and, on being carefully replaced, immediately falling down again when you have got hold of the handles and have given the draw a first pull. I say "a first pull," because the drawers being, as I have observed, built in perspective, their peculiarities have to be considered. Baffled in my first few attempts at opening one of them, I stop to consider which end is to come out first—the small or large. I try each alternately, when

suddenly it startles me by coming out with a savage rush, as it were at me, when luckily it is caught by some ingeniously-contrived ledge within, and prevented from tumbling out altogether on to the floor, in which case I know that, unassisted, I should never get it into its place again.

The Happy Valet, or epitome of all that is useful in man, smilingly removes my bags, shows me where to put certain things in safety, where they won't fall about and be broken "when the vessel's in motion, when it's at all rough, Sir," he adds, more smilingly than ever; and I reply, "Ah! true!" as certain reminiscences occur to me, and I wonder if I am going to be a good sailor this time—or not! I am sure that when everything goes wrong, when the Yacht is heeling over, when there's every chance of our all visiting the abode of that Welsh Mariner known as "DAVY JONES's locker," this Young Steward, or Happy Valet, will still be smiling and pleasant up to the last; and in fact, as a *Happy Thought*, I name him (to myself—not publicly) as *Mark Tapley, Junior*, and I should not be surprised at hearing that this is his real name.

However, we are at anchor, and in Larne Harbour now, and it's luncheon-time, so away with morbid anticipations! Let us eat and drink, and be happy while we can. But, dear me, these are not the sentiments with which to begin a holiday health-trip. No! I am longing to be out to sea, to be sailing away, any number of sheets in the wind—[*Query*,—How did the expression arise? Perhaps before sails were invented they used to use their sheets in this way by day, and sleep in 'em at night. But why does "three sheets in the wind" mean a state of intoxication? Probably, because it is as much as he can carry. Then this would only apply to a comparatively small boat. This hundred-and-forty tonner can set six or eight sheets to the wind, for example. But I'll ask the Captain]—and to be going somewhere with a fair wind, a bright sky, and at the rate of so many knots an hour.

My host asks me what I would like to do this afternoon? My impulse is to reply at once, "Why, sail, of course. Start away, and sail away somewhere, anywhere, everywhere—till dinner-time, when I should like to be quiet." However, I don't say this, but suavely reply—for MELLEVILLE is himself the essence of courtesy, and a perfect host—"Oh, whatever you like—it's all the same to me"—which is a polite fiction on my part, as I am anything but indifferent on the subject. "Well," he says, pleasantly, "What would you like to do, CRAYLEY?" CRAYLEY is the other passenger, our "Fourth Party," a thin, delicate-looking man, who changes in different lights—[*Happy Thought*,—He might bring himself out as a natural entertainment, called "The Human Chamelion." Shan't suggest this to him, as, on a short acquaintance, he mightn't like it. Doubt if he would like it any better on a longer acquaintance]—and presents himself in various aspects, from twenty-seven up to fifty, and of whom no one ever sees more than half at a time, as he has a way of doing everything sideways, so that he is always in profile. He listens to you in profile, left or right as the case may be, as if he were perpetually trying his ears to find out which was the more useful of the two. His left eye has an easy time of it, as his right does all the work with the assistance of an eye-glass. He eyes everything sideways, screwing up the corner of his mouth, and frowning with his right eyebrow, which gives him a puzzled expression; and when he drops his glass and gives his left eye a turn, he elevates the side of his face to which that eye belongs, and surveys everything with an air of wonderment, as though this eye was seeing it all for the first time, and was quite surprised, but still delighted with the treat. Our Fourth Party is very natty in dress, and very quiet in manner.

CRAYLEY says he would like to take a walk up to the Druid's Stone, or go into the town.

Good gracious! I haven't come on board the hundred-and-forty-four-tonner merely to go on shore again and take a walk to see a Druid's Stone, or visit a country town!

However, I am agreeable to anything. KILLICK says, shortly, he "doesn't believe that there is a Druid's Stone." KILLICK is very short; in fact, he gets shorter and shorter every moment. CRAYLEY, examining him with a side-glance, replies quietly, "that this Druid's Stone is a celebrated one." With a view to sitting on and crushing KILLICK, I encourage CRAYLEY by inquiring, simply, "Is it?"

"O yes," replies CRAYLEY, turning his right ear towards me—(he is my *vis-à-vis* at table)—and scrutinising me narrowly through his glass in his right eye, as if he were assuring himself of my being perfectly in earnest—"O yes; this Druid's Stone is mentioned by—um!" Here he drops his eye-glass for a second, and brings up his other ear to the point of attention, as though, like JOAN OF ARC, he were listening for "the voices" to remind him of what he is puzzling his brains to recollect. "Um!"—he goes on—"bless my soul—I was only reading the book the other day"—here he turns one side to KILLICK, then round to MELLEVILLE, and then again to me, as if he was quite astonished to find that none of us could tell him what he was reading the other day—"Dear me! I do forget names so!"—and here he is becoming quite annoyed with everybody—"Ah!—um!—well, I shall think of it presently"—as if he had



## SALUBRIOUS!

*Mr. and Mrs. Tremler (at their "charming Sea-side Resort," have a chat with Affable Tradesman in the outskirts). "We've NOT VISITED DRAINBRIDGE BEFORE, BUT IT SEEMS A NICE PLACE."*

*Monumental Tombstone Cutter. "Oh, YES, VERY NICE! NOT MUCH TRADE IN A GENERAL WAY; BUT FUST-RATE FOR OUR BUSINESS! 'ALWAYS 'AVE OUR 'ANDS FULL! 'SEEN THE CEMETERY?' &c. [The T.'s decamp.]*

given up all idea of consulting such ignoramus as we seem to be, and was going to trust to himself once more.

MELLEVILLE, in order, as host, to show some sort of interest in the subject, asks, vaguely, but most courteously, "What sort of a book was it?"

"Oh," replies CRAYLEY, with a half-turn towards him and his eye-glass up to "attention" again, "it was the well-known book by—bless my soul!—O, you know it!"

MELLEVILLE takes a small biscuit, and, out of compliment to his guest, assumes a meditative air, as if the name of the book and its author were at the present moment occupying his entire attention.

KILLICK, who has been silent all the time, for the simple reason that he has been busy in helping himself to everything on the table, now pushes his plate away with the air of a man who is disgusted with life, and who, like an over-fed and rebellious Daddy Longlegs, will not say his grace after meals, rises from his chair, and says—shortly, of course—"Druids' Stones are all humbug." And with this contemptuous expression of opinion, he puts on his cap with a jerk, and struts out of the saloon; then he is heard pacing the deck. He seems to have included us—our host and all—in his sweeping assertion about the Druidical Stones.

We decide, however, by three to one, KILLICK yielding with a bad grace, on visiting the Druids' Stone. We go ashore on the side opposite Larne Harbour. Our host, who seems a little nervous at this sudden disturbance, of which he had received no sort of forecast, threatening the quiet of his cruise—for he and CRAYLEY have been yachting companions for six weeks previous to our arrival—now proposes a move on deck, to which we at once assent. So our host leads. I come next, and CRAYLEY follows, silent, thoughtful, and with a sort of haughty bearing that clearly expresses his annoyance. He gives an occasional sniff of impatience, as if KILLICK's contradiction had got into his nose and stuck there on its way to his brain. From the summit of the hill, a gentle ascent made under a hot sun which has come out to remind us that Summer is not dead yet, we obtain a good bird's-eye view of Larne itself, a very rising

place, as every town ought to be when situated in a valley, if, that is, it has aspirations as lofty as its surroundings. In a few years' time Larne will be creeping up its own hills. On a strip of land near the harbour there are some very modern-looking villas, and a solemnly grand Hotel, which have the air of being a little in advance of their time, and to be patiently waiting the arrival of the residents and visitors, who so far have disappointed them. But as the old song says, "There is a good time coming, boys," and our Larned friends can afford to "Wait a little longer."

## AN EPITAPH.

In disrespectful memory  
Of the Session of Eighteen Eighty-Three.  
Its days were exceedingly long in the land,  
Though it honoured nothing. To understand  
Its *raison d'être*, a man must know  
The use of rot and unlimited row;  
With every feature of farce,—save wit.  
Like a "needless Alexandrine," it  
"Dragged its slow length," and feebly stang,  
Having naught of the snake but its venomous fang.  
What was said of the dress of a modish dame  
Needs but reversal to sum its "fame";  
For its very best friends would sadly state  
It began too soon and ended too late.

EXCLAMATION OF "THE HERO OF THE TAMATAVE INCIDENT" (after suffering three months' imprisonment, and then being released because his Gaolers decided that he had never been guilty).—"Well, I'm SHAW!"

"FRESH air, plain food, early hours, and plenty of exercise," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "are worth all the doctors' rostrums in the world."

LAYS OF A LAZY  
MINSTREL.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

## THE CALAIS BOAT.

ON Dover Pier, brisk blew the  
wind,  
The Fates against me were com-  
bined;  
For when I noticed standing  
there,  
Sweet Some-one with the sunny  
hair—  
To start I felt not much inclined.  
Too late! I cannot change my  
mind,  
The paddles move! I am re-  
signed—  
I only know I would I were  
On Dover Pier!

I wonder—will the Fates be kind?  
On my return and shall I find,  
That grey-eyed damsel, passing  
fair,  
So bonny, blithe, and *débon-  
naire*,  
The pretty girl I left behind?  
On Dover Pier!

"CHEAP AMUSEMENT FOR THE  
PEOPLE" (provided by soft-hearted  
(and headed) Magistrates).—Man-  
bashing, wife-beating, and horse-  
torturing. "Fined Five Shil-  
lings? Ooray!" says *Bill Sikes*.  
"Wy it's 'ardly the price of a  
decent 'drunk,' and twice the  
fun. Bully for the Beaks! They  
don't want to rob a poor man of  
his—bludgeon." And he tries  
again. Perhaps if *Bill* were next  
to experiment on a Magistrate,  
or even a Magistrate's park hawk,  
he might do Society the service  
of showing the Law's lenity in an  
even lovelier light.

LONDON'S *CLOACA MAXIMA*.—  
The Thames.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 151.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

AS HE MAY RE-APPEAR ON HIS RETURN FROM THE STATES.

## THE BURGLE SONG.

(After Tennyson.)

THE darkness falls on Villa walls,  
The family 's in the lower storey,  
This is the hour for jewel-hauls,  
The Burglar now is in his glory.  
Slow, Burglar, slow!  
Up the ladder hieing,  
Answer, whistle, answer low,  
Trying! trying! trying!

List-slipped swift he creeps  
aloft,  
His hand is in the casket dip-  
ping;  
But hist, a footstep's coming!  
Soft!  
That hand in his side pocket's  
slipping!  
Shoot, Burglar, shoot!  
Down the ladder swift he's  
flying.  
Answer, victim. Nay, he's mute,  
Dying! dying! dying!

## A BRIGHTON BUSTER.

In the *Daily News* (23rd August)  
we read:—

"The Brighton Magistrates yester-  
day ordered the forfeiture of con-  
siderably over a hundredweight of  
gunpowder which had been found on  
the premises of a builder named BUS-  
TER, who had no licence to store  
explosives. In addition, BUSTER was  
fined 40s. and costs."

"A builder at Brighton named  
BUSTER, who put the whole town  
in a fluster"—in point of fact he  
did nothing of the kind, but he  
might have done so had the gun-  
powder gone off before it was  
removed. Seeing how much  
Brighton has been recently blown  
up by the London Press, the Ma-  
gistrates naturally interfered to  
prevent the chance of a similar  
casualty being brought about by  
the inhabitants.

## THE LAY OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

AIR—"The Lord Chancellor's Song in *"Iolanthe."*

A LORD Chief Justice, by common consent,  
Is Law's most lovely embodiment;  
For the Chancellor, though a thing of dread,  
Is a sort of a perfunctory figurehead.  
And that is why the American Bar  
Have selected *Me* to travel afar.  
A very agreeable jaunt, and one  
That will lead, I trust, to some excellent fun,  
And furnish a capital holiday  
For a most mellifluous Lord Chief J.  
*All.* And furnish, &c.,

But though the compliment implied  
Inflates me with legitimate pride,  
It nevertheless can't be denied  
That it has a—ahem!—dangerous side.  
For I'm not so old or melancholic  
As to be quite proof 'gainst the love of frolic,  
And there'd be the deu—well, a certain risk,  
If the Lord Chief Justice began to *frisk*.

A possibility, I should say,  
For a peripatetic Lord Chief J.

*All.* A possibility, &c.

I must keep on myself strict watch and ward,  
Lest in more than one sense I should be abroad;  
For the *Themis* young of America  
Is a very agreeable girl, they say;

She has affable manners—and customs free—  
And—*she laughs at wigs!* Oh! deary me.  
I must be as careful as careful can be,  
Lest I should forget Law's dignitee.

'Tis a sore temptation to throw in the way  
Of such a susceptible Lord Chief J.!

*All.* 'Tis a sore temptation, &c.

WE read in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* that a  
Clergyman connected with Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavar-  
neithof, county of Anglesea, having been a teetotaler for the  
last three years and a half, has had his suspension relaxed. This  
is all right and proper. But our only wonder is that an incumbent  
of any parish bearing such a name should ever have been anything  
but a teetotaler. Fancy having to say "The country is truly rural  
in the neighbourhood of Llanddyffnan-with-Llanfairmathavarnei-  
thof," unless your brain was at its clearest and your utterance the  
most distinct.

## The Poet Laureate Applied.

PEERS, idle Peers, I well know what you mean,  
Peers in the depth of sportsmanlike despair,  
In brooding on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of long days that see no Moor!

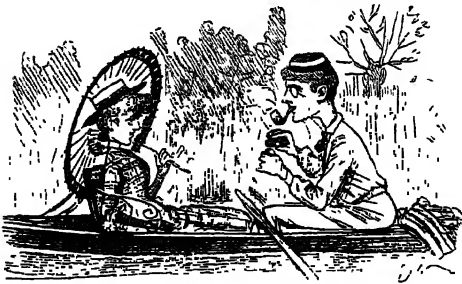
"I NEARLY quarrelled with him," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "I felt  
inclined to say with SHAKESPEARE, 'Cry haddock, and let slip the hogs  
of war!'"

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

So CHAPPIE, inly wearied, fared along:  
Yet not insensible to all which here



Of feelings boyish, pleasure frank and clear,  
Signs were not always absent from his face,  
When swift MACAULAY kicked, or swiped colossal GRACE.

II.

He had not "cut" athletics, though long days  
Of dawdling had not strengthened pull or thrust  
Of scull or punt-pole; he could lounge and gaze,  
At Henley, in soft flannels; the heart must  
At time leap back to warmth, though cold mistrust  
Be the "good form" of worldlings. CHAPPIE felt  
The strong spell of the River: far from dust  
And crowded bars his mood would sometimes melt,  
As he in pleasant bower midst Thames's boskage dwelt.

III.

And he had learned to love—we knew not why,  
For this, in such as he, seemed foreign mood—  
A quiet whiff in some backwater shy.  
Perhaps, 'twas early memories; *what* subdued  
To tastes like these a soul so far imbued  
With scorn of "rot" it little boots to know;  
But so it was. Yet in such solitude  
Small time his chums left him to "maunder" so,  
Sentiment's gleam died out with his cigar's red glow.

IV.

And there were venal breasts, as hath been said,  
Whereto his life was linked by stronger ties  
Than mooning hours could break; long evenings sped  
In orgies wild, and far beyond disguise,  
Or shackle of the dull proprieties  
His life from healthful ease divided more.  
Talk of loose lips and play of wanton eyes  
May make a Capua e'en of Thames's shore.  
Song to that silver stream a bacchant strain might pour.

1.

Roofs of the jolliest of hotels  
Gleam o'er the river's gleaming line,  
Whose silver breast bears *Belles* and Swells  
To dinner at the day's decline.  
And Richmond Hill is thick with trees,  
Like scattered stars the town-lights shine.  
Sleek head reclining on my knees  
Art sleepy? Soon the sparkling wine  
Shall part those lips I scarce can see  
In rosy mirth and rapturous glee.

2.

And gay-frocked girls, with bistrated eyes,  
And hands—"in sixes"—soft as flowers,  
Deem you an earthly Paradise  
Above all charm of feudal towers.  
Its sheeny roof, its walls of grey,  
Upon whose stones the moonlight showers,  
More welcome are at close of day  
Than Paphian grotts or vintage bowers.  
Rave not of castles on the Rhine,  
The "Star and Garter's" roof be mine!

3.

LILLA! Those lilies,—plucked by me,—  
Burdens the bearer overmuch:  
I know that they must withered be,  
Dead rubbish cast aside as such!

Savours of jocund  
health and man-  
hood strong.

In scenes of  
strenuous toil  
and wholesome  
cheer,

Where sturdy  
striplings smote  
the leathern  
sphere

With valiant vi-  
gour, he would  
take his place,

What *can* you cherish long as dear?  
So many offerings meet your eye.  
Eh? What? The idiom sounds queer  
From gentle lips;—but dinner's nigh,  
And "Tamise ripe" will "lick" the Rhine  
For savoury cates and sparkling wine.

4.

The River nobly shines and flows,  
Its shores are sweet enchanted ground,  
But all the charms its sweeps disclose  
What are they in the revel's round?  
The coldest breast might hotly bound  
In the mad frolic reigning here;  
In mirth and brimming cups are drowned  
Calm Nature's voice, which sounds less clear  
Where wanton eyes the stars outshine  
By Thames or on the banks of Rhine.

v.

Adieu to thee, fair Thames! How long, delighted,  
Sound hearts would loiter on thy watery way.  
Not theirs these scenes; passion and greed united  
In such wild Saturnalia seek their prey.  
Insatiate vultures, feeding day by day  
On self-condemning bosoms. The last cheer  
Of the wild revellers on their homeward way  
Hath many echoes sinister and drear,  
Haunting the hollow life for many a wasted year.

VI.

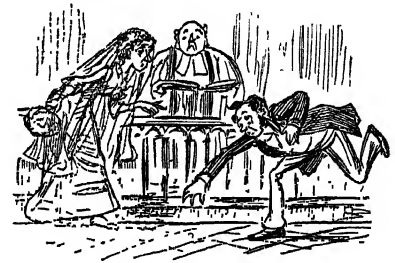
The leman woes with her bright Lamia face,  
That mirror, where the ancient harpies view  
Their softened modern aspect in each trace  
Its beauties yield of Art-born tint and hue.  
It takes so much of manhood to look through,  
With a firm mind, the lure where fools behold  
Their fate; and striplings of the Chappie crew,  
Self-deemed astute and in all life-lore old,  
Are swine of CIRCUS's herd or sheep of LILLITH's fold.

## OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Deep C. Fishing.



Catching Her-ring.



Potting Shrimps.



Hooking a Lobster.



Catching Min' nose on the Bridge.

First Instance of the Cure of Soles.  
(Vide Life of St. Anthony.)





## OUR GUIDES.

Tourist (with enlarged "Bradshaw," Supplement to "Baedeker," &c.) sings:—

<p>"NOW I'M FURNISHED! NOW I'M FURNISHED!</p>	<p>NOW I'M FURNISHED! FOR MY FLIGHT!"</p>
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*Song in "Macbeth."*

## LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

## THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

*A Moore or Less Melody.*

FAREWELL, oh farewell to the Holiday Season!  
(Thus murmured a Minstrel just back from the sea.)  
I'm glad to return unto rhyme and to reason;  
In London once more I'm delighted to be!

Ah! sweet were the days in the Upper Thames reaches,  
How happy the doing of nothing at all!  
And sweet, too, the flavour of ripe sunny peaches,  
That dropped in our hands from the Rectory wall.

But long shall I cherish, through dreary December,  
The thought of that even we drifted away:  
The twilight, the silence, I long shall remember,  
The flash of the oar and the perfume of hay.

And still, when "My Queen" the street-organ is playing,  
Or "Patience" is blown by cacophonous bands,  
I smile on the discord, I nod to the braying,  
And muse with delight upon Scarborough Sands.

The young laughing maids, with their salt-sprinkled tresses,  
Let artfully down on their shoulders to dry;  
I see, on the Spa, in their pretty pink dresses:  
MAUD, MABEL, and DOLLY, and DAISY, and VI.

Nor did Cook and his coupons a moment forget me;  
My *passport* was *visé* the length of my flight;  
While Murray and Bradshaw did aid and abet me,  
And Courts with the circular notes was all right.

## LOVE AMONG THE PARTRIDGES.

SEPTEMBER's first, the day was fair,  
We sought the pleasant stubble,  
The birds were rising every-  
where,

The old dog gave no trouble.  
And still my friend missed  
every shot,  
While I ne'er fired in vain.  
I said, "Perchance the day's  
too hot?"  
He cried, "AMELIA JANE!"



Black Game.

We shot throughout the live-  
long day,  
We always shoot together,  
And yet in a disgraceful way,  
He never touched a feather.  
I said, "How is it that you muff  
Your birds, my boy? Explain."  
He sighed and said, "I know it's rough;  
But, oh, AMELIA JANE!"

Quoth I, "AMELIA JANE may be  
As plump as any partridge,  
But that's no reason I can see  
Why you should waste each cartridge."  
He shot the dog, then missed my head,  
But caused the keeper pain;  
Then broke his gun and wildly fled  
To join AMELIA JANE!

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.—Miss LAVINIA reads the news-  
papers aloud to her Aunt regularly. Last Saturday she  
read out the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*, "The  
Lord Mayor's Court"—when Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM gave a  
tremendous start and exclaimed, "Caught, my dear! I  
had no idea that he had run away! What on earth's he  
been doing?"

New edition of "HANDLEY CROSS"—might have been  
seen in Rutlandshire when Mr. JAMES W. LOWTHER—  
JAMES the Second—came in by a large majority. It was  
plucky of Mr. DAVENPORT HANDLEY to fight at all.  
Sorry he's out, as it is both useful and ornamental to  
have a Davenport handily placed in the House.

Farewell—when at bedtime I sink on my pillow  
I dream of my toil up the snow-covered steep,  
And mules, *vetturini*, and boats on the billow,  
And polyglot waiters embitter my sleep!

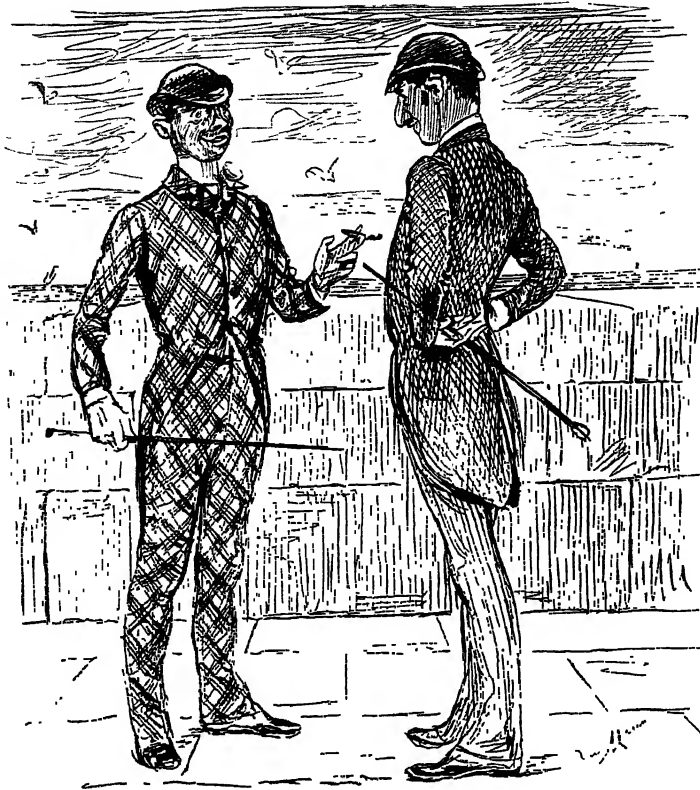
Ah, me! oft at night how I painfully worry  
To think where on earth I have possibly been?  
Of towns, half-forgotten, I saw in a hurry,  
And ghosts of the "lions" I ought to have seen!

And now, when the Club becomes cheerful and crowded,  
And men are returning all hearty and brown;  
While the room with the vesper tobacco is clouded—  
'Tis pleasant, most pleasant to get back to town!

Farewell, oh farewell, for dear London is pleasant,  
No longer I feel inclination to roam:  
I think, as I stir up the coals incandescent,  
I'm awfully glad to be once more at home!

"SHALL SHAKESPEARE have a Burlesque?" *A propos* of this ques-  
tion a Correspondent, who only signs initials, writes to us to say, that  
"in ROBSON's time, Mr. FRANK TALFOURD wrote a burlesque on *The  
Merchant of Venice*, and another on *Macbeth*, and, no doubt, were  
this clever Author now living, he would burlesque any other of  
SHAKESPEARE's plays admirably, because he had such Shakspeareance  
in this sort of work." (Oh! oh!)

THE Bishop of LIVERPOOL preached in a Scotch Presbyterian  
Church. He wore no gown, but only his ordinary costume. This  
conduct will purely ryle some of the High Kirk folk, whose object is  
will, after all, be only pure-ryle.



### TECHNICAL.

"ELLOW, 'ERRY! WHY, 'OW ARE YEE?"

"EIGHTEEN CAR-RAT, OLE MAN! 'OW 'S YERSELF?"

### SYMPATHY WITH A STATUE.

To the Right Honourable G. J. SHAW-LEFEVRE, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, the humble Petition of Gog and Magog, Giants, of Guildhall, in the City of London, Humbly Sheweth—That your Petitioners have learned to their great Alarm and Consternation that it is intended by the Board over which your Honour presides to appoint and order the Great Wellington Statue, lately lowered to the ground opposite Hyde-Park Corner, to be transmuted, transmogrified, and transposed by breaking of it up, and melting of it down, and then recasting of it into another Statue of the same Original, to be erected somewhere else than the site which the present Statue now stands upon.

That the only reason hitherto assigned for the scheme of subjecting the Wellington Statue to the treatment above specified is the allegation of its demerits as a Work of Art, being a huge, grotesque, ugly, misshapen, and monstrous Object—*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, as your Petitioners have heard it called in a Latin quotation.

That the steps proposed to be taken with the Wellington Statue on the foregoing pretences would be more or less applicable also to almost all the other public Statues in London, particularly those of GEORGE THE FOURTH, NELSON, NAPIER, and HAVELOCK in Trafalgar Square, and not only them, but, likewise, to many if not most of the Sculptures in Westminster Abbey, and not a few of the same sort in St. Paul's Cathedral, inasmuch that, if carried out, those measures would finally result in the transformation and transference, or else the removal and absolute demolition of nearly all the Metropolitan Statues, perhaps including even ourselves, however superior in artistic conception and execution we may be allowed to be in comparison with the majority of the rest.

That all our principal Compeers of the plastic kind, whether Graven or Molten Images, how humble soever their rank as ornamental Objects, are not only memorials of eminent individuals, but also monuments of British Art, representing successive stages and states of it as peculiar to the different earlier or later periods of their erection. That, therefore, their historical as well as their biographical value entitles them to preservation. That the process of removing and remodelling the Wellington Statue, if accomplished, will effect the introduction of the Thin End of the Wedge, whereof the thick end would be sooner or later driven home to the probable dislodgment or destruction of your Petitioners.

That in case the City of London and its Statues and all surroundings got swallowed up by an Earthquake and the Wellington Statue, or your Petitioners,

one or both of them, were exhumed at the expiration of several thousands of years, they would be regarded as treasures of the highest archaeological value, and very possibly be transported at a vast expense, and deposited in an Antipodean museum. That accordingly both they and it should be prospectively accounted things precious to Posterity and on that account deserving the most careful maintenance, both in situation and state. Wherefore your Petitioners humbly request and beseech that the Monster Statue of the late illustrious Duke of WELLINGTON may be suffered to remain as nearly as possible both where it is and as it is. And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will, with all the heart and voice they are capable of, ever &c., &c.

(Signed)

GOG AND MAGOG.

### CROMER CLIFFS!

HERE on my back in the sunshine lying  
On the Lighthouse Cliffs amidst flowers and grass,  
I dreamily stir when the swallow is flying,  
And lazily listen when travellers pass:  
For the sea at the foot of the crags is breaking,  
And the breeze that's stirring the ferns is pure,  
So I ask where the rest of the world is taking,  
In orthodox fashion, its annual cure.  
Why don't they settle their "ehs?" and "ifs,"  
And come and be lazy on Cromer Cliffs?

I cannot confess to an envious minute  
Since first this village I came across,  
For the sea-sick traveller can't be in it  
With the usual gambol of pitch-and-toss!  
I wouldn't exchange your Pontresinas,  
Your Alpine valleys, and castled Rhine  
For my morning "weed" from a box of "Finas,"  
And a drink of air that has strength like wine.  
The cosiest corner for holiday whiffs  
Is found in a hollow of Cromer Cliffs!

I can see them rushing in tourist fashion  
In desperate hurry by midnight train,  
With fever, and fret, and dust, and passion,  
To mountain mists and the Righi rain;  
From Spa to Spa they will pass and follow  
The crowds that hunt in Royalty's wake,  
But it grieves not me as I watch the swallow,  
And watch the wheat that the breezes shake.  
If you'd all be free from tourists' tiffs,  
You would sleep off care on the Cromer Cliffs.

They will tear with a guide through an ancient city,  
And faithfully "do" a cathedral town;  
They will climb their peaks, and—more's the pity—  
Directly they're up they must needs come down;  
They will bargain hard for a dirty dwelling,  
On the coast of France in a fisherman's cot,  
For the proud return to their homes, and telling  
They've managed to see what their friends have not.  
If they only could hear the "poohs and "piffs"  
Of the elderly cynic on Cromer Cliffs!

I can only hear, if I pause to listen,  
The sweep of scythe through the falling corn,  
I can only see how the sun can glisten  
Its dewdrop tears in the fields at morn;  
I can only know that I lie in clover  
On the top of the down and in sight of the sea;  
I can only wish each obstinate rover  
Were half as happy as I can be.  
So put in your pocket your "ahs!" and "ifs,"  
And come and get brown on Cromer Cliffs!

NEWS FROM JIM THE PENMAENMAWR MAN.—A report got about that very nearly brought Mr. IRVING back to London, and might have made him forego his American tour. It was that Mr. GLADSTONE, during the recess, was going to play *The Bells*. It turned out that the PREMIER had promised to give a peal of bells to the church of Penmaenmawr in Wales. He is not going to play them himself, and Our Only Tragedian being satisfied, "on we goes again." Out of gratitude, the Penmaenmawr people will give Mr. GLADSTONE honorary rank in their Volunteer Corps as Triple-Bob-Major, but having got so far as being called "Bob," why not style him at once Sir Robert Peal (of Bells),—*non obstante Sir Roberto Barto*?



FARMER-GENERAL JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS LAND FORCES IN THE TIME OF PEAS.

"The Wheat crop is again very far below the average; but on the whole we have good crops of barley, oats, beans, and peas."—*Agricultural Gazette*.

#### Right!

"BRIGHT water for me!" shout the teetotal spouters,  
Of temperance scornors, of liberty flouters.  
Let's hope that the cold-water *douche* of JOHN BRIGHT  
They will hail with an equally honest delight;  
And join *Mr. Punch* in his hearty applause  
Of one temperate speech on the Temperance Cause.

#### A PORTSMOUTH LEANDER AND HERO.

MR. GEORGE WHITE, ex-Captain and senior Champion of the Portsmouth Swimming Club, may be congratulated on his successful attempt to swim the Solent from Southsea Pier to Ryde. This exploit, as Old Father Neptune told the Tritons, was admirable, but insolent all the same.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM writes to us:—"I am towering in Wales. The other night we went up Snowdon by moonlight, and were charged two shillings for a glass of water, while my Nephew had to pay the same for the loan of an extra coat to keep off the cold. He says that this is the sort of thing one must expect from Welshers, though I don't see why we should, having experienced nothing but honesty and moderation up to now. But I must say, at the rate we paid for it—though of course Snowdon is high, and the charges may rise in proportion—I do think the view from the top is strikingly expensive, and the scenery quite superfluous."

WATER RATES.—Extra charge for high service. Ritualists ought to be charged more than other people, because they prefer the very highest of High Services. Alas, for taxes, &c., &c.! As the Immortal Bard says, or very nearly—"There be land rates and water rates," and we detest them all equally.

## "A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

("Constitutional" Experience. Old Gentleman gushes.)

I SAUNTER homewards on a Summer's eve,  
After a ramble on the Surrey shore  
Mid pleasant places, which the Railways leave  
Between them, not enclosed, nor all built  
o'er.



Eh? Screams and shouts advancing in the rear!  
And what? Large packs of children in full cry,  
Each lot close-crowded in a Van, appear  
Successive vehicles, cram-full, pass by!

Youth have enjoyed the sunshine and the green.

"The Straight Tip." (The sun had chanced to smile upon that day.)

Strange that those sources of delight serene  
Can have promoted their prolonged hooray!

Their little hands outfluttering kerchiefs wave;  
Their tiny throats keep up a ceaseless cheer,  
Stronger than tea though nought their lips to lave  
They've had, at banquets innocent of Beer.

From School, Endowed or Union, riding out,  
Their pleasure could no explanation lack.  
But what can cause those little ones to shout,  
In transports wild, now when they're going back?

They're clearly by spontaneous impulse driven,  
And bawl, their joy and gratitude to show.  
No guides' or guardians' word of order given,  
They greet the Outside Public as they go.

Bless ye, my Children! That's no hollow noise;  
Your hollering means a happy holiday.  
Fork out, such treat to stand poor girls and boys,  
And, Sir, you'll find your mite not thrown away.

## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*Larne—Ashore—Notes—Nauticulture—Characteristic—The Druidical Remains—Discussion—Disputation—Druids' Altar—Altar-cation—Private Information—Disquisition—a Nod—Consideration—Curious Trade—Return—Re-embarkation.*

It is difficult to realise that we are in Ireland. The few natives we meet speak with a decidedly Scotch accent. They are politeness itself, and, judging from my very slight acquaintance (of twenty minutes' duration) with a resident farmer, I should say that each of the inhabitants, if they resemble this gentleman, would leave even our host himself very little chance of winning the prize for courtesy and hospitality. The superior residents on the coast here seem, as far as I can gather in the above-mentioned space of twenty minutes, to be partly engaged in farming, and partly interested in some sort of shipping trade. For example, this farmer, a considerable landed proprietor here, is walking about his fields, watching his men at work, and, at the same time, keeping a bright look out for one of his trading vessels which ought to have arrived by now. He tells us of other farmers in the district equally interested with himself in the shipping trade. From this I expect to see other farmers posted about on the hills with telescopes,—a reaping-hook in one hand, and a binocular in the other. Their business is divided between sheep and ships, tilling and tillers; in fact, they seem to me to be Nautical Agriculturists, or, to coin a mixed term, "Nauticulturists."

*Happy Thought.*—It was these people who invented the expression "ploughing the seas."

Occasionally, when a labourer comes up and addresses his master, always most respectfully, I remark a slight admixture of Irish brogue, as evident yet as subtle as the flavour of shalotte in a craftily-prepared salad. The man touches his forehead where the brim of his hat ought to be, and wants to know something about what's to be done to the walls of an outbuilding.

"They're just to be whitewashed," says our friend the farmer.

"That's what I told 'um, Sir," returns the man, emphatically; "but they're waiting to know what colour ye'll have it whitewashed."

No one enjoys this more than the master himself.

After a good deal of dawdling, we arrive at the Druidical pile. This sounds like the name of a new sort of carpet. I say this to CRAYLEY. He appears hurt, resenting the observation as a slight

on himself and the Druids. Of course, KILLICK laughs. If KILLICK had been annoyed, CRAYLEY would have laughed. Our host preserves a placid expression of puzzled neutrality. The "pile" in question consists of one huge block of stone, supported by four huge blocks. That is all.

Our host says, "There it is!" as if he had expected it to have gone away before we came. CRAYLEY puts up his eye-glass, and, with his head very much on one side, regards it with admiration and awe.

"This," he says, speaking more to himself than to us, as if he were two members of an Archæological Society, and one was giving the other a confidential lecture on the subject—"This," he says, in a tone of melancholy reminiscence, "was an altar, on which the Druids used to offer up human sacrifices." He is very sad over it, as though he had been present under compulsion years ago at one of their festivities, and had regretted it ever since.

We all regard the Druidical pile with pathetic interest. I feel that if we only remain here long enough, we shall yield to a Druidical impulse, join hands, and gravely perform some solemn impromptu dance round the Druids' altar, which, by the way, is situated only a few yards from the drawing-room window of our friend the Nautical Farmer's house, a building quite in keeping with the mixed character of the owner's business; as, but for the undeniable farmhouse surroundings, it might be easily mistaken for a Coast-Guard station, specially as there is an old painted figure-head of a ship fixed up, as though keeping guard near a side-door.

KILLICK breaks the silence. He simply says "Bosh!"

"What is 'bosh'?" retorts CRAYLEY, inquisitorially. He is looking away from KILLICK, and apparently addressing some being in the air who is not quite so invisible as to escape the penetrating power of his eyeglass.

"Why, this," says KILLICK, nodding his head towards the Druids' Stone. "It's no more a Druids' altar than I am."

"It has been here for thousands of years," replies CRAYLEY, more in anger than in sorrow, though there is just a tinge of the same sad, regretful tone which had characterised the first part of his archæological lecture; "and how the stones could ever have been placed in that position, except by some superhuman force, is a puzzle to everyone."

"Bah!" ejaculates KILLICK, sniffing disdainfully. "I dare say the farmer and his men placed them there themselves."

"Oh! I can hardly think that," says our host, in his most conciliatory manner. "You see they are exactly opposite his front-door."

"No accounting for taste," returns KILLICK. "Why, he's got the old figure-head of a ship there! Look!"

"There is a family history attached to that; I heard it from the proprietor himself," observes our host, quietly, as if KILLICK was now venturing on delicate ground, and he, MELLEVILLE, was the Nautical Farmer's family solicitor, entrusted with all his secrets. Our host informs us that there is more than meets the eye in this old figure-head. It reminds me of a timber-yard near either Vauxhall or the Suspension Bridge, I forget which, where there used to be, and perhaps where there still is, a collection of these curious old figure-heads, secondhand, I believe, and I can't help wondering if the Nautical Farmer had fallen in love with one of them, and brought it away with him to Larne, as a memento of his first visit to London.

*Happy Thought (for a ballad).*—The Farmer and the Figure-head.

KILLICK only sniffs, and I ask, being tired of shore, if it wouldn't be as well to return to the yacht? When I come out to yacht for a few days, I count every moment on shore (except when in search of provender) as so much time wasted.

I can always be on shore, but I can't always be at sea. MELLEVILLE can be where he likes, so can CRAYLEY. KILLICK is engaged in some mysterious business, the exact nature of which no one, not even his most intimate friends, has been able to ascertain; but our host informs me, apart, that it is something that keeps him constantly going about in underground railways, and coming up suddenly, like a demon sprite in a Fantomime, out of various subways at different points of the London suburbs. Somehow, the Boss surmises, as KILLICK is specially busy just before Christmas time, that it is some trade connected with the manufacture of cracker-bombons, and he is not quite sure that it isn't the printing of the mottoes to the crackers, and perhaps writing them, too. "It must, you know," concludes MELLEVILLE, who was a Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and a great hand at abstruse calculations—"It must be a very lucrative business, as, if you consider the population of London, and the demand for crackers and bombons, each of which must have a motto, you can soon arrive at what his labour must be, what an industry it is, and what a fortune it ought to bring in."

"Then," I conclude, "KILLICK is very rich."

"Well—not exactly very rich," replies our host, considering the problem, and pausing as he solves a few equations ( $x$  representing KILLICK'S income)—"No," he goes on decisively, having evidently settled the equation to his own satisfaction—"No; you see there's such a competition in crackers and motto-bombons. Still, he's very



well off. A very nice fellow,—with his peculiarities," he adds kindly, to which I respond with a deliberate nod. Asking myself afterwards what this deliberate nod meant,—for I was conscious of meaning a great deal by it, if I could only put it into words, as *Puff* did *Lord Burleigh's*,—I come to the conclusion that my nod was intended to express a compassionate feeling on my part for the unfortunate KILLICK's "peculiarities," which I take to be "failings." My nod implies a compliment also to MELLEVILLE as being free from KILLICK's peculiarities; in fact it is complimenting him on *not* being KILLICK, while at the same time it recognises our own moral and intellectual position, MELLEVILLE's and mine, as superior to anything to which anybody with KILLICK's failings can attain . . . and so, on the whole, my nod of assent to MELLEVILLE's remarks must be the result either of idiotic self-complacency, or of the consciousness of moral superiority. Which? The latter for choice. "But," adds MELLEVILLE, after a short pause, as if he had been revising his opinions for publication, "he has a very nice voice, and understands music thoroughly." From either a self-complacent or morally superior point of view, I have no difficulty in admitting so much in KILLICK's favour, and again I assent with a deliberate nod. MELLEVILLE pauses a minute, and then, looking round to see if "the subject of this present memoir" is anywhere near,—but he isn't; he is descending the hill and having a contradiction match with CRAYLEY,—MELLEVILLE adds, "He writes the words of songs himself occasionally, and publishes them."

"Good words?" I ask, accidentally giving the name of a magazine. (Fancy a song of "bad words" only!!)

"Well—pretty well," replies our host, assuming an air of fairly indulgent criticism. "You know it doesn't much matter what the words are to songs, as one seldom hears them; but it so happened that I read two or three, and I couldn't help being struck by their strong resemblance to the style of the mottoes in the Christmas crackers. And that's why—"

But here KILLICK and CRAYLEY join us. They are serious and silent. KILLICK is whistling to himself, evidently for his own private delectation, and CRAYLEY is humming. There has been evidently a difference of opinion. The drop-curtain, to put it dramatically, has descended on some sort of a situation, and this humming and whistling is the music in the *entr'acte*. We all proceed, over very slippery sea-weed, to re-embark in the gig.

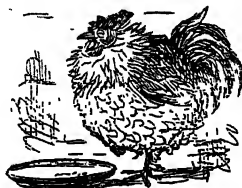
A SWEEPING MEASURE.—Three yards of "Train."

## SPORT IN SPORT.

(Game played by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Hairs and Part-ridges were scarce.



Full Cock.



Cartridges.



Stubble and Turn-up.



Marking Down.



A Breech Loader.

## BY PARCELS POST;

OR, THE VERY LATEST THING IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

**PARCELS POST.—WHY BUY ANY MORE HONEY,** when you can make it at home by having recourse to *Parcels Post*? A hive full of live Scandinavian tiger-bees in active working condition, together with straining-pot, face-protector, swarming-gloves, gong, and full directions for the control and management of these wonderfully useful and domestic, but fine-grown little creatures, forwarded by *Parcels Post*, carriage free on receipt of order. See Prospectus. No expense for keep. Can be let loose in a London Square, and recalled after a few days' practice, with perfect facility. The Farm, Stingly, Herts.

**PARCELS POST.—JORUM'S EXPANDING COFFINS.**—One of these beautifully constructed and useful fancy articles can now be had by return, on receipt of remittance. Pack into the prescribed length, and weigh only 5lb. 9oz. A marvel of ingenuity.

*Opinion of the Press.*—"Light, tasty, novel, and almost pleasing." Makes an excellent and suitable Birthday present for an Invalid. Can also be used as a dog-kennel, violoncello-case, or window flower-box. Order early. The Works, Hearsem, Gravell-on-Stoke.

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**MILK BY PARCELS POST.**—A special boon to the delicate. A glass of fresh milk from the cow can now be forwarded from Land's End to any part of the United Kingdom. N.B.—As the Company, though they forward the milk with great care, are continually receiving complaints as to the arrival of the glasses empty, they beg to refer their patrons to the printed directions affixed to each consignment, distinctly indicating which side *ought to be kept upwards* in transit. They cannot, therefore, hold themselves responsible for the carelessness of the Post-Office Authorities, against whom any action for spilling must necessarily lie.

**PARCELS POST.—A RED-HOT POKER** can now be sent with the greatest ease by *Parcels Post* on procuring one of YARRINS AND SONS' *Patent Perforated Galvanised Wire and Cast-Iron Carriage-Cases*.

**NOTICE.**—Owing to the obstinate refusal of the Postal Authorities to receive full-sized African Hyenas, carefully packed in cardboard boxes, for carriage by post, these creatures will continue to be dispatched from the *Menagerie*, Commercial Road, E., to any part of the United Kingdom, accompanied by a Keeper as hitherto, on receipt of order and fee for travelling expenses. N.B.—Cobras now by the new system. The attention of intending Customers is particularly directed to the fact that *as escapes are practically rare*, an immense saving is effected.

**PARCELS POST.—THE HERE-WE-ARE ALL HOT AND STEAMING DINNER COMPANY, LIMITED.** Why have a kitchen fire? Why not send away your Cook, and apply for the Company's Prospectus? Chops, steaks, soups, fish, *entrées*, &c., delivered smoking. Joints packed in their own ovens. Boiling kettles delivered free. A "PURCHASER" writes:—"The dinner arrived at my premises in perfect condition. The plates positively scalded the Postal Carrier as he tried to handle them, and he dropped the devilled turkey in the front garden. Your arrangements are admirable."

**PARCELS POST.—NO MORE SEASIDE.**—Why not have A GENUINE SEA-BATH at home? By the use of Messrs. SALT AND SELLUM's patent seven-pound Postal Bottles, each containing nearly two pints and a half of sea-water, a delicious plunge may be had at any inland town in the three Kingdoms. Send a cheque for £35 14s., and 370 Bottles will be dispatched by return. N.B.—We do not pay carriage. "A RUTLANDSHIRE RECTOR" writes:—"It quite cured my ankles." For further testimonials apply to Messrs. S. AND S. Hookham-on-Sea.

**PARCELS POST.—TO GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AND OTHERS** engaged in any branch of this dangerous and hazardous Department.—In consequence of the large demand, the following Protective Articles are now offered at considerably reduced prices:—Live Crab and Lobster Gloves; Ferret Pincers; Dynamite Leg and Chest Protectors; Porson's Snake-Bite Plasters; Complete Sets of False Teeth; Stylish Noses; Effective Eyes; &c. N.B.—These last will be found specially useful after dealing with carelessly-packed fireworks, loose acids, unmuzzled stag-beetles, and the smaller undomesticated *Carnivora*.

## The Wail of the Workman.

"TWIXT harsh Water Companies, tyrannous, dear,  
And Publicans knavish, we get little quarter:  
For these will supply us with too much bad beer,  
And those with too little good water."



## IMPOSTURE UNMASKED BY VILLAINY.

JONES AND ROBINSON, RIVALS FOR THE LOVE OF SOPHIA GOODRICH, ARE CAST INTO THE SHADE BY THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR HANDSOME OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW, BROWN, WITH HIS MAGNIFICENT BLACK BEARD. THEY MAKE COMMON CAUSE AGAINST HIM, AND—

WAYLAYING HIM BY THE LONELY ROCKS, THEY GIVE HIM CHLOROFORM, SHAVE OFF HIS BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, AND BEFORE HE HAS QUITE RECOVERED, THEY EXPOSE HIM SIDEWAYS TO THE GAZE OF THE FAIR SOPHIA. ALAS, HE HAS A LONG UPPER LIP AND NO CHIN!

## MOSSOO'S LITTLE GAME.

AHA! *Vive le Sport!* What a *Chasseur* am I,  
With my gun *crac-crac!* and my horn *tira-lira!*

*On dira*  
Henceforth that *la Chasse* I have only to try,  
To what you call *wipe tout le monde* in the eye.

Regard me, I pray!  
I am *vraiment au fait*,  
No more *Chasseur pour rire*, as my enemies say.  
I can shoot my own gun, I can blow my own horn—  
Ah! so well!—I look down on my critics with scorn.  
Can the caricaturists of Albion now  
Mock themselves of my style? Will the blatant bow-wow  
Of the *soi-disant* Nimrod, JOHN BULL, be uplifted?

A *Chasseur* so gifted  
The Sport-loving Islanders envy, *sans doute*.  
Every species of game I can stalk, I can shoot,  
All is quarry that comes to my gun, and my dog  
Will point at all game from an owl to a hog.  
He has catholic taste truly Gallic, *mon chien*,  
And what will he shy or turn tail on? Ah! rien!  
A poodle so valiant provoketh, perchance.  
The ire of the sinister foes of *la France*,  
With his boisterous, yelp his ubiquitous nose.  
Ah, bah! we make sport for ourselves, not our foes.  
Such a bag! It is true—and *could* France admit shame,  
It should be on this score—that I missed some big game  
Rather lately through—shall one say laziness? Fate  
Then betrayed me. I sounded a little too late  
*L'Ouverture de la Chasse*.  
Of an awkward *impasse*

Brutal BULL took advantage unsportsmanlike, mean,  
Relieving his chronic incurable spleen  
By mirth elephantine. Ignoble his gibe is.  
'Tis true that a crocodile, donkey, and ibis—  
Mixed shooting!—had added a charm to my "bag."  
*N'importe!* BULL shall find that no longer I lag.  
Pop! pop! Here and there! I'm *en evidence* now.  
*Rantara! Tantara!* Who complains of the row?

Who declares I disturb everybody all round?  
Bah! my gun it shall *crac* and my horn it shall sound  
What the Shopkeeper BULL calls "all over the shop."

See my "bag"! It is game  
That shall flood me with fame,  
And—hist! I will stalk yonder Guinea Pig! Stop?  
Eh? *Danger?* *Ma foi*, they who'd stay my advance  
Know not the bold soul of the *Chasseur* of France!

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

THE publication by certain journals, and quite recently by the *Daily Telegraph*, of full lists of "distinguished visitors" at the watering-places at home or abroad is a benefit for which the hard-working man who has been through the London Season, and who is still undecided as to where he shall take his holiday, cannot be too thankful. Fancy meeting all those people over again when he wants to obtain a thorough change and something like rest! And as the area of such and such sea watering-place or sulphur watering-place, or whatever other medicinal kind of watering-place it may be, cannot be very extensive, the infliction is worse than London, as you are bound to meet your dear friends and charming acquaintances on the eternal parade, or at the monotonous baths or drinking-fountains, or pier or gardens, or assembly-rooms or *établissement*. The list at once tells him what place to avoid.

The regular stereotyped resorts of the Illustrious and the Fashionable are real blessings to those who want to Bohemianise a bit, and to get away, for awhile at least, from the humbug of our veneered town life. But fancy the really blessed state of that individual who, having read the entire list through, from Princes and Princesses to Dukes and Duchesses, and then to Lords NOODLE, DOODLE, and GRIZZLE, and so down to the Mr. and Mrs. DUMMIE, and the HANGERON Family, can decide upon selecting this fashionable watering-place as the place where he can spend a happy holiday because he knows none of the people named in the list, and, above all, doesn't want to! "How blessed is he, and only he!"—Let the Grand Old Poet turn this into verse for the next *Nineteenth Century*.

WHAT one of the Forgers said, when he acknowledged his fault to Mr. SHAPIRA:—"Ma tear, itth a reg'lar Doo-too-wrong-o'-me!"



### MOSSOO'S "LITTLE GAME."

"AHA! I 'AVE ZE COCHIN CHINA, AND ZE MADAGASCAR. I WILL POT NOW ZE LEETLE-A NEW-GUINEA-PIG!!!"  
[Prepares to take aim.]







*His Lordship, (after missing his tenth Rabbit). "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BAGSTER. YOUR RABBITS ARE ALL TWO INCHES TOO SHORT, HEREABOUTS!"*

### HOW IT WAS DONE.

"The compiler of the Hebrew text was a Polish, Russian, or German Jew. . . . There were no less than four or five persons engaged in the production of the forgery."—Dr. GINSBURG'S Report on Mr. SHAPIRA'S Manuscript of Deuteronomy.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES, "Mankind is very dull;  
A learned man may be a dupe, a scholar's oft a gull.

I think we might the savants sell,  
Lead pundits by the noses.

I guess the game would pay us well."  
"No doubt it would," says MOSES.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES, "A Manuscript of, say  
B.C. 800, is a thing that really ought to pay.  
That Moabitish stone has filled  
The world with wild 'supposes.'  
How with our 'find' it would be thrilled!"  
"Ah! wouldn't it!" says MOSES.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES, "The text of Deuteronomy,  
Written on ancient leathern scrolls—skill matching with economy—  
SHAPIRA—some invention quick,  
(Romance on zeal imposes)—  
I really think 't would do the trick."  
"Yes! Done with you!" says MOSES.

SAYS AARON TO MOSES, "That GINSBURG is a bore,  
And CLEMONT-GANNEAU's far too fast with his linguistic lore.  
That million will not come *this* way.  
Learning our dodge discloses.  
Archaic forgeries don't pay."  
"No; hang it all!" says MOSES.

### UN'APPY 'AMPSTEAD!

At last the state of Hampstead Heath has been brought home, so to speak, to the Authorities. Mr. Punch for two years has spoken on behalf of the Public generally, and those equestrians particularly who, weary of the social hollowness of Rotten Row, Our Only Ride, walk their horses northwards, in anticipation of a pleasant canter over the heath, which means the enjoyment of pure air and healthy exercise, and, when you pause for breath, a lovely panoramic prospect.

Well, there's the pure air—not even the Board of Works can fine anyone for taking more than his share of that,—and there's the lovely panoramic prospect which ambitious builders have not yet been able to shut out,—they'll do it gradually as much as they possibly can, and we shall have to take a bird's-eye smoky view of so much of the distance as is not cut off by the outlines of the houses, over roofs, and rows of chimney-pots,—but where is "The Ride?" Where? In two divisions,—not easy to find,—one being pretty good, though the expression "no great shakes" would not strictly apply to it,—and the other part an up-and-down-hill or rocky-mountain sort of place—*solvitur ambulando*—and such land O! *solvitur ridendo*, i.e., ride—from-one-end-o-to-the-other-end-o, and Heaven grant you a safe arrival, for it is most dangerous to man and beast, and so it has been allowed to remain by that department of the Government which is styled the "Board of Works"—(what Works?)—during the entire season. It was nearly as bad last year when Mr. Punch first drew attention to it. Is the Board of Works as deaf as a deal Board, or is it trying to imitate the masterly inaction which characterises the arrangements made for the convenience of the Public and of the immediate neighbourhood by the Guardians of Mud-Salad Market?

However, last week we read in the *Daily Telegraph*, which gave it the prominence it deserved, the following case:—

"RIDING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—Mr. DAVID SPENCER, a gentleman living in Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, appeared at Hampstead Police-Court yesterday, to answer a summons taken out by the Metropolitan Board of Works, charging him with unlawfully riding a horse on the turf on Hampstead Heath, on a part other than those places set apart for that purpose by the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. J. COLLMAN, from the Solicitors' Department of the Board, prosecuted. JOSEPH WINTER deposed that on June 28 he was in the employ of the Metropolitan Board of Works as an assistant-constable on Hampstead Heath. About 7-40 p.m. that day he saw Defendant riding a horse on the turf close by the Ride. Witness went to him, and told him he was breaking the bye-laws, to which Defendant replied, 'Why don't you make the Ride better?' He then went on the turf again for about a hundred yards. Witness once more went to him, and Defendant said, 'You should make the Ride better, and I should not go on to the turf.' Witness had to get the assistance of a police-constable before Defendant would give his name and address. Sometimes Defendant was on the turf five yards from the Ride, and sometimes three. Defendant denied that he was on the turf at all."

Defendant denied that he was "on the turf" at all. Quite right: he wasn't prosecuted as a betting man, and the Great Leviathan himself would find it next to impossible to be on the turf were he to take his stand on Hampstead Heath. Mr. SPENCER goes on, and tells the Magistrate that—

"He was on a beaten track or path, quite bare, that ran by the side of the Ride, and was riding there because on the Ride itself there was a number of very big flint stones, which would cut a horse's legs to pieces. He had come from the Upper Ride, which was in a very good state, on to this portion, where there were not only flint stones as big as a man's fist, but a lot of loose sand, into which the horse sank up to the fetlock joints. Mr. FLETCHER remarked that the Ride was in a shocking state, and asked if nothing was going to be done to it. Mr. HOGER, the Chief Heath Constable, said £1,400 had been expended on it, but he admitted the accuracy of Defendant's description of the state of the Ride, of which he had received frequent complaints. GILES, 391 S, corroborated the evidence against Defendant, and also the Defendant's statement as to the Ride. Mr. FLETCHER said the Bench would dismiss the summons, as the Board did not keep the Ride in a proper state. Mr. COLLMAN urged that a clear infringement of the bye-laws had been proved. Mr. FLETCHER then ordered Defendant to pay 2s. costs, remarking that the Bench thought his case a hard one."

If £1,400 spent on it has only succeeded in making it so dangerous, what would another £1,400 have done for it, if laid out in the same manner? Evidently, it would have been an utterly impossible place; but so far, safe, as nobody would even have tried to ride there. It is the Board that ought to be had up before Mr. FLETCHER, and not the ill-treated equestrian, whom Mr. FLETCHER very properly, justly, and sensibly dismissed with a nominal fine of two shillings, as he thought the case a hard one, and the Ride still harder. Mr. Punch will have a few more suggestions for the Board of Works, which he shall be most happy to re-christen the "Board of Good Works" on the very first opportunity. By the way, had the Board of Works anything to do with the Regent's Park Ride—such as it was—which was done away with this last Season?

MODERN SETTING OF AN OLD SAW.—"Mashers not Men."

## THE CONVERTED MILLER.

AIR—"The Miller of the Dee"—  
(not the big, big Dee).

THERE was a jolly Miller once  
Not far from Salisburee,  
He drank a sort of fine old port,  
Which had a fine bodee.  
He went to bed without "a  
head,"  
And sang most gratefuller,  
"I care for some body, this  
port wine  
With some body does for  
me!"

One morn he learned the wine  
had turned,  
Says he, "Then I'll turn, too.  
I feel I ain't yet quite a saint,  
So I'll take the ribbon blue."  
The wine into a stream he  
threw,  
And sang inquiringlee,  
"I care for some body, who  
will buy  
Some some-body'd port for  
me?"

FREEDOM at Drury Lane. No  
more Freedom. Programmes  
will be given away free; use  
of cloak rooms and retiring  
rooms, all, all Free! Drury  
Lane will be like the sea in the  
old song, "The ever Free." It  
is right that the "National  
Theatre" should be the "Home  
of the Free." The public will  
no more be Harried by the  
bonnet-and-cloak, and six-  
penny programme nuisance.  
Right to follow Mr. JOHN  
HOLLINGSHEAD'S Gaiety lead.  
Bravo, Mr. HARRIS'S Angu-  
stan Era of Management! No  
Fees till Christmas time, and  
then there'll be lots of 'em,  
Fees, on the stage.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 152.



MR. SHARP-EYE-RA.

SHOWING, IN VERY FANCIFUL PORTRAITURE, HOW DETECTIVE GINSBURG  
ACTUALLY DID MR. SHARP-EYE-RA OUT OF HIS SKIN.

## "THE ROYAL RED CROSS."

"The decoration of the Royal Red Cross, conferred by the QUEEN on Miss J. KING, one of the nurses at Fort Pitt Hospital, Chatham, was presented yesterday by Major-General the Hon. R. MONCK, commanding the district, in the presence of the principal officers of the garrison."—*Daily Telegraph*.

DON'T talk of your ribbons,  
your stars, and your  
garters,  
Your Thistle the gay Scot-  
tish noblemen sport,  
The Orders named after illu-  
trious martyrs,  
The gifts of a King and the  
pride of a Court:  
Here comes a new Order to  
decorate Ladies,  
Her Majesty's cipher in gold  
they emboss,  
And every old star worn by  
men in the shade is,  
Henceforth, when it comes  
near the Royal Red Cross.

The Cross is for those who go  
forth where the battle  
Has raged, to attend on our  
soldiers who fall;  
Afar off they hear all the can-  
nonade's rattle,  
And thrill at the sound of  
the high trumpet-call.  
'Tis given to the nurses whose  
skill and devotion  
Save soldiers, whose death  
were a national loss,  
And 'mid all our Orders, Sir  
PUNCH has a notion,  
By no means the least is the  
Royal Red Cross.

THE JORDAN VALLEY  
CANAL.—Its promoters may go  
to Jericho.

## FOR THE FIRST.

(By a Happy Shootist.)



Hares and Rare-bits.

SAY not the world's all trouble!  
Say not that life's a bubble!  
No pessimist  
Is found, I wist,  
In the September stubble.  
Had SCHOPENHAUER shouldered Purdey,  
And chased the plump brown bird, he  
Had had small mind  
For his dull grind  
On Fate's shrill hurdy-gurdy!  
And as for LEOPARDI  
That melancholy bard, he  
Might here have found  
A mind more sound,  
More hopeful, and more hardy.  
CLOUGH, HARTMANN, MALLOCK! Fiddle!  
Their doldrums are alliddle.  
With dog and gun  
You'll find life fun,  
The croakers out, and gleefully shun  
The Sphinx and her stale riddle.

UNHAPPY THOUGHT.—Substitute for the *Enfield Speaker* and  
*Elegant Extracts* of other days: Selections of passages generally the  
most commended by Critics from the works of TENNYSON, BROWNING,  
and SWINBURNE, constituting a Book of Poetry for the Use of  
Schools. The contents to be learned by heart.

## A DOG AND HIS DAYS.

WUFF! London from the pavement level is a singular place, and  
who knows it from that level so well as a dog? I know every inch  
of it.

Very dirty inches, some of them. Wish sometimes my nose were  
as elevated as, say, the MACALLUM MORE'S or a City Alderman's. I  
should walk on my hind legs sometimes—I *can*, having once been a  
performing dog—eugh!—but that would attract attention, and a  
peripatetic philosopher like me wants to see and not be seen. I see  
more than the astutest detective. For who bothers about a dog?

Mud! I'm a connoisseur in mud, worse luck! Exchanged notes  
on the subject with a pig once. He was not in it, never having been  
in London. Told him of fifty different kinds of London mud with  
fifty distinct bouquets. He grunted as enviously as a poor toper at  
the description of the glories of a rich *bon vivant's* wine-cellar. I  
painted Seven Dials on a sloppy night! He looked like a Pig Peri  
peeping into an unattainable Porker's Paradise. I outlined Billings-  
gate!! He rolled on his back in utter ecstasy. I described Mud  
Salad Market!!!

Then envy dimmed his eager eye,  
Relaxed his caudal knot;  
And with one long-drawn ventral sigh,  
He turned and fled the spot.

Excuse a dog's doggerel. Prose was not equal to the occasion.  
Are men like-minded with pigs? A wet day in London puts a  
decent hog-pen to the blush. Wish I could do arrangements in  
dandy-grey russet and dust-colour, and that sort of thing. I'd  
picture the pavement from a dog's point of view. It might astonish  
you. *Ex pede Herculem*, eh? Apply that rule to a pretty girl on a  
dirty day in the Strand, and the pretty girl would hardly feel com-  
plimented. Let the pretty girl go, on foot, to cheapen roses or



## SYMPATHY.

*Passenger (in a whisper, behind his paper, to Wilkins, who had been "catching it" from the Elder Lady). "MOTHER-'N-LAW?"*  
*Wilkins (in still fainter whisper). "Ye'."* *Passenger. "'GOT JUST SUCH 'NOTHER!"* [They console together at the next Buffet.

peaches in London's chief market—save the mark!—P. G. might as well take a stroll in a swampy brickfield or an ill-kept straw-yard. Trimness and rose-scent above, muck and malodorousness below. That's Civilisation—in London.

Civilisation from a canine point of view! Don't sniff. Cynical? Not at all. Dogs are not cynical, though puppies—human ones—are. But Civilisation has queer aspects when looked at closely. People with their heads in the air overlook all sorts of absurdities and abuses and anomalies, or accept them tacitly as inevitable matters of course. Look at the state of certain of the main City thoroughfares at the present time. Or of some of the suburban roads. "Up," miles of them, week after week, to the dismal discomfort of everybody—from drivers to dogs. All day in the City roads are blocked, while leisurely Contractors loiter over jobs that should be done in carefully-arranged detail with the greatest possible despatch.

If some sooty foreign Effulgency were to be welcomed, the electric light and night-shifts would promptly be called into play. But when it's only the convenience, comfort, and cash of tens of thousands of citizens that are concerned, *Bumble* dawdles and bungles on, ignoring management, and cutting Science dead. And the citizens grumble and submit. Set up a fuming Witch's Cauldron in Cheapside that wafts foul-smelling asphyxia from end to end, fill the Strand with dust clouds, as from a million door-mats violently banged at once, block Fleet Street with stone-piles, mud-heaps, and scaffold-poles, keep the dirty chaos up for six weeks at a stretch, and what does Civilisation say? At any rate, she *does* nothing.

Take a Hansom to your Suburban home, say at Brixton. Cabby has to make detour after detour till he loses his way—and his temper—entirely. A barrier of boards, a Gehenna of flaring gas-flames, and a howling warder stop the way again and again and again. I've followed—out of curiosity—a cursing Cabby and a frantic passenger passing in this way through miles of strange streets, and left them furiously fighting over the fare at the end of the journey. And why? Because *Bumble* is a bumptious blunderer, and Britons—notwithstanding loudly-shouted lyrical denials—are slaves. Slaves to despotic officialism, and blind Use and Wont.

Civilisation indeed! Give one of your philosophers, or journalists,

or Inspectors of Nuisances a dog's day of time and a dog's power of observation, and he'll knock holes in Civilisation in a way that will surprise you. That is, if he be not smitten with the judicial—and judicious—blunders of, say, a District Surveyor, after a bottle of champagne and a peculiarly careful hand-shake from an interested party.

Wuff! Civilisation wants looking into with a keener eye than that of your ordinary District Surveyor. A decent dog's, for example.

## A Turn for a Turner.

MY Uncle, who in the Milisher is,  
 Haunts the South Kensington Fisheries,  
 He says that the "Guides"  
 GODFREY TURNER provides  
 Are the best; and so he his well-wisher is.

## QUITE THE REVERSE.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is a success at the Lyceum, but the piece in which she appears, *Ingomar*, is a failure. The young lady, as, presumably, a Scotch lassie, might take the advice of one of her own nationality, who says, "She ma' go in for something else!"

## "If!"

BUMBLE's experiments in wooden paving  
 Make London one wild chaos. What a saving  
 In cash, in time, man's fears, and cattle's dreads,  
 Could London be well paved with wooden heads!  
 For then—the thought's Utopian, more's the pity!—  
 Some civic blunderers *might* serve the City.

"HENRI CONSCIENCE."—If there was one man more than another who deserved this name, it was the lately deceased Comte de CHAMBORD, HENRI CINQ.

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE FIFTH.

## I.

THE morn is up again, the pleasant morn,  
Whose breath brings health's fresh flush to cheeks that bloom.



But gay Aurora must regard with scorn  
The sluggard Childe, whose chamber seems a tomb.

But 'tis broad day; Childe CHAPPIE must resume  
The flutter of existence.

Where to fly  
For fresh sensation, or surcease of gloom,  
Is food for meditation.

Shall he try  
A pigeon-match at Fulham, vested fittingly?

## II.

Fulham, green Fulham! death-place of the dove,  
Thine air, with taint of wanton slaughter fraught,

Is sweet to Ladies; these patricians love!  
Oft in thy sunbeams gentle eyes have caught  
The iridescent hues so subtly wrought  
Upon the blood-flecked breasts of the "blue rocks"  
Fluttering to death. *Ennui* hath often sought  
In thee a refuge from the imp that mocks,  
Dulness, the leaden scourge of Fashion's foolish flocks.

## III.

Hurlingham! by fair feet thy paths are trod.  
Feverish Greed there mounts a modish throne;  
Remorseless Greed, Society's sordid god,  
Is thy pervading bane and blight; so shown  
Not in thy ranges only, nor alone  
In club-room or on race-course; o'er the flower  
Of youth and sparkling maidenhood scarce blown  
Its parching breath hath pestilential power,  
Palsying the generous pulse, Youth's fairest, noblest dower.

## IV.

All things smack here of *it*,—from the gay lines  
Of ladies lifted high, to the loud roar  
Of betters. Girlhood fair her ear inclines  
To the harsh-echoing cries of "Six to four!"  
Whilst feathered flutterers, tumbled score on score,  
Beat with maimed wings the sward. *Cric! crac!* "Oh! good!  
Five in six shots! A miss!! Ah! that's a bore!  
He's out of it, I fear! Think what I stood  
To win if but Sir CHARLES"— Oh, for calm solitude!

## V.

A populous solitude, where untortured birds,  
Swift fairy-formed and many-coloured things,  
Warble at will with notes more sweet than words.  
Here, trap-released, they open their glad wings  
Hopeful. A shot! A crimson gush outsprings,  
A fall, some scattered feathers, and the end!  
Or maimed escape protracted torture brings.  
O pleasant thought! Here Wealth and Beauty blend  
Such helpless lives, for gain, in anguish to expend!

## VI.

'Tis not for nought Childe CHAPPIE sought this spot,  
For sport or mere affection, but he found  
It was a scene where he might "win a pot"  
Or "lose a pile"—what matter? On this ground  
Too prudish Love its *Psyche*-zone unbound,  
To speak in metaphor—for sport is known  
A wonderful starch-slackener; the sound  
Of shouted "odds" sufficient seems alone  
To shake Propriety from too austere a throne.

## VII.

Sport and the Stage!...Ye twain supply rich lodes  
To those who mine for folly's gold; a game  
Better than mere quartz-delving. Dangerous roads  
On which at pleasure or at pelf to aim  
For aught but cunning minds. Childe CHAPPIE's fame

Was meteorlike. He hoped to "make his pile,"  
And—self-deluding moth!—to *skim* the flame  
Of sport and passion scathless; but the while  
Pleasure's arch ministers at such mad hopes did smile.

## VIII.

For all his cynic show he was a child,  
Most mutable in will, and with a mind  
Shallow as cold; self-deemed a roysterer wild,  
JUAN and ALCEBIADES combined,  
He played the unconscious ape amidst mankind,  
The Proteus of their vices; but his own  
Moved most to ridicule. Misfortune's wind  
Blowing on such light souls soon lays them prone.  
How may a vulgar fool face Nemesis alone?

## IX.

Nemesis stern, if slow, o'erlooking naught,  
Scoring the debts of each unthrifty year  
To exact the utmost. Foolish flaunter, caught  
By studied smile and calculated leer,  
Or pseudo-*Psyche* glance, softly severe  
Of the sham *ingénue*,—that master-spell  
Which lures some dupes who bolder sirens fear;  
That round-eyed clear regard which can dispel  
Or answer lingering doubts so eloquently well!

## X.

Poor thralls of footlight Florizels; by them  
The immitigable penalty is paid.  
The harpy-hearted sirens these condemn  
To hours by shame and anguish bitter made,  
By hope unlit, by pleasure unallayed.  
When the last lurid spark dies out from lust,  
When the last feeble shred of faith's decayed,  
Dead beyond all removal, life is dust  
By rapture unilluminated and unsustained by trust.

HOORAY for MATTHEW ARNOLD, the Poet with a Pension! Don't let it make you idle, Mr. MATTHEW! Don't lie on your back and repeat yourself, singing, "I'll spend the goodly treasures I have got." Don't with a Pension be a Pensionner. Remember that though we have just now an Only General, yet the Laureate is not our Only Poet.

## A SONG OF SOUTHWOLD.

"East Anglia provides ample room for excursionists and for those who flee from their presence. . . . Southwold, at the head of Sole Bay, is a delightful place."—*Daily News*.

I CAN lie on my back and look up at the sky,\*  
And I see the swift sea-gulls sail solemnly by;  
While I've nothing to think of but what there's for lunch,  
And how yonder fair face should be pictured in *Punch*.

There is fish to be eaten—although, with a frown,  
I find out that the best of it goes up to town:  
Yet with heartfelt delight will the epicure say,  
He is simply sublime is the shrimp of Sole Bay!

There is little to do; I can go for a sail;  
And I try to catch fish, and most probably fail.  
So I lie down again, and this time with a pipe,  
And feel thankful that country greengages are ripe.

There's the Common, where young men and maidens can play  
That eternal Lawn Tennis from dawning of day;  
As they brandish the rackets, and struggle, and run,  
I've the best of the game looking on at the fun.

Or I wander to Walberswick, place of delight  
To the artists who paint it from morning till night;  
But I sit on the pier and I relish the view,  
Without messing my fingers with cyanine blue.

Little Southwold's the place to get rid of black Care,  
Which "*post equitem sedet*" let HORACE declare;  
There are no town amusements, but swift the time passes,  
By wild wavelets "*παραφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*."

\* Of course he can, there is nothing very wonderful in this. If our esteemed Contributor had told us how he lay with his face downwards, and had then looked up at the sky, we should have preferred it. As it is, all our poetic contributors in the country appear to be doing the same thing. All describe themselves as "lying on their backs." Very prosaic. Evidently they haven't taken out their poetic licences this year. Unless they're not out of town at all, and then it doesn't matter where they lie.—*By Envious Editor who can't get away.*



## HOLIDAY RESORTS.

(Re-sorted by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



West-born.



East-born.



Shanklin.



Exmouth.



Kingswear.



Scilly.



Hayling Island.



Mumbles.



Barrow Route.



Ile of Man.

## AIDS TOWARDS MAKING CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

**Subjects and Titles.**—The most popular stories at merry Yule-Tide are those dealing with the more violent kinds of crimes and the gloomiest of ghost-stories. The narrative of a carefully-contrived assassination always attracts numerous readers. The first essential is to get a good title, which should be startlingly attractive. We suggest then the following:—"The Doom of Dr. Deadset." "The Crime of St. Anne's Crypt." "The Hangman's Pupil." "The Death in Avenue Terrace." "Mrs. Poison's Boarding-House." "Found Dead; or, The Secret of Laurence's Dancing Academy." "Mike's Mate; or, The Forgotten Murder of Monks-Mummery," is long, but attractive. If the story is to deal with high life, Lord Leonard's Legacy sounds well, but requires some such rider as, Or, the Rope of Newgate, to give it proper pungency.

If murder is discarded in favour of horrors, then the title should be startling and mysterious. Here is a short list which will be found useful:—"The Blood Spectre." "The Story of Gnome Cemetery." "The Shadow Shriek of Vampire's Folly." "The Curse of Blind Bride's Ferry." "The Iron Foot." "Phantom Hands." "The Monster of Murdock Manor."

**Opening Sentence.**—This is all important. The cover and the title of the work attract the casual bookstall-reader, but the initial line of type usually determines the question whether the book shall be bought or not. A very popular story a few years ago commenced with the rather startling announcement:—

"The murderer paused in his ghastly work."

It matters little what follows so long as interest is immediately created. The stories, in fact, can take care of themselves. Thus such sentences as the following may be recommended with confidence:—

1. "Dead! And I am chained to him!" gasped RUPERT, on awaking in the wood from his terror-swoon—

2. The ship was sinking when the half-murdered Marchioness reached the deck—

3. As RALPH commenced to burn the will hurriedly, he saw that the widow of the dead man had entered the family vault, and was watching him—

4. The Jury returned with their verdict—

5. "I thought so!—as I am an Analytical Chemist, the coffee contains poison! This, then, accounts for the Major's sudden death!"

6. The two enemies both tried to reach the cord attached to the safety-valve of the balloon, when—

Taking the above as models, tales may be easily fitted to suit them. All that the Author has to do is "to try back." For instance, in No. 1 he will have to work up to the situation of a man finding himself chained to a dead companion in a forest. Perhaps they were prisoners who had escaped. If so, how did they get into gaol—and how did they get out? Then, in No. 2, how came the Marchioness to be half-murdered, and under what circumstances did she find herself in a sinking ship? In No. 3, why was RALPH burning the will in the family vault—and what was his relationship to the dead man and his widow? Both Nos. 4 and 5 may relate to a murder of a mysterious character. In the last, two enemies are struggling in a

balloon—why are they struggling, why enemies, why in a balloon? If a practised Author puts these questions to himself and answers them, he will find that he has half-a-dozen genial stories ready to hand admirably suited for family reading round the Christmas fire.

**General Hints.**—Having title and initial sentence, the next thing to obtain is a good "index to contents." The story should be divided into Books, each having an attractive heading. Four Books are generally sufficient, and should form a series. Take the idea of a river such as the Mississippi for instance. Book I. in this case would be "Before the Falls!" Book II., "Shooting the Rapids!" Book III., "In the Whirlpool!" and Book IV., "Smooth Water!" Or the notion of a campaign may be adopted. Here, Book I. would be, "Before the Battle!" and the others respectively, "In the Enemy's Camp!" "The Forlorn Hope!" and "Væ Victis!" This last story would, so arranged, have a tragical conclusion; but should the Author wish his tale to "end happily," he would of course change "Væ Victis!" to "Peace at Last!"

Each Book should have its proper number of Chapters, all with suggestive titles. For instance, "The Old Clock turns Traitor!" "Only a Glass of Water!" "Arrested!" and many others of a similar character would be found useful. But, perhaps, the shortest way is to give a skeleton story to act as model for others. Say it contains four Books, each having four Chapters, and that the key-note is given in the opening sentence, "The drowning man still defied his assassin in the moonlight."

## THE DARK DEED OF DEADMAN'S DINGLE.

BOOK I. AIR!—Chapter 1. The Murder near the Brook! Chap. 2. Lucy's Lover fails to keep his Appointment! Chap. 3. Detective DOWTER'S Excursion! Chap. 4. Arrested on Suspicion!

BOOK II. EARTH!—Chapter 1. The Pistol is found in the Fernery! Chap. 2. DOWTER'S Note-Book! Chap. 3. Retained for the Defence! Chap. 4. The Magistrate's Decision!

BOOK III. FIRE!—Chapter 1. LUCY receives a mysterious Visitor! Chap. 2. Blood-stains! Chap. 3. A Scrap of Paper! Chap. 4. The Black Cap!

BOOK IV. WATER!—Chapter 1. "When Thieves quarrel!" Chap. 2. The Condemned Cell! Chap. 3. LUCY learns at last the Secret of Deadman's Dingle! Chap. 4. "Advance, Australia!"

Thus, having given the outline of the Story, all that is necessary is—to write it.

O!

(The Cry of the Poor Clerk.)

O! NOT for me the briny breezes blow;  
O! no! nor will the sun my pale cheeks brown.  
O!—well, in fact, I'm like the letter "O,"  
And never out of Town!

"ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."—THE PREMIER, MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, the Laureate, MR. HALLAM TENNYSON. Excellent materials for a Caric. "In the same boat," said DOUGLAS JERROLD, "but with very different skulls."



## TABLES TURNED.

Poor Beggar. "PLEASE SPARE A PENNY, SIR. I HAVEN'T HAD ANY DINNER TO-DAY!"  
Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "I HAVEN'T HAD A MEAL SINCE YESTERDAY, SIR!"

Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "I'VE GOT A WIFE AND CHILDREN, SIR, ALL STARVING!"

Swell. "PAW BEGGAH!"

Poor Beggar. "PLEASE SPARE A PENNY, SIR!"

Swell. "HAVEN'T GOT ONE—AW!" Poor Beggar. "PAW BEGGAH!"

## FROM OUR PRIVATE BOX OF BOOKS.

MARLOWE'S *Faustus* and GOETHE'S *Faust* form the third volume of MORLEY'S Universal Library, brought out by Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, the first having been SHERIDAN'S Plays, and the second, Plays from MOLIÈRE, adapted by such eminent English Dramatists as DRYDEN, VANBRUGH, WYCHERLY, FIELDING, and that slyest old dog of all the colliers that ever lived, COLLEY CIBBER. They are most useful reprints, good type, and portable.

Professor MORLEY, who ought to be named Professor More-and-MOR-LEY from the amount of work he undertakes, gives us, as the latest instalment of the Macmillan series of handy biographies, *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, who, writing, of course, well and brightly throughout, is only thoroughly successful in her account of SHERIDAN'S domestic life. This part of the monograph is admirably done; but, in her treatment of his dramatic work and of his theatrical career, Mrs. OLIPHANT fails, either from lack of appreciation, or of practical experience; and again, her treatment of his political career leaves much to be desired. Mr. Sam Weller's opinion that an abrupt conclusion, is the great art of letter-writing, because it makes the reader wish "as there was more of it," does not hold good as regards the biography of such a meteoric character as RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

To return to the Plays of MOLIÈRE by eminent adapters of the Restoration period, Professor MORLEY has taken good care that if the dialogue is a bit wearisome to readers of modern Plays in "Lacy's Edition" (chiefly studied by Amateurs in search of "something likely to suit us"), it shall at least be free from unnecessary offence, and this he has managed without any Podsnapian Bowdlerism, and yet with due regard to the blushes of "the young person," who will

## LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

## BAVENO.

BENEATH the Vines, Hotel Belle Vue,  
I'm very certain I know who  
Here loves to trifle, I'm afraid,  
Or lounge upon the balustrade,  
And watch the Lake's oft changing hue.

'Tis sweet to dream the morning through,  
While idle fancies we pursue,  
To pleasant plash of passing blade—  
Beneath the Vines!

I love to laze; it's very true,  
I love the sky's supernal blue;  
To sit and smoke here in the shade,  
And slake my thirst with lemonade,  
And dream away an hour or two—  
Beneath the Vines!

MR. WALFORD'S Handy Books are very handy. Such good titles too—only that Conservatives might call them "radically bad"—as, for instance, *The Shilling Peerage*, the *Shilling Baronetage* and *Knightage*, and *Shilling House of Commons*. Perhaps, *consule Chamberlaine*, when titles will be limited to *Peeral Servitude for Life*, we shall have the *Fourpenny Peerage*, the *Threepenny Baronetage*, the *Twopenny Knightage* (it's dangerously near this at present), and the *House of Commons* will be thrown in; but this last depends on what Government is "thrown out." As for *Knightage*, at the present day it might have a chapter to itself entitled, "*Honours Easy*."

A WORD OF VAUGHANING.—At the Gloucester Festival of the Three Choirs—very much the cheese this, Treble Gloucester—Dr. VAUGHAN in his sermon told his audience that an Oratorio in a Cathedral was the right thing in the right place, and, said the *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent, "the weight of his (Dr. VAUGHAN'S) character and office went into the right scale." Of course the Special was a musician, but he might have told us what he considers the "right scale." Probably he would reply, in this instance, "The scale of See (of Gloucester)." That's Major; and, if so, wouldn't Dr. VAUGHAN have all the Minor Canons against him?

CON. FOR FEMALE ECONOMISTS.—Would the prohibition of tight-lacing be a violation of "freedom of contract"?

probably (we tried it on two) get tired of *Sir Martin Marr*—all in about a quarter of an hour, and simply remark, as she lays down the book and thanks you for nothing, "I never read MOLIÈRE in the original, but this must be a very bad translation." We didn't deceive that young person: it was JOHN DRYDEN'S.

Then we tried the *Plain Dealer* on another student of the modern Drama who knew nothing of WILLIAM WYCHERLY except his name, and he also thought it was a poor translation of a play he had heard a good deal about, and expressed his opinion that the entire collection, in which he could never so far interest himself as to take more than a cursory dip into it, was probably a lot of pieces that had been refused by Managers. These standard Comedies are certainly not light reading, and without skilful condensation might be very heavy acting.

Number five of Professor More-and-MOR-LEY'S series is to be RABELAIS' *Gargantua and the Heroic Deeds of Pantagruel*. The aid of Professor Podsnap, and Drs. Bowdler and Barlow must surely be invoked before *Henry Sandford* and *Tommy Merton* can take it home and read it to *Susan Sandford* and *Mary Merton*. The experienced Editor, however, has in his manifesto already declared that he "intends to respect that change in the conventions of Society which excludes now from our common acquaintance certain plainnesses of thought and speech once honestly meant, and honestly allowed." Plainnesses indeed! they are downright uglinesses, deformities, spots on the Shakspearian sun, and foul blots on the fun and humour of the Dramatists of the Restoration.

"The use and beauty of old monuments," says Professor More-and-MOR-LEY, "are, surely, separable from their dust and dirt." This, as a canon of literary and dramatic revival, seems to recommend itself to public judgment, but in historical resuscitations, such

as Mr. JAMES GAIRDNER is engaged in in his *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry the Eighth, as Preserved in the Public Record Office*, it must not be allowed the slightest influence. We nowadays are waking up as to how History has been manufactured; but the public records of facts, and the private and confidential letters showing the secret motives, the intended projects, the intrigues and the personal opinions of the men and women of the time, these cannot lie, and we are all beginning to resent having been deceived into giving the genial, jovial, good-fellowship title of "Bluff King HAL" to one of the most unmitigated scoundrels that ever wore a crown. ANNE BOLEYN we now learn from her own mouth was just as bad, *but*—and there is much virtue in "but," more than ever was in ANNE—she suffered for it by losing her head, but HENRY never once lost his, for all his temper was diabolical.

Mr. GAIRDNER is just the Gairdner who should be invited to dig in the Vatican grounds, which are now to be thrown open to the accredited historians of all countries. There no doubt, he, being a Gairdner who calls a spade a spade, would give valuable assistance in uprooting old and stupid prejudices.

#### IN THE CHANNEL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE GALES.

I KNEW it!—when I have to cross,  
There always are tremendous gales,  
The beastly boat will pitch and toss,  
A wobbling motion never fails.  
E'en as it lies beside the pier,  
The steamer's dancing up and down.  
Ah me! you never seemed so dear,  
Fast-fading lights of Dover town.

"A little fresh," that's what they call  
A storm when awful waves we ship;  
And then the Captain comes to bawl,  
He hopes I'm well wrapped up this trip.  
Hi! Steward! Never leave me, then  
You'll earn a really noble fee.  
Oh, good Sir EDWARD WATKIN, when  
Shall we be carried under sea!

#### A VEILED COMPLIMENT.

We are arriving at a fatal era of "Onlies." We have Our Only General, Our Only Admiral, Our Only Ride, Our Only Statesman, Our Only Actor, Our Only Composer, and therefore it says the greatest things for the present state of English Literature, that, in consequence of there being such a plethora of "Eminent Hands," as THACKERAY called them, in the Literary World, and such an *embarras des richesses* among novelists, it should be found absolutely necessary, in order to avoid "hurting susceptibilities" and creating envies, jealousies, and all uncharitableness, to obtain the services of a distinguished American Man of Letters to unveil a bust of FIELDING, and to expatiate on his life and works to FIELDING's countrymen.

Some years ago we should have had either DICKENS, who was a careful student of FIELDING, or THACKERAY, for the ceremony, but the latter would probably have declined the honour, adapting *Antony's* lines to the occasion,—"I am no orator as DICKENS is," and might have added that he had already sufficiently unveiled not the bust, but the man himself. "I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of HARRY FIELDING," writes THACKERAY; "why hide his faults, why conceal his weaknesses in a



#### "DRIVING!"

Brigson. "THERE'S A DEGREE OF COMFORT AND REPOSE ABOUT THE MODERN SYSTEM THAT'S"—(smacks his lips)—"VE'Y 'NJOYABLE!"

cloud of periphrases? Why not show him as he is?" we hear THACKERAY saying while giving directions to the Sculptor for the bust; "not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles and claret-stains on his tarnished laced-coat, and on his manly face the marks of good-fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine."

That is unveiling if you like, and, for ourselves, we should have been content to have left it at that, unless we had called in Mr. SALA, the Author of those capital papers on *William Hogarth*, who would not have been a whit behind Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL in "orating," and who would probably have replied to the invitation with the concluding lines of THACKERAY'S Essay: "Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English HARRY FIELDING."

That Mr. LOWELL has scored sufficiently off his own bat and had his innings, is probably the reason why he was called upon to take his turn at Fielding. It is part of the game. But, as we have already said, that an American Author should have been selected for this function, is the greatest compliment that could have been paid to the crowd of Eminent Hands representing English Literature at the present time.



## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*Still at Larne—Difficulties—Hummers—Giving Way—Sermonette—Gallantry—Bathing—Discussion—Swimming—Acrobatic—Carpet—Considerations—Questions—Deception—In—The Vasty Deep—Down—Down—Up—Up—Once More on Deck—Prospects—Dinner—Evening—Promise of a Start—Anticipating Delight.*

ONCE again in the gig, being rowed from shore to the *Creusa*. KILLICK and CRAYLEY have evidently not had it out yet about the Druidical Remains as they came down the hill.

KILLICK, who is of a volatile turn, and to whom a period of more than three minutes of unbroken silence becomes irksome, begins humming. Perhaps it is the sequel to the air he was humming when we re-embarked. His hum has not about it the drone of contentment which makes some hums sound like a gentle purr, but it assumes an air of defiance as he gives it out with his lips closed, and with his nose in the air; indeed, it strikes me that, as it is performed *bouche fermée*, somewhat after the manner of the Sailors' Chorus in *L'Africaine*, it would be more correct to describe it as with the air in his nose, and both descriptions are equally true. His chin is at a considerable elevation, so that, as he looks about him sharply, it seems as if he were challenging anybody within hail with a "Hum-if-you-dare" kind of tune. CRAYLEY, with his back turned to KILLICK, as much as his sitting position in the boat will permit, does not explicitly accept the challenge, but sets up, so to speak, a little quiet droning business, consisting of disjointed scraps of melodies, which he doesn't take the trouble to connect even as a medley.

The effect is irritating. It is difficult to interfere and say, "Don't hum," and the only way appears to be to start an opposition. If I do this, it occurs to me that our host will be tired of the whole lot of us, and will receive a telegram recalling him to town immediately on business, which will necessitate, so he will tell us, his giving up his yachting this season, and then, when the present party is broken up, he will start afresh with new and more pliable materials.

*Happy Thought.*—Don't hum.

KILLICK, stopping short, says decidedly, as if he had had a private and confidential inspiration on the subject, "We shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Why?" asks CRAYLEY. At all events, the humming is over, but CRAYLEY's "Why?" is uttered in just the manner which KILLICK is sure to resent.

"Well," replies KILLICK, in a tone implying that the meteorological evidence for his previous statement is so clear as to be irresistible to any but a born fool, I feel that his tone does convey all this,—"Well, just look at the sky."

CRAYLEY is looking at the sky through his eyeglass sideways, and his other eye is round the corner, down indirectly, but certainly, on KILLICK. A guttural interarticulate ejaculation, which might be a compliment from a Fiji Islander, but is uncommonly like an insult from a member of a civilised society, is the only answer he deigns to give. I think if our host, who continues to appear entirely absorbed in his steering, could only pitch them both overboard to finish their differences in the water, he would gladly do so; as it is, he only shouts earnestly and cheerily to the crew, "Give way, my men!" as if encouraging them to reach the yacht as quickly as possible. But what excellent advice (which we are so constantly hearing, and on which I have before remarked) to both KILLICK and CRAYLEY, and not only to them, but to all obstinate arguists, to "Give way, my men,"—for the more you give way, the easier and the pleasanter and the quicker is the progress, each minding his own business, and all "giving way" together.

*Happy Thought.*—The above is quite a little Sailors' Sermon. Good title for book, "*Sailors' Sunday Sermons. Now on Sail.*"

"Safe to be fine," says KILLICK, shortly, apparently settling the weather, but really provoking further discussion.

"Much more likely to rain," says CRAYLEY, disdainfully.

"Not a chance of it," retorts KILLICK. Double retorts are dangerous things.

"I should say it was sure," retorts CRAYLEY.

"Way enough!" shouts our host to the crew, as we glide up alongside the *Creusa*, and then he adds, with an air of great relief, which, whether on account of having stopped his guests at a dangerous point, or of having brought us up safely without bumping the yacht, I can perfectly appreciate, "Now, then, take care how you get out."

KILLICK is first up the companion, and quickly, too, as if he suspected some sinister intention on the part of CRAYLEY, who, however, waits till the last but one, the last being always the Commodore himself, that is, MELLEVILLE, who always acts on the principle of sticking to the ship or the boat, whichever he may be in, until he has seen everybody safely off. True gallantry is the mark of a British Sailor, whether professional or amateur.

We are received by the Captain, who cheerfully salutes us individually, as much as to say, "Glad to see you back again, Gentlemen; was afraid you wouldn't return safely."

"Now," says the Commodore—it is settled that that is MELLEVILLE's title—"Now, what would you like to do?"

I should not be surprised were KILLICK to take off his coat, and reply, "Fight!" but he doesn't, and only says, "Bathe." As this will evidently be a cooling process, the Commodore assents at once. So do I. CRAYLEY, however, remarks that it is not the sort of bathing he cares for, and therefore will not join us.

"Why," KILLICK remonstrates, but not gently, always provokingly, "this is the very place."

"I dare say it is, but not for me," answers CRAYLEY, contemplating the sky.

"He likes bathing at Boulogne," exclaims KILLICK, turning to us. "I know what he likes—beginning in two inches of water, and then boldly venturing out into a depth of at least four feet. Ugh!"—and he pretends to shudder at the idea.

"Well," replies CRAYLEY, evidently nettled, "I don't see why I shouldn't prefer Boulogne—though you haven't got the right pronunciation, by the way—especially as I have not sufficient confidence in my swimming to plunge into deep water."

"What, can't swim! Good Gracious! fancy not being able to swim!" and with this exclamation, which seems to express that this deficiency in CRAYLEY's education makes any further conversation with him a condescension, KILLICK disappears below.

MELLEVILLE pours oil on the troubled CRAYLEY, and highly commends him for his prudence in not jumping into deep water, when he is uncertain as to whether he will ever come out again.

"Exactly so," says CRAYLEY, quite pleased with himself. His estimation of MELLEVILLE as a clever man has evidently risen immensely in less than a minute. "What's the good of my drowning myself for the sake of a swim?" We both agree that he is quite right, and that so, inferentially, KILLICK is absolutely wrong. This verdict of the Court, MELLEVILLE and myself, satisfies CRAYLEY, who, as it were, gives us his blessing, and bids us bathe and be happy. We descend, and presently all, except CRAYLEY, reappear as acrobats ready to perform the Bounding Brothers, an idea that is materially assisted by the Captain ordering one of the men to put down a square bit of carpet for us to stand on when we come out. Only drum and pandean pipes are wanted to complete the picture.

CRAYLEY is good enough to observe that he envies us; "the water," he says, "looks so delicious, he wishes he were going in." "Do!" says KILLICK, who at the last moment seems as if he were taking a view of the sea very different from what he did a quarter-of-an-hour ago, or he would not suggest that his antagonist should do anything which would promote his enjoyment.

The fact is, there is all the difference between the sort of dreamy meditation in which, when you have got your clothes on, you regard the delights of bathing from some such coign of vantage as the shore or a deck, and the contemplation of the same water when you have no clothes on, and are at such close quarters with it as to practically make your immediate plunge an imperious necessity. It doesn't look a half, nor a quarter so attractive to you when undressed as it did before you took your things off. Then the blue sea seems to invite you with a rippling smile, saying, "Come in! take your boots off, &c., you are hot and dusty and tired! and here you will be so cool, so clean, and so refreshed! come!" But, by the time you have demanded yourself of your garments, and by that action, and by the exposure to the winds, have already a trifle cooled and refreshed yourself, you begin to think whether the sea isn't playing you false after all. As I stand on the deck at the head of the bathing-ladder, in a state of acrobatically-attired nature, I own to experiencing this feeling, and I can't help delaying just to inquire of MELLEVILLE—who, as he is ordinarily the last to leave the ship when duty demands his presence, so now is he the first to make the plunge when there is a probability of danger,—for swim as well as you may, there is a possibility of danger,—just a chance (at least, so it invariably occurs to me at the last moment, when retreat is dishonourable) that though you've come out of it safe and sound before, yet now this time you may not, that a conger may get hold of you, or a gigantic sea-weed, or a cramp, or, in fact, something may happen,—I say I pause to ask MELLEVILLE, for the reappearance of whose head on the surface I have been anxiously waiting, "How is it? Cold?" To which he replies, gaspingly, "Eh? What? Cold? Oh, no! Delicious!" and though I am conscious of being the victim of good-natured deception, and though, if I spoke my mind honestly, I would even now rather retire and put on my clothes again, and stand with CRAYLEY as a spectator of the inspiring scene, yet I merely reply, "Eh? Oh! not cold?" and having previously placed myself as near as possible to the water, on the lowest bathing-step, where I can, so to speak, taste a sample of the sea's temperature on my great toe, I raise my hands in a despairing Waterloo-Bridge-suicidal attitude above my head, and, like *Mr. Box*, in the Farce, give a last look at the yawning gulf beneath me, and then, unlike *Mr. Box*, I take the great plunge, commit myself to the deep, and I, too, disappear from CRAYLEY's gaze. It is only for a second, but it seems an age. Where have I got to? Shall I meet a conger, or a dog-fish? How do divers keep their breath so long under water?



If I don't keep my breath—well, evidently I shall lose it—and then? When am I coming up again? Am I going the wrong way? Am I going under the keel? Am I going to be sucked in or under, or—oh, no!—light—more light—and up I come once more to breathe the upper air with all the delight of a prisoner released unexpectedly from the Bastille. A little of this goes a great way. With no unhesitating stroke do I make for the steps, and, shaking the drops off the soles of my feet, climb up for dear life as if pursued by sharks. It seems years since I was on deck; I almost expect to find things changed in my absence, as if I were a diving Rip Van Winkle returned from a visit to the Mermaid's Cave.

*Happy Thought.*—Register and patent this note for a Christmas Book. Evident how much more in keeping would the History of *R. V. Winkle* be if he had gone to sleep under the sea! *Winkle*, with something fishy in his nature, his fairy godmother a Peri-Winkle, and so forth. When I have dried myself like a herring, and smoked myself, too, I will note this down for future use. *KILLICK* and *MELLEVILLE* are still disporting themselves in the sea as I go below and resume my usual habits, I mean, habiliments.

Gradually I glow; gradually I feel hungry; suddenly I wish it was dinner-time; and being quite dressed I am prepared to expatiate to *CRAYLEY* on the pleasures and advantages of a good plunge in the sea before dinner.

In the evening we take exercise on deck, then descend, and *CRAYLEY* tries to teach us a new game of cards; but as the point of it seems to consist in his winning every time, *KILLICK* abuses it, and a row is imminent, but for the interposition of our host, who suggests a little music. We have a little music, and then to bed very early, as we are—hurrah!—to sail to-morrow morning!!

### MOSCOO'S DIARY.

THE notable stir made not only across the Channel, but on this side of it, by the recent appearance of *M. MAX O'RELL's* capital little



book, *John Bull et son Ile*, is not to be wondered at. His facts are not only most entertaining, but in many instances so remarkably fresh and original, that the British reader of average information and intelligence may be excused for wondering where on earth he picked them all up. The following extracts from a certain private journal may possibly clear up the mystery. After the high compliment *M. MAX O'RELL* has paid to *Mr. Punch*, by whom he is quick to note that contemporary

topics are treated in a style showing, as he aptly expresses it, "*que l'on peut avoir de l'esprit sans être leste, encore moins grossier*," it is hardly necessary to add that they are put forward in the most friendly and amicable spirit. French books about England, are not often over-pleasant reading, but such a verdict cannot for a moment be passed on the brilliant effort of *M. MAX O'RELL*, of whom, to repay him in the complimentary language of his own Preface, *Mr. Punch*, however critically he be disposed, trusts he may be allowed to subscribe himself,

Quite sincerely,

UN AMI ET ADMIRATEUR.

*Monday.*—At last! Here am I arrived in England! Of my journey from Paris by "the direct Continental express route," *via* Boulogne and Thames steamboat to London Bridge—later. I note, however, by the way, that I pass at Greenwich the Tower of London (*Tour de Londres*), where *HENRY THE NINTH* was executed by his seven wives, and where—strange contrast!—the Ministers now annually dine the Opposition, to celebrate the event in the long vacations. This information from the Steward, who speaks French. His accent though is an abomination; but a compatriot of the "fore-cabin" informs me that he has learnt this at Oxford, where, like all Englishmen destined for the sea, he has taken his "nautical degree." The badge of this honour, a gaily-coloured globe, with the letters *L. G. S. N. C.* appended, is fastened round his hat. But, to proceed. At St. Katherine's, where we land, I am met by my English friend *JACK THOMPSON*. He is delighted to see me, and I ask him in a single breath ten thousand questions. He seems to know everything, and I gather information with rapidity. The fearful deformities of men begrimed with dirt, who seize my baggage like Vulcans and take it to the shore, interest me.

"Who are they?" I ask.

"Noblemen who have been ruined by 'welching' on the Turf," he replies, with great promptness.

"Do they ever reinstate themselves?" I continue.

"Sometimes."

"But they cease to be Peers?"

"On the contrary—they are the Peers of London Bridge."

We roll along in our "four-wheeler," a species of covered landau, simple and convenient, introduced by the QUEEN. She makes the

journey to her Château Balmoral at Land's End, in the North of Ireland (20,000 kilometres) five times a year in nothing else but this charming "four-wheeler." This is why her crown is displayed prominently on the back of each.

On our way we pass St. Martin's Baths and Wash-houses, a large building, like St. Peter's at Rome, with a colossal dome and two turrets, SPIERS AND POND's establishment, where the *haute noblesse* dine on Guy Faux Day and Bank Holidays, the Monument, to commemorate the Plague of Waterloo Place, Buckingham Hospital, and several other interesting constructions, arriving at 115, Crofton Road, Bayswater, the Nobleman's establishment in which *JACK THOMPSON* has arranged that I shall be received *en pension* pending my sojourn in London for 30s. the week, just in time for the dinner of the family.

Everything interests me immensely, and I notice that my host, who, my friend has confided to me, belongs to one of the oldest families in England, comes to the front door in his shirt-sleeves and assists the cab-driver in conveying my luggage up the stairs to my apartment. This strikes me as patriarchal, and I learn that it is a grand old Ducal custom in Bayswater, the exclusive *quartier* of the High Life, in which I have been particularly solicitous to collect my insular experiences.

6.30 P.M.—Pending preparations for dinner, I take some notes of the British Nobleman's family. First I regard the Nobleman himself. He is a middle-sized, bourgeois-looking man of about fifty, with a red nose and uncertain gait, wearing slippers, and smelling of what I at first thought was the English *liqueur*, gin, but which *JACK THOMPSON* informs me is merely a rare sort of Eau de Cologne, patronised by the Society of the neighbourhood. However, he bears the ancient name of SPRIGES, is Hereditary Grand Almoner to the Archbishop of YORK and CANTERBURY, and, if an accident should happen to the LORD CHANCELLOR when on Circus, he would be next in succession to the Woolsack. *JACK THOMPSON*, who imparts this information to me as we descend to the *salle-à-manger*, also briefly indicates the remaining members of the household. There is Madame, her two charming daughters both possessed of fabulous *dots*, a gentleman friend from the Stock Exchange, a *millionnaire*, proprietor of one of the largest Estates in Shepherd's Bush, and an Oriental Prince, who, taking the modest name of Mr. CHUNDER GUM, has come to England to make a short stay at Bayswater, and so prepare himself better for the discharge of his future duties as Viceroy of India. Altogether, I note that I am introduced to a very *distingué* party.

9 P.M.—The dinner of the English *haute noblesse* is simple. At the table of this aristocratic family in Bayswater we have had Irish Stew and white Plum Pudding. I complain of this austere fare to *JACK THOMPSON*, who says it is quite *chic*. Lord SPRIGES, I note, dines still in his shirt-sleeves, and sings morsels of a comic *chanson* between his mouthfuls, sometimes rolling under the table and being replaced. This makes one eager for information as to the tastes and habits of the aristocratic classes. Here are some items. Many noble families of Piccadilly live on red herrings and garlic, the only drink permitted for the Ladies of the household being rum. Sometimes this diet is varied. In the season there is pancake. It is made of shreds of cabbage, treacle, tea-leaves, bran, boot-leather, pork-suet, and, after being flavoured with stout and nutmeg, served cold on soup-plates. It is said to be satisfying, and at five-o'clock tea, an orgy particularly British and insular, is swallowed in large quantities by voracious Amazons fresh from Rotten Row and Mile End. It is thus the English Misses produce their prominent teeth. Much more information I get from *JACK THOMPSON* which makes me reflective.

10 P.M.—Have had a discussion with the great City *millionnaire* on the relative value of Money. To illustrate his theories he borrows a piece of two shillings and sixpence of me, and goes away suddenly to catch the last train for the Stock Exchange. This makes me again reflective. Talking to the Indian Prince, through the assistance of *JACK THOMPSON*, who acts as interpreter, I learn that all Viceroys of India are expected to swallow a cavalry sword, and do the cobra and pocket-handkerchief trick, and that he has come to cultivate these accomplishments under the instruction of a distinguished "*Crammer*" at Bayswater. He is certainly a peculiar person is this *JOHN BULL*. I must write a book about him.

11 P.M. Having just seen the Duke of CAMBRIDGE pass down Crofton Road on his way from Windsor in the dark on a bicycle, ringing a dustman's bell to announce his approach to the Horse Guards, I retire to rest wondering at the aplomb of these hardy islanders. I note, too, that beds in England are filled with hard-boiled eggs; and this in noble mansions where a stranger pays 30s. for the week. *JACK THOMPSON*, through the wall, tells me that it is "all-right," and that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN stuffs his bolster with paving-stones. This, again, I find insular. Yes. I shall certainly turn my notes to account. *JOHN BULL* is most remarkable, and *SON LLE* full of surprises. More of him, to-morrow.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT's idea of a really Happy existence is in a City of Spirits where there are no Corporations.



## A FALSE ALARM.

"OH, PAPA DEAR!—I WISH YOU'D COME HOME. I'M REALLY AFRAID MAMMA HAS TAKEN A DROP TOO MUCH——"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS, CHILD!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"THAT NEW HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE, YOU KNOW. I'M AFRAID I'VE GIVEN HER SEVEN DROPS INSTEAD OF SIX!"

## "CHINAMANIA."

TRUTHFUL JOHN TO MADAME FRANCE.

(In the spirit of friendliness and the form of a celebrated original.)

I MAKE bold to remark—  
And my speech shall be plain—  
That for policy dark,  
And for purposes vain,  
Chinamanias ways are peculiar; and this view  
I—politely—maintain.

In this year Eighty-Three  
To go in for this fad  
Is pure fiddle-de-dee,  
And a sight that is sad  
Save to those who are really your foes, or, as  
friends, are exceedingly mad.

For that Heathen Chinees  
Is a hard nut to crack,  
As you'll certainly see  
If you sail on that tack.  
And the worst of it is that, once started, 'tis  
hard to slack sail and put back.

"Heads I win, tails you lose,"  
JOHNNY PIGTAIL might say.  
Common sense would refuse  
To proceed in that way.  
Fate may play it low down upon France if she  
enters the lists with Cathay.

And for what useful end?  
Why for none that I see,  
And I speak as a friend,  
Pray be guided by me.  
You will make a *faux pas*, I am sure, if you  
"go for" that Heathen Chinees.

A—political—taste  
For such old *bric-à-brac*,  
If indulged in with haste  
Shows a plentiful lack  
Of discretion. 'Twill prove most expensive, and  
put your best friends on the rack.

In the game you propose  
I would not take a hand;  
We are friends and not foes;  
You are great, you are grand;  
But the game you are playing just now is a  
game I cannot understand.

Which is why I remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for policy dark  
And for purposes vain  
Chinamanias ways are peculiar, and this view  
I make bold to maintain.

"WHAT SEASIDE RESORT SHALL I CHOOSE FOR MY HOLIDAY?"—  
Rather late for the question, but one of Our Sea District-Visitors  
answers it by saying "Southend." He tells us that, on arriving  
there, he asked where the sea was? and was informed that it was  
out at present, but that it would be in again in a few hours. So Our  
Sea District-Visitor waited patiently. At last the sea, he was told,  
had returned. He sallied forth. He looked straight before him,  
then to the right, and then to the left. At last an old inhabitant  
asked him if he had lost anything, and could he direct him any-  
where? "To the sea, if you please," replied the Visitor. The old  
man regarded him curiously for a second or so, and then led him to  
the Pier. "Walk straight on," said this kindly guide, "as far as  
you can go to the Pier-head." "And then," said the Visitor,  
"there's the sea, eh?" "No, Sir," replied the Ancient Mariner,  
shaking his head, "but there's a telescope as they lets out,—it's a

powerful glass,—and, on a clearish day, it brings the sea quite near."  
Of course, as Our Sea District-Visitor observes, it is delightful to  
have the sea at any distance that suits you,—a very great point on a  
blustering day. "And there's another advantage," adds Our Sea  
District-Visitor, "in choosing Southend as a place of resort, you can  
go there *and back* in an hour-and-a-half." Our S.D.V. came back.

THE VERY LATE GALE.—When an Amateur Fructiculturist awoke  
next morning, and found all his unripe apples all over the ground,  
all his peaches down, his figs scattered, the glass lying about every-  
where, his creepers on the ground, his flowers strewn, his young  
trees prostrate, and branches off his old ones on the lawn, then he  
said to himself, "Now I know what 'a windfall' means. But I had  
always associated it with something lucky till now." And he  
proposes to write a new dictionary for the use of Fructiculturists.



## “CHINAMANIA.”

MADAME FRANCE (*sotto voce*). “AH! QUE C’EST CHARMANTE!!”

MR. BULL. “DEVELOPING A TASTE IN *THAT* DIRECTION, MA’AM, ARE YOU? YOU’LL FIND IT *RATHER EXPENSIVE!*”







## METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES. No. 8.

THE BILLINGSGATE MARKET PUZZLE. (Problem 1.) HOW TO GET INTO THE MARKET. (Problem 2.) HOW TO GET OUT OF THE MARKET. (Problem 3.) HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY WESTWARD. (Problem 4.) HOW TO GET RID OF THIS OBSTRUCTION.

## A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

WHY does not some benefactor to his species discover and publish to a grateful world some rational way of spending a wet day at the Sea-side? Why should it be something so unutterably miserable and depressing that its mere recollection afterwards makes one shudder?

This is the first really wet day that we have had for a fortnight, but what a day! From morn to dewy eve, a summer's day, and far into the black night, the pitiless rain has poured and poured and poured. I broke the unendurable monotony of gazing from the weeping windows of my Sea-side lodging, by rushing out wildly and plunging madly into the rainy sea, and got drenched to the skin both going and returning. After changing everything, as people say but don't mean, and thinking I saw something like a break in the dull leaden clouds, I again rushed out, and called on JONES, who has rooms in an adjacent terrace, and, with some difficulty, persuaded him to accompany me to the only Billiard Table in the miserable place. We both got gloriously wet on our way to this haven of amusement, and were received with the pleasing intelligence that it was engaged by a private party of two, who had taken it until the rain ceased, and, when that most improbable event happened, two other despairing lodgers had secured the reversion. Another rush home, another drenching, another change of everything, except the weather, brought the welcome sight of dinner, over which we fondly lingered for nearly two mortal hours.

But one cannot eat all day long, even at the Sea-side on a wet day, and accordingly at four o'clock I was again cast upon my own resources. I received, I confess, a certain amount of grim satisfaction at seeing BROWN—Bumptious BROWN, as we call him in the City, he being a Common Councilman, or a Liveryman, or something of that kind—pass by in a fly, with heaps of luggage and children, all looking so depressingly wet;—and if he had not the meanness to bring with him, in a half-dozen hamper, six bottles of his abominable Gladstone Claret! He grinned at me as he passed, like a Chester cat, I think they call that remarkable animal, and I afterwards learnt the reason. He had been speculating for a rise in wheat, and,

as he vulgarly said, the rain suited his book, and he only hoped it would last for a week or two! Ah! the selfishness of some men! What cared he about my getting wet through twice in one day, so long as it raised the price of his wretched wheat?

My wife coolly recommended me to read the second volume of a new novel she had got from the Library, called, I think, *East Glynne*, or some such name, but how can a man read in a room with four stout healthy boys and a baby, especially when the said baby is evidently very uncomfortable, and the four boys are playing at leap-frog? Women have this wonderful faculty, my wife to a remarkable extent. I have often, with unfeigned astonishment, seen her apparently lost in the sentimental troubles of some imaginary heroine, while the noisy domestic realities around her have gone on unheeded.

I again took my place at the window, and gazed upon the melancholy sea, and remembered, with a smile of bitter irony, how I had agreed to pay an extra guinea a week for the privilege of facing the sea!—and such a sea! It was, of course, very low water—it generally is at this charming place; and the sea had retired to its extremest distance, as if utterly ashamed of its dull, damp, melancholy appearance. And there stood that ridiculous apology for a Pier, with its long, lanky, bandy legs, on which I have been dragged every evening to hear the Band play. Such a Band! The poor wheezy cornet was bad enough, but the trombone, with its two notes that it jerked out like the snorts of a starting train, was a caution. Oh, that poor "*Sweetheart*," with which we were favoured every evening! I always pictured her to myself sitting at a window listening, enraptured, to a serenade from that Trombone!

But there's no Band to-night, not a solitary promenader on the bandy-legged Pier, I even doubt if the Pier Master is sitting as usual at the receipt of custom, and I pull down the blind, to shut out the miserable prospect, with such an energetic jerk that I bring down the whole complicated machinery, and nearly frighten Baby into a fit, while the four irreverent boys indulge in a loud guffaw.

Thank goodness, on Saturday I exchange our miserable, wheezy, asthmatic Band for the grand orchestra of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and the awful perfume of rotten seaweed for the bracing atmosphere of glorious London.

AN OUTSIDER.

## SONGS OF THE STREETS.

## UPON THE KERB.

UPON the Kerb, a Maiden  
neat—  
Her watchet eyes are passing  
sweet—  
There stands and waits in  
dire distress:  
The muddy road is pitiless,  
And 'busses thunder down the  
street!

A snowy skirt, all frill and  
pleat;  
Two tiny, well-shod, dainty  
feet  
Peep out, beneath her kilted  
dress.

## Upon the Kerb!

She'll first advance and then  
retreat,  
Half frightened by a Hansom  
fleet.  
She looks around, I must  
confess,  
With marvellous coquettish-  
ness!—  
Then droops her eyes and looks  
discreet,  
Upon the Kerb!

"WIND!" exclaimed Mrs.  
RAMSBOTHAM, who was giving  
her account of the gale ten  
days ago on the South-East  
Coast—"Wind! Why, my  
dear, it blew a perfect harico!"

THE Fisheries Exhibition is  
one to which the *Fêtes* have  
been propitious.

"FAILURE IN THE YARN  
TRADE."—Writing some un-  
successful Novels.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 153.



CARDINAL HOWARD,

THE EX-LIFEGUARDSMAN, WHOM PRINCE BISMARCK DIDN'T FEEL STRONG  
ENOUGH TO MEET.

## THE WOPS.

"On account of the large apple  
crops, Wasps are remarkably nu-  
merous this year."—*Weekly  
Paper*.

How doth the wobbling, wily  
Wops  
Improve each shining hour!  
Within the peach he slyly  
stops,  
And stings with all his  
power!

How skilfully he wheels  
around,  
And maidens makes afraid:  
He loves to clear the pic-nic  
ground,  
And roll in marmalade!

The whispered charm of lovers'  
talk  
He'll stop without ado:  
The Vicar's sermon he will  
balk,  
And sting the Vicar too!

On cake or fruit or window-  
pane,  
On pie or mutton-chops,  
He'll sharply sting and come  
again—  
The wobbling, wily Wops!

## SORROWFUL ACCENTS.

THE *Daily News* speaks of  
our grave concern at the acute  
crisis in the relations between  
France and China. This is  
indeed "accentuating the  
difficulty."

## NEW READING.

THE Drama's *laus* the Drama's  
slavers give,  
And those who live on "soap,"  
must "soap" to live.

## SHAKSPEARIAN REMAINS.

OF course the Shakspearian Mayor, and the Shakspearian Vicar, who cleverly seizes the opportunity for letting the public know how badly he is off for funds for his Church's restoration, won't allow SHAKSPEARE's bones to be exhumed. By the way, *à propos* of a certain discussion recently started about burlesquing any work of SHAKSPEARE's, we have just received the fourth volume of the new edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Dryden's Works*, brought out by Mr. WILLIAM PATERSON—"Ho! BILLY PATERSON!"—of Edinburgh, in a good solid form and excellent type—quite the type of type for those who read by lamp-light,—and ably edited by Mr. GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Here we find DRYDEN's version of SHAKSPEARE's *Tempest*, in which he collaborated with DAVENANT, who had started the idea, subsequently carried out by "Glorious JOHN," of giving *Miranda* a sister *Dorinda*, bestowing on *Caliban* a sister, one *Miss Sycorax*, adding a *Master Hippoklio* ("heir to the Dukedom of Mantua"), and a companion Spirit to *Ariel*, named "*Milcha*"; besides several comic minor characters and a few demons to sing choruses. BONES OF SHAKSPEARE! Glorious JOHN at least made no bones about disturbing SHAKSPEARE's literary remains.

Mr. SAINTSBURY calls this work a "Shakspeare Travesty," but we submit, with all due deference, that this version of *The Tempest* (which DRYDEN calls "a Comedy") was simply a Pantomimic and Musical Fairy Extravaganza, such as nowadays, with considerable cutting, might have been produced with great success at the Alhambra, or, as a spectacle, at Her Majesty's, or at the Porte St. Martin as a *féerie* similar to the *Voyage dans la Lune*. Glorious JOHN and Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT seriously thought they were improving on SHAKSPEARE's original work in every way, plot, dialogue, effects, and construction, when they devised their version of *The Tempest*. Very far from DRYDEN's thoughts was any sort of travesty; and this is so evident from DRYDEN's Preface, and from the Extravaganza

itself, that DRYDEN's own Prologue, which, as Mr. SAINTSBURY justly says, is "one of the most masterly tributes ever paid at the shrine of SHAKSPEARE," has, in its connection with this work, all the air of overdone laudation addressed by a flatterer with a present purpose to serve, to a great man before his face and *coram populo*, whose worth he is going to depreciate, and on that depreciation intends to trade, directly his back is turned.

Glorious JOHN, like the Immortal Bard himself when he played the courtier to Queen BETSY, could be a "glorious" humbug in any really indifferent matter involving no sacrifice of principle; and in this Preface of his to *The Tempest* we don't believe in his self-abnegation when he shrinks from the honour of "joining his imperfections with the merits of DAVENANT and SHAKSPEARE." Either he rated DAVENANT too high, or SHAKSPEARE too low; but he was at all events obsequiously polite to his *collaborateur* in coupling his name with that of SHAKSPEARE. It might have been a "travesty" had he burlesqued SHAKSPEARE's lines and characters, and called it, out of compliment to the Court, *Vivat Rex*; or, a *Dry'd'un* after the *Tempest*.

## Compensation.

(By a Londoner in a Lost Hansom in a wilderness of Street Repairs.)

AH! Fate to trim the general balance fairly,  
It must be fairly owned, her level best tries:  
Earthquakes she sends the South; we get them rarely,  
But then—we have our Vestries!

"BOUND IN RUSSIA."—On account of the recent high-handed action of the Czar in Bulgaria, this unhappy land will be known in future, at the suggestion of its titular Prince, as "Bully-garia."

EUROPE'S INQUIRY OF FRANCE.—What's in Annam?



## GASTRONOMERS AFLOAT.

*Mrs. Fleshpottle.* "WELL, I MUST SAY, MRS. GUMBLEWAG, I LIKE SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL FOR MY DINNER. NOTHING, I THINK, CAN BE BETTER THAN SOME PEA-SOUP TO BEGIN WITH; THEN A BILED LEG OF MUTTON WITH PLENTY OF FAT, WITH TURNIPS AND CAPER SAUCE; THEN SOME TRIPE AND ONIONS, AND ONE OR TWO NICE SUET DUMPLINGS AS A FINISH!"

*Mrs. Gumblewag.* "FOR MY PART, MUM, I PREFER SOMETHING MORE TASTY AND FLAVOURSOME-LIKE. NOW, A WELL-COOKED BULLOCK'S HEART, TO BE FOLLOWED BY SOME LIVER AND BACON, AND A DISH OF GREENS. AFTERWARDS A JAM BOLSTER, AND A BLACK PUDDING, AND SOME TOASTED CHEESE TO TOP UP WITH, IS WHAT I CALL A DINNER FIT FOR A——"

[*Mr. Doddlewig does not wait to hear any more!*]

## THE TEUTON BULLY.

"It is really impossible to understand why the Chancellor's organs in the Press should seize the present occasion to lecture France, isolated, unoffending and submissive as she is, as though she were meditating some sudden aggression."—*The Times*.

WHEN France was sore smitten in anguish and pain,  
She lost the fair fields of Alsace and Lorraine;  
She bowed to the Teuton, and then came surcease  
From war, and an era of calm and of peace:  
So why should the German, with menacing glance,  
Still trample the conquered, and menace fair France?

We know how the German's invincible line  
Of soldiers keeps ever the watch upon Rhine,  
And France has no thought of revenge, though what man,  
Born Frenchman, but sighs when he thinks on Sedan.  
The atmosphere's peaceful, and hard 'tis to guess  
Why thunderbolts issue from Germany's press.

The strong should be merciful,—why should a threat  
Bring back to our minds what we fain would forget?  
The German should rest since secure he can feel,  
Though ploughshares will never be forged from his steel;  
While France keeps the peace, let the Teuton to-day  
Take shame thus the part of the bully to play.

## HISTORIC ASSOCIATION AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S dressing-room is to be henceforth known as "The Star Chamber."

## A CUE FOR CŒLEBS.

"Women are divided into two classes, those with large and those with small thumbs. A lady with spatulate fingers and a small thumb will have an unlimited fund of affection and freedom of soul; love of activity, and knowledge of real life; she loves and understands horses and all other animals; her ideas are practical and useful."—"*Chiromancy, or the Science of Palmistry*," by HENRY FRITH and ED. HERON-ALLEN.

YE gods! A veritable female CRICHTON!

Oh FRITH, oh HERON-ALLEN, really, really

'Tis kind an anxious world thus to enlighten;

But *don't* you put it rather too ideally?

Or are small female thumbs things of such rarity?

In any case one must indeed congratulate

The man who owns, with rapture and hilarity,

A wife with little thumbs and fingers spatulate.

Only it does seem strange that we should come

To choose our spouses by the "rule of thumb."

LAVINIA was reading aloud—"Excellent practice," Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM considers for young people, and she adds, "so soothing after lunch"—the *Times*' review of Dr. MEYER'S learned work on *Jade and Nephrite*, and her Aunt gradually dozed. LAVINIA read on, and she was just finishing this paragraph—"A pair of bracelets of the finest jade cost a hundred—," when Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM suddenly and sharply interrupted her. "Don't read any more on *that* subject, if you please, my dear," she said. "I hate to hear about the wicked extravagance of such people; and how a respectable newspaper can take notice of their doings—" But here LAVINIA explained, and her Aunt was satisfied, but expressed her opinion that some other word might have been found besides Jade.

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE SIXTH.

## I.

ALL have their hobbies—Music-Halls were thine,  
Childe CHAPPIE; halls of "blue," and brazen glee.



What time Big Ben is boom-  
ing eight or nine,  
Johnnies, late-dined, in  
hurrying Hansoms flee  
Unto her shrine, the goddess  
bold and free  
Ye left "The Comic," nymph  
of gold-dyed hair  
And wiles as numerous as  
her bondsmen be.  
So to the crowded circus  
forth they fare,  
With cads and clowns to  
herd, and their diversions  
share.

## II.

The Curtain's up, the spa-  
cious Stage is cleared,  
Hundreds on hundreds piled  
are seated round;  
Long ere the fiddler's first  
faint squeak is heard,  
Small room for the belated  
guest is found.

Here, 'Arries, shop-boys, blowsy dames abound,  
And nymphs of vivid tint and valiant eye.  
In gilded boxes raised above the ground  
The gilded youth, black-garbed, of snowy tie,  
Cluster, each like to each as 'pie to chattering 'pie.

## III.

Hushed is the din of sounds—a cheer succeeds.  
With gleaming teeth, loose lips, and ogling glance,  
Two shrill-voiced girls in bangles, braids, and beads,  
To the footlights with airy bound advance.  
Boldly they wink and brazenly they prance,  
Shrilling suggestive ballads ghastly-gay.  
The Gallery bellows as they smirk and dance,  
Point the coarse jest with cunning facial play;  
Then with conventional gambols flirt and frisk away.

## IV.

In hat of sheen and gaudy garb arrayed,  
Hear hoarse the loud bull-throated "Comique" roar!  
With jewelled hands exultantly displayed,  
Before the admiring herd, "Hangcore! Hangcore!"  
The shop-boys shout, and the coarse brassy bore  
Blares forth eulogium of the nightly deed  
Of some inebriate swaggering Cad once more,  
Whilst whistles shrill more piercing than Pan's reed,  
And CHAPPIE claps gloved hands, and puffs the odorous weed.

## V.

Thrice calls the audience, loud the Gallery bawls,  
The band responds, and expectation mute  
Gapes round the gaudy circle's peopled walls.  
Bounds on once more the loud and leering brute,  
And, blandly smirking, beats with trim-shod foot  
The boards in dance suggestive, lewd, and low,  
Here, there, with blushless front and motley suit,  
His dandy crutch-stick waving too and fro;  
Red shine his gills, his ogling eyes dilated glow.

## VI.

Such the unworthy sports that oft invite  
The cockney maid, that draw the cockney swain.  
Nurtured in vulgar lewdness, these delight  
In jest suggestive, gloating o'er the plain  
Immodesties that souls corrupt and stain,  
Whose hideous trail our modern manners show;  
Whose fruits corrupt in humble homes remain,  
To spread the rottenness whose hidden flow  
Befouls the stream of life, lays social honour low.

## VII.

And many a time and oft had CHAPPIE loved—  
Or dreamed he loved, such joys are a mad dream—  
To lounge in state, stiff-collared, snowy-gloved,  
And hear the unsexed hoyden harshly scream  
Vapid vulgarities, which seldom gleam

Of wit, or ray of honest fun, which flings  
Health over all, from coarseness may redeem,  
Applauding loud when, with spasmodic spring,  
The silk-hosed shameless siren bounded to the wing.

## VIII.

To boldly-flaunted form he was not blind,  
Proud in such pander-wisdom to be wise;  
The little lustful thing he called his mind  
Peeped critical from cynic-satyr eyes.  
Not passion moved him that can burn and rise,  
But vulgar vice that digs its own cold tomb,  
Dead e'en before its foolish votary dies,  
Pleasure's palled victim! Boredom's leaden gloom  
Of CHAPPIE and his peers is the appointed doom.

## IX.

Could such smart flutterers midst the vulgar throng  
Themselves with critic clearness contemplate,  
Had they the power of self-descriptive song  
To picture plain their pitiable state,  
Perchance their tale the fever might abate  
Of youths who yearn to know the demon sway  
Of modish Comus, learning all too late  
The nullity of Pleasure night and day,  
Set faintly forth in this imaginary lay:

## 1.

Nay, smile not at my heavy brow,  
Alas! I cannot smile again;  
Not e'en the "Boy" can cheer me now,  
And strongest "pick-me-ups" are vain.

## 2.

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
Why so despondently I go,  
And trail my cane and pick my tooth?

## 3.

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor heavy bets that I have lost,  
That makes me loathe my present state,  
And fly what I once prized the most.

## 4.

It is that weariness which springs  
From everything I hear or see.  
To me Burlesque no pleasure brings,  
E'en legs have lost their charm for me.

## 5.

It is that beastly settled gloom  
That makes all life a horrid bore;  
The race-course, stage, bar, billiard-room,  
I've seen the whole stale round before.

## 6.

What Johnny from himself can flee?  
There's no new drink to wet one's throat;  
It's just the same old swim, you see,  
We're always in the same old boat.

## 7.

Some other Johnnies—green ones—seem  
Chirpy, and more than half awake.  
To them the milk's not lost its cream,  
Life asks them still, "What will you take?"

## 8.

To me it's all confounded slow,  
Mashing and plunging, love and thirst.  
Upon my word I hardly know  
Of all life's bores which is the worst.

## 9.

"Chippy, old CHAPPIE?" Oh, don't ask!  
Stale's not the word, old man, I swear.  
I feel—well, like a dry-drained cask,  
With nought but the blue devils there.

If a result of the Fisheries Exhibition is to give us cheaper fish,—  
of which there is not much sign at present, though as we read a lot  
about herrings at twopence a dozen, the price which we pay of a  
shilling or one-and-threepence a dozen is as much a problem as the  
old one of the herring and a half at a penny halfpenny,—and if the  
Fishmonger is to get the pull of the Butcher, then London will be  
known as the Fishropolis instead of as the Meatropolis. This will  
probably happen when grunTERS become aeronauts and fly about in a  
sow-westerly breeze.



## SEA-SIDE-SPLITTERS.



Low Tied.



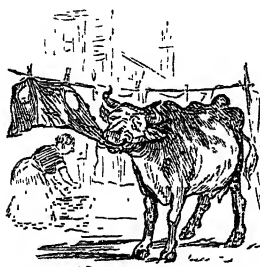
Rocks.



See Weed.



Muscle Gatherers.



A Gnaw Wester.



High Tied.

## EASTEND-ON-MUD.

(Extracts from the Note-Book of our Coast-District Visitor.)

*How to get to Eastend-on-Mud.*—By one of the dirtiest and most unpunctual of railways, which starts from a hideous station somewhere in the heart of the City. The terminus in question is now being enlarged by the addition of some new refreshment-rooms, intended to be used by Oriental travellers fresh from India and Australia, who, it is presumed, will defer their long-anticipated visits to their friends and relations to eat an enticing dainty known as a "am sandwich," and drink a glass of some mysterious liquid called "sherry" on reaching the arrival platform. Thus the dusty-station grub is gradually developing into the dingy-station butterfly. After leaving London, the line passes through miles of flat marshes, occasionally hugging the river to afford glimpses of training-ships and drainage-works, finally emerging at Eastend, after skirting for a considerable distance an amphibious track which is at high water a shallow brook, and at low water a muddy ditch. There is an alternative route by water, which takes many hours. The steamer starts from London Bridge. For the convenience of the passengers, it would be better if it could start from Hanwell.

*The Pier.*—Said to be the longest in the world. It is very narrow and rather rickety. It is now under repair. It is supplied with a tramway, upon which runs (or rather is pushed by a man—half sailor—half porter) a truck. This truck travels occasionally to the end of the Pier in search of luggage. When a bandbox is captured, the truck returns to the Toll-Taker triumphantly. There are many legends about the building of this immense Pier. The best authenticated is that it was constructed many years ago by the inhabitants of Eastend-on-Mud, who then made a last desperate and futile effort to escape from their dreary dwelling-place to the other side of the river. There is a sort of refreshment-lighthouse at the end of the structure, where storm-signals are hoisted, and shrimps, sweetstuff, oysters, and ginger-beer are sold to the adventurous. It is presumed that the shrimps and oysters are caught, and the sweetstuff and ginger-beer manufactured by the lighthouse-keeper, as his communications with the mainland, on account of his distance from it, cannot be numerous.

*The Bathing.*—When you can catch the tide, you may take a dip from a machine. But you must be on the watch, and seize your opportunity. The moment the water reaches the shore, dash in. Be ready, and do not have to delay to finish your *toilette de bain*, or the waves will be off and away for about three miles, not to return to you again for twice as many hours. Once having caught the water, you can delightfully disport yourself in it—that is to say, if you don't mind the mud.

*The Apartments.*—Not unlike the lodgings at Margate or Herne Bay. However, as Eastend-on-Mud has a great name for its air, said to be invaluable to convalescents, the rooms are generally furnished with a *souppçon* of some recently-discarded complaint. Thus, the parlours will have six horse-hair chairs, a table, and the remains

of the chicken-pox; the drawing-room, a sideboard, a piano, and a few old measles; and the second floor front, a print of the Duke of WELLINGTON, some china ornaments, a cabinet, and all that the last tenants have left of the whooping-cough.

*The Amusements.*—Chiefly "shrimps and tea, ninepence." But there are also a Theatre and a Band. The Theatre has rather a small stage, upon which, however, as the Management is ambitious, the most startling effects are attempted. Consequently, the Eastenders are never surprised when they learn that the Lessee has made up his mind to treat them to a realistic representation of an earthquake, or a railway collision on a platform not very much larger than an ample mantelpiece. The Lessee has a capital company, and he and they speak English fluently—as English is spoken in Dublin! He is as much at home in his "popular assumption" of *Hamlet* as in his "favourite rôle" of *Box*. Need it be said after this, that he also shines in *Burlesque*? But, perhaps, the Band is the favourite amusement of the Eastenders. It consists of about eight performers, who wear a uniform which, seemingly, belonged to a Light Cavalry Regiment that may have been disbanded for insubordination. The tunics, forage-caps, and overalls are intensely and aggressively military. Thus, rather a comical effect is produced when the fiercely-martial musicians (who are warriors every inch of them—except their boots) perform on a few mild violins, a harp, and a flute—instruments better suited to the after-part of a penny steamer rather than to the parade-ground of the tented field. The bandmen keep up their military character, however, by a sort of an "independant firing" at the tune, which they only occasionally hit. The flute is evidently deaf, as he pays no sort of attention to the proceedings of his colleagues, and, presumably, dumb, as he sometimes omits a note from lack of breath. None of the others take the slightest notice of the energetic *bâton* of the well-intentioned Conductor with the exception of the harp. The performer on this instrument seems to be in the power of his leader, who, possibly, attracts his attention by constantly whispering in his ear, "By Jove, Sir, I know your guilty secret, and will hang you if you don't follow my beats!" Seemingly, the band receives some of its income from the sale of programmes, and this being the case the trade in these publications is rendered "brisk" by a kind of game of "melodious questions and answers." The number of a tune is given on a placard, and then you guess what it possibly can be, receiving only the confusing assistance of the musicians in making the solution. When you are tired of puzzling over the problem, you refer to the programme, and there find under the number quoted the answer to the musical, or rather unmusical riddle. This exercise must be noted as one of the principal "distractions" (as foreigners would say) of this little far-from-watering place.

*Deepestville.*—Not for a moment to be associated with Eastend-on-Mud, of which, however, if the truth must be told, it is in reality a rapidly increasing suburb. It has a "Parade" and an "Estate Office" and an "Enclosure." This latter is a well-kept garden, to which the residents are admitted on purchasing a "household ticket" at a shilling a week. The "outside Public" (by which are meant Cockneys in general, and Eastenders in particular) can only gain an entrance by producing sixpence a person. This charge is made (so a real live park-keeper in a livery, including a red waistcoat and a gold hat-band, tells you) to keep the place select. There is also an "Imperial Hotel," with an excellent *table d'hôte* (with a menu in local French) and a cellar of decent wine at reasonable prices. There are also afternoon toilettes, and Mashers from adjacent military stations, and Anglo-Indian *incalides*, deserters from Bath and Cheltenham, and a ball is given now and again, of which the chief item is a *salade* of white muslin and red uniforms, in fact, "the town on the cliff" claims a place with Folkestone and Southsea, and is apt to sneer at Scarborough. Thus, while the humble excursionist to Eastend drops her aspirates, the haughty denizen of Deepestville turns up her nose!

*Conclusion.*—Debit the subject of these notes with a wretched railway, a great deal of mud, and far too many Bank-Holiday makers. Put on the credit-side splendid air, pretty scenery, a constantly-changing panorama of ships outward and homeward bound, and a perfectly harmless population. Balance the two, and the result will be that, take it all round (a very long way round both by land and river), Eastend-on-Mud is not half bad. Only cynics will lay a stress upon the half!

## Oh! those Boys!

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Daily News*—

A Comfortable HOME WANTED for an amusing little MONKEY, to be SOLD cheap.

Alas, here is another unfortunate parent who is unable to solve the great question of the day, namely, "What shall we do with our Boys?"

If France should want to treat with the Black Flags, and send them a White One, she hasn't got one now.



### BETWEEN DIEPPE AND NEWHAVEN.

*Old Lady (to Jones, who always makes a point of being civil to rich-looking Old Ladies, who appear to be alone in the world). "How KIND AND ATTENTIVE YOU'VE BEEN TO ME ALL THE WAY. YOU REMIND ME OF THE YOUNGEST OF MY FIFTEEN DEAR NEPHEWS!"*

### HOW THE KING OF SPAIN WAS INTERVIEWED.

(A Story of "the Times.")

THE Ambassador was certainly very busy, but I firmly took hold of his button, and followed him about all day. It was inconvenient, but necessary. Thus I had an opportunity of approaching the subject dearest to my heart in the pauses of business.

"The King would very much like to see you," said his Excellency, "but he is so engaged."

I explained to the Ambassador that His Majesty need be under no apprehension that the time employed in giving me an interview would be lost. But my friend would not be convinced; strangely enough, he seemed to become very weary. He said he would see me no more, but leave me to his successor—that he intended to resign. Then, flinging himself upon a sofa, he began to snore. I sat beside him on a stool, for I would not let go my hold for a moment. The Ambassador is the pink of courtesy, but he is also a Diplomatist.

"The King," muttered his Excellency at length, speaking in his sleep, "the King will be at the Railway Station at nine o'clock."

This was enough for me! I let go the button, and rushed out of the room. I saw my way to the long-desired interview with His Majesty.

And now I must tell you an anecdote. A few relatives have come to stay a week with me. Amongst the number were my wife's father, my sister's brother-in-law, and a second cousin of my aunt by marriage. These worthy people—tired and hungry from long journeys, averaging a thousand miles or so a-piece—arrived in due course. They put their heads out of their cab-windows to greet me.

"Go back!" I shouted, "don't get out—you must all go home again!"

They seemed surprised—even disappointed—but obeyed. In a few minutes the cabs, loaded with undisturbed luggage, were returning to the Stations. Thus I sacrificed my relatives and myself. It is true they had invited themselves, but what of that? I should have been charmed to have entertained them had I not been busy. I had also asked a few friends to dinner. I had arranged a simple *menu*. I hastened to the restaurant where my guests were already assembled. I ordered a more costly banquet than that already commanded.

"My dear ones," I said. "You must dine without me. This worthy man," and I laid my hand affectionately on the shoulder of a rich but rather stingy Anglo-Indian, "this worthy man will represent me. He shall be your host, and you his guests."

Having also explained this idea thoroughly to the head-waiter, so as to guide

him when the time arrived for making out the bill, I took my departure. My quondam guests bore my absence with the most admirable fortitude.

I reached the Railway Station. The King was surrounded by courtiers. I pushed my way amongst them. His Majesty saw me coming, and retired rather suddenly into his carriage. I hastened to the entrance and placed my hand upon the door.

As I looked at his Majesty, I could not help noticing that he had certainly changed since I had seen him last, some twenty years before. That this should be so filled me with the utmost astonishment, but so it was.

"Sire," said I, falling upon my knees, and kissing the steps of the railway carriage, "I hope you will have a fine journey."

"Thanks!" replied his Majesty, hastily putting up the window, which I had thoughtlessly left unguarded to perform my simple act of homage, and thus cutting me off from further communication with him. In another twenty minutes the train had started on its journey.

But there was a world of meaning in his Majesty's exclamation of "Thanks!" A world of meaning. As I shall demonstrate—hereafter!

### "THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE."

(Inscribed to the "Red Lions" of the British Association.)

STRANGE are all the tales of olden ages,

All the wondrous lays of fairy lore,

Shrined in legends on the well-thumbed pages,

Dear to childhood's heart for evermore.

Though the elves have left the leaves and roses,

Fled perchance to unknown lands afar,

Still more strange each tale the Century knows is—

Records of the land and sea and star.

Puck could girdle earth in forty minutes—

So said SHAKESPEARE's elf with boastful mind;

Electricity can start and win its

Wondrous race, and leave the fay behind.

Send a maiden telephonic greeting,

Where the Mississippi's waves are curl'd,

You shall hear how true her heart is beating,

Under all the seas of half the world.

Yonder child with Fever's hand is stricken,

Science comes to ease the labouring breath,

Shows how germs are born and how they quicken,

Air and water may be charged with death.

See the microscope new scenes preparing,

In the Wonderland its bright lens gives,

And the physiologist declaring

That great paradox, "Life dies, death lives."

How mankind, in ages pre-historic,

Lived on lake, in cave, or by the sea,

Science tells, and how, with meteoric

Speed, his flinty arrowheads would flee.

Mastodons would walk the woods primeval,

Pterodactyls mighty wings would raise,

When the ichthyosaurus lived coeval

With the Mammoth monsters of old days.

See the pale astronomer unsleeping,

GALILEO's spirit in his soul,

Watches, as some comet's train comes sweeping,

Where the immemorial planets roll.

Star on star shines on beyond all naming,

Haply Principalities and Pow'rs;

All the mighty Universe proclaiming—

There are certes other worlds than ours.

List, then, to the Fairy Tales of Science,

Solemn and stupendous and sublime;

Nature's voice speaks out in proud defiance

To the puny sceptics of our time.

Age to age speaks on, each generation—

Finds new wonders coming at its call,

While wise men, be sure, of every nation,

Recognise the First great Cause of all!

"It was a very fair dinner at Sir GOREY BUSTER's," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "though I think a little more attention might have been bestowed on the *entresols*. and if the lights had had what the French call their 'Shade-overs' it would have been better for the eyes."

## THE GENTLE CITIZEN TO THE BURGLAR.

(A Suburban Pastoral of the Season.)

Oh! come to me, my cracksmen bold,  
And sack my silver, bag my gold!  
Thy season now hath well set in,  
When thou mayst loot with a safe skin.  
Behold the paths are all made plain  
For thy pursuit of pleasant gain.  
So come, O happy Burglar, come  
To my retired suburban home!  
I probably shall not be there,  
But some old female "taking care,"  
Yet let not that thy visit stay,  
The wine, the plate are *not* away.  
On hospitable thoughts intent,  
I did *not* send them ere I went,  
Myself in holiday ease to anchor,  
With churlish forethought to my banker.  
Perish the thought! The ancient dame  
Is deaf and fond of gin. Thy game  
Is all before thee where to choose,  
Scarce needing use of soft list-shoes.  
Come then to my suburban villa!  
Its walls to thy predacious skill, a  
Small obstacle indeed will prove.  
The decorations cracksmen love,  
The gable porch, verandah low,  
Trellis and trailer, sweetly show  
The way to upper windows clear;  
Then there are handy ladders near,  
Thick shrubberies in which to lurk  
Whilst contemplating thy sweet work;  
Soft turfy plots to hush thy tread;  
The dog is fat and overfed.  
As for the Bobby, why, his beat  
Is three miles long, and *shouldst* thou meet  
That devious wanderer on thy way,  
Smash him! To thee 'tis mere child's play.  
He's armed with nothing but a stick,  
Thy pistol's prompt, thy aim is quick.  
Kindly Authority will not  
Arm X 13 with blade or shot.  
Should he disturb thee at thy task,  
Thou hast knife, bludgeon, pistol, mask.  
So careful is the Law to give  
Odds on *thy* side—that thou mayst live  
A life of long and easy crime,  
And score off Bobby "all the time."  
He comes! Thou hold'st revolver! Pull it!  
Poor Peeler's potted by a bullet;  
Or if, with Bobby's usual pluck,  
And something more than common luck,  
He close with thee, and thou *must* fly;  
Leave him crushed, riddled, there—to die!  
So come, O happy Burglar, come  
To my retired suburban home!  
Come, *Toby Crackit*, come, *Bill Sikes*!—  
Whichever *nomen* thee belikes—  
Come, lift my windows, scale my doorway,  
Whilst I'm away in France or Norway,  
Come! If thou dost not, with impunity,  
'Tis *not* for want of opportunity!

## DOMESTIC METEOROLOGY.

By a Fireside Philosopher.

**"Relative" Humidity.**—Tendency to tearfulness on the part of Materfamilias and the girls, on Paterfamilias saying that he "can't afford a holiday *this* year."

**Dew-Point.**—The point attained—lachrymally—when Paterfamilias, after an hour's argument, requests, imperatively, that he may "have no more nonsense!"

**Tension of Vapour.**—Phenomenon manifested on the first signs of relenting on the part of Papa.

**Drying Power.**—Immediate influence of the appearance of the cheque-book.



## ART IN THE MIDLANDS.

Visitor (at the Shoddyville Art Gallery). "WHO PAINTED THIS PORTRAIT, DO YOU KNOW?"  
Curator. "I BELIEVE BY SOME LONDON FIRM, SIR!!"

**MORE BOOTHIFICATION.**—Even the Correspondent of the *Times* at Geneva, usually so remarkably favourable to the doings of the eccentric Miss Booth—the Fair Booth—admitted last week that she was clearly in the wrong, and the Neuchâtel Authorities distinctly in the right. Perhaps this will be gradually understood by Authorities in this land of a hundred religions and only one sauce—though the Boothists can supply the last-named article pretty freely. When, within the last fortnight, the "General" subtlet the Eagle Tavern to a publican, and presumably a sinner, not a Salvationist, the former requested that the case might be heard in private. When a "General" actually wants to be degraded to the rank of a "Private," the next in command might humour him. Everyone to his own opinion, with a perfect right to express it quietly or keep it to himself. But noise, rowdiness, aggressiveness, in the public exhibition of what is intended to be a religious service, becomes a General Nuisance, which can't be disposed of, we regret to say, in private.

**CHANGE OF TITLE.**—He is not to be called "Grand Old Man" any more; but, if you ask us what his new name is to be, it is "A First-rate Feller."



## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*Starting—Homeric—Hebrides—Opinions—Morning—Scrubbing—Lurching—Erin—Salutations—Costume—Tubbing—Fine—Tapley Junior—Nautical—Breakfast—Weather—Reporting—Progress—Maps—Hints—Books—Studies—Shooting.*

WE are starting. I am made aware of this about five o'clock A.M. The overture commences with a quick movement on deck within a few inches of my nose.

*Happy Quotation (Shakspearian).*—"Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have *they* frightened thee, that I no more can lay my eyelids down and steep my senses in forgetfulness." They *do* scrub and rub. This is what I suppose they call "clearing the decks for action"—the action being our presently starting to cruise about the Hebrides. "The Hebrides" sounds like Greek, and seem somehow to be associated with HOMER. HOMER and the Hebrides strikes me as a familiar title. It will have more the ring of a long voyage to say, when I return to London—saying it, of course, quite carelessly, as an everyday occurrence—"Oh, I've been to the Hebrides," than merely to tell my friends, "I've been yachting about the coast of Scotland." There are some people, I am sure, who will simply regard me with mixed feelings of awe and astonishment, and after replying, "No! really! have you! how nice!" they will go among their friends, and, so to speak, make capital out of their having met "So-and-so, who has just returned from the Hebrides."

Were I simply to say, "I've been yachting off the coast of Scotland," the sort of people alluded to above would be inclined to laugh or sneer at such a way of yachting; in fact, they would doubt my statement altogether, and be prepared to swear that I had never been "off the coast of Scotland" at all, but had contented myself with remaining *on* it, and imagining the rest. And others, the bold buccaneers who never get further than the edge of the Serpentine, would observe, satirically, that they didn't think much of yachting always in sight of land. "That's not," they'd say, "what *they* call going to sea."

So, for the sake of friends and acquaintances at a distance, I am glad that our Commander is taking us among the Hebrides.

Oh, that scrubbing and rubbing! Does anyone ever get accustomed to it? I doubt it.

What noises there are always on board a yacht when she is getting "under weigh." The anchor chains to begin with, or the two anchors' chains, as the case may be. There's a row!

Sometimes I fancy there is a revolution on board, when I hear the sailors shouting, unanimously, "Down with her!" and repeating it all together several times, fiercely.

So, when they cry, cheerily, "Haul him in!" it sounds from below, either as if they were saving life at sea, or had caught an enormous fish. Then suddenly everything goes with a whack all to one side, and if the dressing-things haven't been properly secured overnight, "bang goes saxeption" in no time.

This morning there is nothing of this sort. We seem to be a long time in getting under weigh.

The Merry Young Steward enters the cabin, and says there is not much of a breeze, but that we are out of Larne Harbour, and that She (the *Creusa*) is going on as well or even better than could have been expected.

In quitting Larne we leave Ireland. "Farewell to Erin!"—after having been once on shore for about fifty minutes. I can add this to my list when I return. "Where have you been?" "Been? Oh"—always carelessly—"cruising about Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides, and so forth"—but always, for effect, keep the Hebrides to the last.

In the very early morning (everybody appears to get up earlier than everybody else, and the difficulty is to get up first) we come upon one another wandering about in strange fancy costumes. The salutation generally is "Hallo! you up! Good morning!" Then we recount to each other how we slept, how we are, and how we hope to be. After this we inquire of each other, "Are you going on deck?" when the answer is uncertain, as if each wanted for a while, at least, to get rid of his companion (a difficult thing on board a yacht), and then we all meet again unexpectedly on deck, when we are once more equally surprised, and seemingly not best pleased. Then we go down again in detachments of one at a time.

KILLICK is remarkable. He is dressed, as he has been dressed all night, in fantastically-coloured pyjamas, in which he looks like a Chinaman "with a song"—that is, as if ready at any moment to hold up the index finger of each hand, break out into "ching a ring a ring ching," and do a dance,—which, I believe, is the popular view of a Chinaman—at all events, it is mine, judging from their representations on the stage.

KILLICK is at once christened the "Great Pyjama himself with the little round button at the top"—which, as being personal, he resents, and returns to his berth as if he had made a mistake in the day, and had determined to go to bed again, till things had taken a more favourable turn, and the world generally was ready to receive

him. Subsequently, having finished my toilette, I open my door, and come suddenly and quite unexpectedly on KILLICK, or rather nearly over KILLICK, who appears to be rising out of the floor of the passage, as if he were a Merman who had worked his way up through the keel with a message from the sea. He cries out, in an angry but frightened tone, "Here! Hi! Take care!" as I exclaim simultaneously, "Why, what the"—when I see what it is. He is taking a bath, and the baths on board the *Creusa* are not in the cabins, but in the passage; I apologise,—which has no softening effect on him, as I hear him grumbling till he begins sluicing, sighing and groaning like a man under torture,—and then I step over him, and go up the companion and on deck.

It is lovely, and we are sailing gently along, with wind and tide I should say. Everybody is happy. The Captain salutes, and takes a very cheery prospect of the weather. The Man-at-the-Wheel is smiling; the men in foke'sel are lounging and chatting. They have finished their morning's work, and so straight is to be our course that no tacking, no "going about" will be required.

The Merry Young Steward comes up the companion to inform me of the congenial readiness of breakfast. This information he gives in his own peculiar way. The Merry Young Steward, or MARK TAPLEY Junior, as I have already christened him, is, when on board, nothing if not nautical; but being nautical, he is everything. Although only gifted by Nature with a pair of hands, he is always ready to lend one of them whenever and wherever it is required. The more work he has to do the better he does every bit of it, the happier he appears, and the more time he seems to have on his hands for fishing, pulling and hauling at the ropes, mending clothes, cleaning the rifle, attending to the lines, arranging the flowers (he has a good eye for colour), polishing up everything, and coming out in several different costumes, Valet, Cook's Assistant, Butler, Sailor, Waiter, Steward, in the course of the day. As the late Mr. ROBSON used to say when, in the Farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, he sang "*The Country Fair*," "Oh, he's a w-o-o-o-nderful b-o-o-o-y!"

He announces each meal with a cheery "Breakfast is under weigh, Sir" or "Dinner or Lunch"—as the case may be—"is under weigh, Sir!" This morning, at breakfast, he comes, with a beaming countenance, to inform his master that "he must take in a reef in the butter" as, from some accident or other, our supply of this article is limited.

We don't grumble, we don't look serious, we don't complain, but such is the effect of MARK TAPLEY Junior's cheeriness, we all become suddenly quite mirthful and ready to scream with laughter at the prospect of short commons in this direction. If he had announced to us, on returning from some foraging expedition with an empty basket, that the island where he had been was a desert, that there was no land within three days' sail even with the most favourable breeze, and that our provisions were reduced to a backgammon board and a cruet-stand, and that starvation (he would put this in his brightest and happiest manner) was imminent, we should all cheer up, and even feel that we had had rather a satisfactory meal than otherwise. So we assist with a will "in taking in a reef in the butter," and make up for the deficiency with, as TAPLEY Junior suggests, "double rations of marmalade."

If all meals on board a yacht, while in motion, could be like this, then yachting would be perfect. It is the very poetry of motion; but oh, when the prose comes, or when the poetry becomes a little uneven, and then gradually eccentric!

The breakfast passes off pleasantly, all having been put into excellent spirits by the Merry Young Steward, and CRATLEY doesn't contradict KILLICK more than half a dozen times on as many subjects, and we saunter on to the deck to enjoy the morning, which we all agree is heavenly. Our host smiles benignly and with becoming modesty, as if deprecating anything like a compliment on our part being addressed to himself in grateful acknowledgment of the magnificent state of the weather. Some hosts invariably take to themselves their guests' hearty commendation of the weather, and reply to any remark on the beauty of the day, in an off-hand way, with "Yes, isn't it?" their tone being that of men with special privileges who can afford to pity such ordinary people as are compelled to put up with any sort of weather they can get. Yet even MELLEVILLE, seated reposefully, admits that "it is certainly very pleasant," and evidently wishes us to understand that this is nothing to what can be done in the way of fine weather when we're out yachting with *him*.

Where are we? Larne has vanished. But there are coasts left and right. The Commodore will explain. TAPLEY Junior brings on deck a chart, in which all the sea is marked like land in an ordinary map, so that, after sailing about with my index finger from point to point for ten minutes, I give it up in despair, and prefer being instructed by "One Who Knows." KILLICK and CRATLEY are at loggerheads already as to where we are. The former is positive that Ireland is on our left and Scotland on our right, while the latter is certain that the situation is exactly the reverse.

We are perpetually referring to maps, and asking each other, "Where are we?" "Which is Ireland?" "Which is Scotland?"



"Where's the Isle of"—whatever it may be, and so forth. This leads to discussion and contradiction. Now, what a waste of time and trial of temper would be avoided if along the shore, wherever practicable, notice-boards were stuck up, with "Ireland," or "Scotland," or "England," as the case may be. How useful to ships from everywhere! All the Islands should have boards up with their names on them. Railway Stations have the names up, streets have; why not bays and creeks, and gulfs and the entrances into seas? Why not at the corner of an island have a board up, with "This way to the Atlantic"? and so on.

However, we take our information from MELLEVILLE, who, without the aid of the chart, knows all about it,—is acquainted with the names of the islands, the swifts, the shoals, the rocks, and so forth, but prefers to point them out on the chart, for the sake of practice and for satisfactory corroboration, in order to prevent dispute. KILLICK and CRAYLEY discover that they were both right, as each declares he had meant exactly what the chart shows is really the geography of the place.

It is wonderful what a collection of books has been brought on board by everyone. The library is considerable and varied. To account for this we explain to one another that, as old hands at this sort of thing, we know how difficult it is to amuse oneself during a calm, and in general what a first-rate opportunity for getting through novels, or, in fact, any sort of literature yachting affords.

Every morning after breakfast, therefore, we appear on deck, each with his book. Our host has one of DAUDER's novels, CRAYLEY one of BOISGOSBY's, KILLICK has laid in a stock of cheap novels, bound in illustrated covers, evidently intended to attract the Public in the same way that a work of Art outside a booth at a fair, or a theatrical picture-poster on a wall is intended to attract, and with about as much truth. KILLICK doesn't profess to know the names of the books, or of the Authors; he has gone entirely by the pictures, and has picked them out of a "job lot," marked "reduced to a shilling." One of these—a different one every morning—is always in his hand. His method of reading, when he does read at all, for he has a rifle by his side and a pouch of ammunition, and is perpetually on the look out for all sorts of sea-fowl, guillemots, divers, gulls, whales, and porpoises, all being game that comes in sight—his method of reading is to examine all his books—reviewing the outsides—in order to see which picture is the most sensational (he forgets them from day to day during the first part of our trip), and then, having made his selection, he appears on deck in a soft, shapeless, neutral-tinted hat, a retired Ulster of a curiously variegated pattern, showing three inches of flannel "trouserings," as the tailors call them professionally, a pair of deck-shoes, carrying the novel in one hand, the rifle in the other, and a pouch of cartridges slung over his shoulder.

The next part of his performance, for he can't settle down to reading at once, is to look all round to see where we are—this we all do whenever we come on deck, no matter when it is, during the day, and no matter whether we are sailing, becalmed, or in harbour, there being always a sort of instinct, even in the two last-named cases, that we may have drifted, or got away somehow; and, indeed, I notice that the Salts themselves, the very oldest and most experienced among them, invariably come on deck as if they'd just awoken from a long sleep, and look about with the puzzled air of men whose eyes are not yet accustomed to the light, and whose first words will be, if they speak, "Where are we now, eh?"—and KILLICK being no exception to the rule, though, of course, each man has his characteristic way of looking about him, and KILLICK's is one of annoyance, as he scans the scenery frowningly, with tightly-closed lips, and his hand clutching the rifle, as if ready to deal out destruction even to the landscape itself, and put a hole into it, as if it were a panorama painted on canvas, if it isn't exactly to his taste.

Having expressed in a single grunt his general dissatisfaction with everything, and, so to speak, turned up his nose at Nature for presenting herself under such an aspect to him on that morning when he had clearly expected her to have something quite different ready for him,—as, if it is nothing but sea, he wants land; if in sight of land, he wants it to be all sea; if we're among islands, he complains of the monotony of the view, and so forth,—he deposits his rifle and cartridge-pouch on the seat by his side, and then opens his novel. As he has by this time forgotten what the picture was, he has to refresh his memory and sharpen his appetite for perusal by a reference to the cover, and then the fourth part of the process is to turn over the pages, one at a time at first, then three or four rapidly, then in handfuls, until his attention may be arrested by some description that tallies with the sensational situation depicted on the outside. If he succeeds in finding this within the first ten minutes, he will either settle down to that page, or he takes its number,—treating it like a cabman with whom he had had a dispute—and, his attention perhaps being distracted by the harsh quack of a sea-fowl, or being impelled by a sudden impulse to kill something, or, at all events, to try to, he jumps up, seizes his rifle, loads it, and peers about to see on what object he can wreak his intentionally terrible, but practically impotent, vengeance. When I say "practically impotent," this is only true when he aims very carefully at anything; but if he takes

a hap-hazard pot-shot, there is no knowing what, or whom, within a hundred yards, he may not kill.

Fortunately, in sailing among the northern islands we are never so close to shore as to render his shooting at a duck positively dangerous to one of the occasional islanders; or, if we are ever sufficiently near for KILLICK's shooting to be dangerous, the islands are generally to all appearance uninhabited, or, should there be a cottage or two scattered about at unsociable distances from one another, as if their position was due to some volcanically social disturbance that had dispersed them in this manner, there is no sign of a living soul anywhere about, even to watch the few cows that may be grazing near the sea-shore, apparently on sea-weed, small crabs, shrimps, and jelly-fish. By the way, what a curious flavour this cow's milk must have!

*Happy Thought.*—To quote SHAKESPEARE's *Macbeth*, as we're off the Scottish Coast, *à propos* of KILLICK's shooting—"What is 't you do?" "A deed without an aim."

## OUR PARENTS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—I hold a good official position, am in receipt of a handsome income, am well connected, and I have three boys who have all received the education of Gentlemen. Coming to the conclusion however that, at the ripe age of fifteen, there is no immediate opening to be found for them in their own sphere of life,—at least, without involving me in expenditure that I do not feel justified in incurring—I have apprenticed one to a journeyman plumber, while of the other two I have, without any hesitation, made respectively an omnibus conductor and a provincial dustman. Beyond a little back-stair influence, the whole business has cost me actually nothing, and the lads acknowledge that they have a start in life that not one father in a hundred would have given them. That they may prosper, and eventually take care of and support him in his old age, is the well-calculated desire and earnest wish of yours obediently,

AN OXFORD D.C.L.

SIR,—I haven't been home for the holidays more than three days (we're to have nine weeks, not including the three extra ones we got for the marriage of the head-master's mother-in-law), and I don't know now a bit what to do with myself. I've cleaned all the clocks with soft soap, re-silvered a couple of Queen Anne's looking-glasses, kept Guinea-pigs in the harmonium, swept the next door chimneys from the top with a rake and a hearth-rug, and made a vampire trap in the butler's pantry—and a lot more. Yet I don't know what to be up to next. P'raps I might have had some fun if my seven elder brothers hadn't all been sent to reformatories. So please put in this letter, and let it say a word for me. For though mother complains she's a bit "tired" at times, she says, after all, I am

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

SIR,—Will you tell me what I am to do? I have a couple of boys, who are enjoying the advantages of a superior education, with wholesome though excellent food, at a noted Academy in Wapping. But the holidays are intolerable. They give the pupils one week at Christmas, and no less than three at Midsummer. I consider this, Sir, simple swindling on the part of the Authorities, especially as my two sons, when at home, so irritate me by their mere presence that I am continually pursuing them from room to room with a broomstick. They are at the present moment cowering under the bed in the spare room, much to my exasperation: and where they get their abominable ill-temper from is, and always has been, an unsolved puzzle to your long-suffering Correspondent,

A NICE MOTHER.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, the "Mother of Nine Burglars," is quite right—home influence is a mistake. Acting on this principle, I give no holidays at all, and advertise only for incorrigible boys. My efforts in this direction have been most successful, and so fast have pupils poured in, in answer to my call, that I am proud to say my establishment is already the terror of the neighbourhood. We are 170 in all, and have given the local Police force so much employment during our last summer term that I hear it is shortly to be increased. Our list of "distinguished" scholars is no mean one; three have been hung, five are doing their fourteen years, while no less than twenty-eight are working out minor but fairly stiff sentences. We have also turned out several cabmen, two crossing-sweepers, and we stand very well at the *Inebriates' Home*. Can I say more? It will, of course, be understood that I keep a good staff of warders, and that, though I give no vacation, I find it wise and salutary to take one. But whenever I am absent for more than five months at a time, I need scarcely add that my place is invariably filled by a competent and painstaking

UNDER-MASTER.

SIR,—I've got a great deal to say on this highly interesting subject, but, unlike your Correspondents, I'm not fool enough to waste my valuable and edifying remarks on the Dull Season.

Yours, &c.,

GREEN GOOSEBERRY.



## CRICKETIANA.

Lucy Mildmay (who is fond of technical terms). "BY THE WAY—A—ARE THEY PLAYING 'RUGBY' OR 'ASSOCIATION'?"

## ON THE SKYE-LARK.

*A Song of High Jinks among High Personages in High Latitudes, dedicated in a holiday humour, but with profound respect, to whom it may concern.*

AIR—"Jack Robinson."

THE perils and the pothers of the Session past,  
The *Pembroke Castle* Northward ho! was bound at last,  
And WILLIAM to the winds all his longshore troubles cast;  
And chief among his messmates was ALF TEN-NY-SON.  
For ALFRED had a tenor voice, and songs could sing galore,  
And he twangled "like an angel" on a harp he always bore,  
And along with the crew he had come away from shore,  
As Minstrel for the voyage—ALFRED TEN-NY-SON!

Singing toddi-oddi-iddi-iddi-um-tum-tay! &c.

For WILLIAM he had met with him, and cried, "I say,  
Mayhap you'd not object that harp to twangle and to play,  
Like the old Sirens, out at sea?" The Minstrel answered, "Nay,  
I shouldn't,—not a morsel," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.  
Says WILLIAM to him, "I have joined this here ship,  
And my shore-going comrades I have given all the slip,  
So mayhap you will partake our cruise and join us for the trip."  
"You're a right good sort of fellow," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

So upon the *Pembroke Castle's* poop they both sat down,  
A-talking of great statesmen and of bards of high renown;  
And they drank as much—say nectar—as might come to half-a-crown.

"This is really very jolly!" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.  
As WILLIAM was about another long yarn to out-pay,  
A Sawbones party came abaft—in nautical array.  
"Why, shiver me!" says WILLIAM, "if here isn't that Sir A——."  
"Who'd ha' thought of seeing you here?" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

The Sawbones he seemed staggered. "Eh!" says he, "the talk  
called 'tall'?"  
And grög? and pipes? Oh! WILLIAM, such high jinks won't do at  
all!"

"Oh, never mind!" says ALFRED; "don't you go and raise a squall.  
Confound it, don't you know me?—I'm ALF TEN-NY-SON!"  
Says WILLIAM, "Pray remember the advice you gave to me.  
'Tis now three years ago or more since first I tried the sea,  
I find these frolics set me up, and so I'm sure will he!"  
"Upon my word, he hits it," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

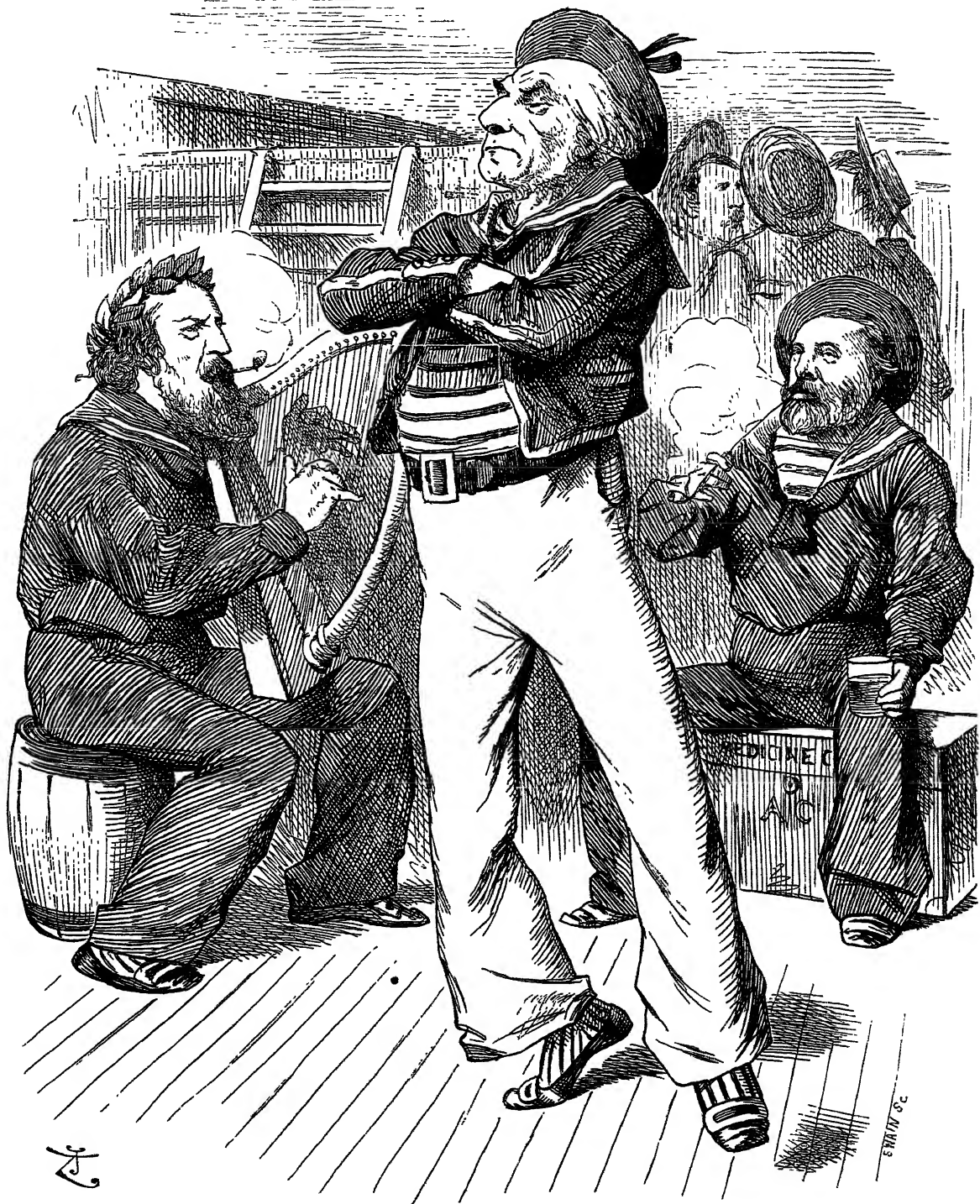
Says the Sawbones, says he, "Well, it may be as you state,  
But you do not mean to say you've got this Idyll chap as mate?  
You know you promised me to keep jaw-tackle taut." "Just wait,  
And you'll find we're on the 'Skyelark,'" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.  
So he plumped down on a barrel, and the laurels round his head  
Took a Bacchanalian rake, and on his harp he twan-gle-ed,  
Whilst WILLIAM danced a hornpipe, with a light elastic tread.  
"There, *that* doesn't look like doldrums," says ALF TEN-NY-SON.

Singing toddi-oddi, &c.

Then the Sawbones hitched his trousers and he—measured out a glass—  
Which *wasn't* homoeopathic—and he cried, "Well, let it pass!"  
Then he lit his pipe and listened. "Why, a man must be an ass  
To play the owl for ever!" says ALF TEN-NY-SON.  
"To fret and stew about things much is all in vain.  
We are off to Skye and Orkney, and 'to Norway o'er the main'—  
As to WILLIAM, when to Westminster he *does* come back again—"  
Then they were off ere one could say "ALF TEN-NY-SON!"  
Singing toddi-oddi-iddi-iddi-um-tum-tay! &c.

POOR Mr. FARINI! The Whale is dead! So like a Whale too!  
"O Whaley Whaley O!" Mr. FARINI may cry in this whale of  
tears, but he cannot raise a whale, except on the back of that little  
boy who may be jeering at his misfortunes. But we draw a wale  
over the proceedings.

It is no use the French sending out raw troops to China, as the  
broiling heat will cook them, and they'll be sent back within a very  
short time of their arrival thoroughly done.



“A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.”

*(Supposed latest Performance of the G. O. M.)*

“HEIGH, MY HEARTS. CHEERLY, CHEERLY, MY HEARTS! YARE, YARE!”—*Shakespeare.*





## A LAUREATE'S LOG.

(Rough Weather Notes from the New Berth-day Book.)

## MONDAY.

If you're waking, please don't call me, please don't call me, CURRIE dear,

For they tell me that to-morrow t'wards the open we're to steer!  
No doubt, for you and those aloft, the maddest merriest way,—  
But I always feel best in a bay, CURRIE, I always feel best in a bay!

## TUESDAY.

Take, take, take?—  
What will I take for tea?  
The thinnest slice—no butter,—  
And that's quite enough for me!

## WEDNESDAY.

It is the little roll within the berth  
That by-and-by will put an end to mirth,  
And, never ceasing, slowly prostrate all!

## THURSDAY.

Let me alone! What pleasure can you have  
In chaffing evil? Tell me, what's the fun  
Of ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All you the rest, you know how to behave  
In roughish weather! I, for one,  
Ask for the shore—or death, dark death,—I am so done!

## FRIDAY.

Twelve knots an hour! But what am I?  
A poet, with no land in sight,  
Insisting that he feels "all right"  
With half a smile—and half a sigh!

## SATURDAY.

Comfort? Comfort scorned of lubbers! Hear this truth the Poet roar,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering days on shore.  
Drug his soda, lest he learn it when the Foreland gleams a spec  
In the dead unhappy night, when he can't sit up on deck!

## SUNDAY.

Ah! you've called me nice and early, nice and early, CURRIE dear!  
What? Really in? Well, come, the news I'm precious glad to hear;  
For though in such good company I willingly would stay—  
I'm glad to be back in the bay, CURRIE, I'm glad to be back in the bay!

## ALPHONSO ABROAD.

THE King of Spain is to send two telegrams a day to Queen CHRISTINA, whose jealous propensities have been publicly illustrated of late. Here are a few intercepted:—

PARIS. Noon.—As I arrived in strict *incognito*, of course, not more than a thousand people or so to meet me, and none of the President's family. I don't call Madame GREY an irresistible beauty, but perhaps it was better so—especially since Madame WILSON isn't more than two-and-thirty. FERNAN NUNEZ quite changed. Staid, sober, respectable. Suggests the *Arts Décoratifs*, and M. MASPERO on Egyptology as amusements.

PARIS. Midnight.—Only time for word. *Arts Récréatifs* and *Dum spero spiro* on Egypt—hours—odalisques—fatiguing. No Ladies present. Bed directly after supper—bread and cheese and *olla prodrida* in memory of thee.

MUNICH. Noon.—Austerest capital in Europe, except Madrid as I have reformed it. Art shows splendid, but am gratified to remark that classic figures carefully curtained "for the King of Spain." Delicate attention that of LUDWIG's; of course he's invisible, but shall leave a card.

MUNICH. Midnight.—Suggestions in last as to LOLA MONTES most unjust. Never thought of her all day, although, as you remark, the name is Spanish. Spent entire day practising German and trying on German uniforms. Find them rather heavy for my figure—tongue and togs. Confess that have been half-an-hour in a *biergarten*—but no Ladies—and MOZART with violoncello.

BERLIN. Noon.—Only time for a word. Military duties imperative. Princess Imperial charming, but never thought of flirting with her. Englishwoman—don't flirt. Besides, all time given up to Mars. Venus nowhere.

BERLIN. Midnight.—Yes, did kiss the third high-born Lady-in-Waiting at the top of the kitchen-stairs. Have two appointments with *biergarten fräuleins*. Have just been behind the scenes of all the theatres, and invited everybody to supper. And mean to not go home till morning, *tra-la-la!* For it's really more than a monarch can manage, protesting virtue twice a day by telegram when he's a Spaniard and a Bourbon.

## REG'LAR RUIN.

(Yunkce Romance, written up to date.)

"Such is the colossal character of the fortunes now made on the other side of the Atlantic that a man who can only own to eight millions sterling attracts but little notice in Wall Street; as to a million, it is comparative beggary."—*Daily Paper*.

The wealthy Pork-factor took another turn across the gorgeous reception hall that served as the drawing-room of his splendid and palatial mansion. As he advanced, the rich pile of the costly Damascus rugs that were heaped indiscriminately about the marble floor literally impeded his progress. With a sudden pause he fell upon a gold tapestried *fauteuil* and brought his clenched fist angrily down upon a priceless inlaid ivory Indian writing-table. The blow shattered it to atoms. At the same time several 175 carat diamonds flew with a jerk out of the crowd of keeper rings the millionaire wore, all over the apartment.

But a plush-legged and powdered fifteen-stone menial shovelled them up with indifference, and tossed them into the street below.

Such scenes were common all along the best side of Fifty-ninth Avenue, and the mistress of the house merely gave a pretty laugh. She had got to the figure of three hundred and ninety dollars in emeralds on her front, and looked spry.

"Guess you're riled?" she said.

"Guess I am," the Pork-factor replied, with a six-horse oath. Then he added, between his teeth, "I'm going to make it white hot for HIRAM."

At this moment a Dude entered. He was cleanly fixed, and would have passed for a Gentleman in the deluge. But there was a slight pause as he appeared. Then the Pork-factor rose, and threw an *ormolu* inkstand or so through a Boticelli. The new-comer noticed the irritation, and merely smoled.

"It's no use, my respected bosses," he said; "you may do what you darned please; but I am not going for pork."

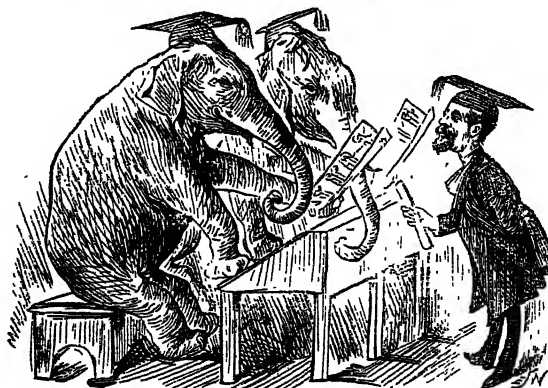
There was a scene in that gorgeous drawing-room that could be heard distinctly at Chicago. A jewelled chiekening was broken into candle spills, and both the chimneys were set on fire by a blaze of five thousand dollar notes.

As the Dude entered the Momus ten minutes later there was a sympathetic cry of "Wal?"

"He has cut me off with a million," he replied, quietly draining an iced Elephant Rouser as he spoke. "I'm a ruined cuss!"

"You air!—you air!" was the prompt reply; and the entire consignment went for a new Club then and there. Things move smart in the States. They had left him to rot on that figure in the gutter!

AN OXFORD EDUCATION.—At the Oxford Hall of Music, Sir, I mean, which might be affiliated to the Royal College of Music, of which we have not heard so very much lately, Jock and Jenny are a wonderful pair, and their duet is something like a genuine Monster



Jock-ular and Jenny-ings performance.

Concert. By the way, it's a wonderful audience at the Oxford, quite a study in itself, for its very respectable *bourgeois* character. Husbands, wives, and small families are there—I saw one baby with a bottle enjoying itself amazingly—all equally pleased, and not particularly demonstrative. The comic singing of a Mr. HARRY HUNTER, and his eccentric dancing, were the best things in the entertainment, which otherwise, always excepting Jock and Jenny, who are delightful, was not quite up to the Oxford Hall-mark. I'll try another, and report myself.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LAYS OF A LAZY  
MINSTREL.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

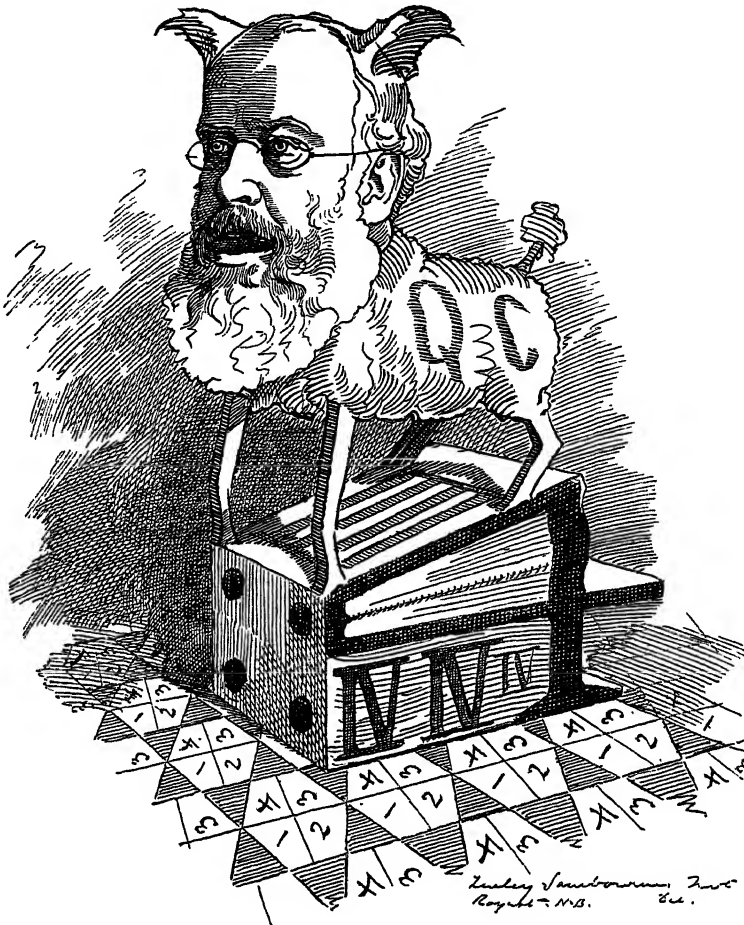
## CHAMOUNI.

A Climbing Girl, I met,  
you know,  
Above the Valley, in the  
snow;  
I raised my hat, she  
deigned to speak,  
She pointed out each pass  
and peak,  
And sombre pine-trees  
down below.  
We watched the sunset's  
ruddy glow,  
We watched the length-  
ened shadows grow;  
Her eyes and dimples  
were unique—  
A Climbing Girl!  
To Chamouni our pace was  
slow,  
It darker grew, we whis-  
pered low;  
Her dimples played at  
hide and seek—  
Ah, me! 'twas only Tues-  
day week  
She married Viscount So-  
and-so—  
A Climbing Girl!

THE Police propose to get  
rid of the old "Charley's"  
rattle. They found it any-  
thing but "an agreeable  
rattle." Instead of this  
they are to have whistles.  
Duett,—or, better, a "con-  
certed" piece,—for the  
Constables, "Whistle—and  
I'll come to you, my  
Lad!" This can be ar-  
ranged for the next Police  
Fête at the Crystal Police—  
no, Palace.

A CHINESE PUZZLE.—The  
Despatches from Tonquin.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 154.



J. E. GORST, Q.C.,

OF THE FOURTH PARTY "QUORUM PARS MAGNA FUI"—BUT IT NEEDS NO  
"GORST" TO TELL US THAT.

## GERMANY TO FRANCE.

(According to the "North  
German Gazette.")

Air—"The Gay Cavalier."

To Tonkin she has gone,  
This is capital fun!  
Though, as policy, fiddle-  
de-dee.  
If adventure she love,  
I shan't throw down the  
glove,  
She may go to—Hong-  
Kong for me!

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A TRUE sense of Propor-  
tion is thought to be the  
basis of a good judgment  
in what are called the Fine  
Arts. It is conspicuous—  
by its absence—in the  
"fine" arts, as practised  
by many of our Magis-  
trates.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has  
been yachting. As the song  
says, "They all do it." The  
President of the Board  
of Trade became so popular  
with the men on board that  
they christened him the  
"Birmingham Pet, or the  
Darling of his Screw."

CONSOLATION FOR OLD  
AGE.—What if you have  
arrived at the shady side  
of sixty? You are entitled  
to exemption from the li-  
ability to serve on Juries.  
N.B.—Only be sure to claim  
it every September in due  
time, if necessary, to get  
your name struck off the  
Jury List.

"DISSOLVING VIEWS OF  
LONDON."—Bootle's Houses  
and Southampton. Build-  
ings fast disappearing.

## A CHIP FROM THE PREMIER'S LOG.

Off West Coast of Scotland.—Three bells. At least, think it's  
three bells, but not quite positive. Glorious weather. Glorious  
health. Pleasant to have companionship (not another vessel) of  
TENNYSON, also Sir ANDREW CLARKE, Lord DALHOUSIE, and family.  
Pity that ANDREW CLARKE will forbid me to talk of politics; also  
has asked TENNYSON not to excite me by reciting too much poetry to  
me—no harm in a little of the *Promise of May* just before bed-  
time, but nothing else. Useful to have a Medical Adviser on board  
who can keep off Liberal Addresses.

Just had a splendid lark with Poet Laureate, behind funnel, where  
ANDREW CLARKE couldn't see us. Game of "capping verses." TENNYSON  
awfully good at it. I tell him he oughtn't to be allowed  
to use his own verses. Says he doesn't know any other poetry, and  
doesn't want to, "and he'd like to see old BROWNING equal it, that's  
all." I refer, incidentally, to my poem in *Nineteenth Century*.  
Fancy TENNYSON is a little jealous about it. Pretends not to have  
read it. Says he leaves hymns to Dr. WATTS, and doesn't see why  
English people should choose to go and write in Italian. He never  
did it, and doesn't know why I should. Change subject hastily, and  
get on politics. Curious that TENNYSON doesn't care to talk about  
Egypt or the Bankruptcy Bill. Says that "politics bore him." Really  
he ought not to be so one-sided. Wonder if politics bored  
HOMER or SHAKESPEARE?

Off Strome Ferry.—Deputation of savage-looking fishermen row  
out, and wish to see me. Ask DALHOUSIE if it's necessary; he says  
he thinks if I don't that I shall lose no end of Scotch seats at next

election. Hope deputation hasn't heard about Sunday sitting of  
House of Commons. I go down and talk to them through the lee-  
scuppers, as I fancy they are called, soothingly. Invite them to  
service on board (it being Sunday), and read them the passage about  
the "Widow's Cruise," as most appropriate. Find afterwards that  
old TENNYSON is horribly offended, because he wanted one of his own  
things used as a hymn! Strome Ferry men ask for distinct pledge  
that anchor won't be raised till Monday morning. Captain says he's  
"taken the pledge" long ago, and ANDREW CLARKE assures fishermen  
that any further conversation will give me an attack of apoplexy.  
Why not call Strome Ferry a "corrupt constituency," and disfran-  
chise it?

Somewhere near Stornaway.—Feel gloriously well. Got up early,  
and knocked at TENNYSON's cabin to wake him. Thought I would  
please him by shouting through key-hole a quotation from *May  
Queen*, about "You must wake and call me early." TENNYSON  
shouted back that he wanted a "few more winks," (not a poetical  
expression, and I should be ashamed to use it, though I don't set up  
to be a great Poet, except in Italian, *Nineteenth Century*, &c.), and  
that he would be obliged if I would not "vex the Poet's mind with  
my shallow wit." TENNYSON seems crusty. Perhaps he has slept on  
port side of ship. Repeat pun to Sir ANDREW, who slaps me on the  
back heartily—(Query, is this behaving like a "Merry Andrew"?)—  
and says he knows I'm getting much stronger, because my jokes  
are so horribly bad. Certainly do feel well, and send off several  
telegrams to Emperor of China, Mr. SHAW, CETOWAYO, and CHAM-  
BERLAIN, asking latter whereabouts the "load-line" is in a ship.  
If I asked Captain, would betray ignorance.

Fancy ANDREW CLARKE has been "getting up" his Tennyson for



UNLUCKY.

*American Cousin (last day of Season).* "WHAT SPORT? 'GUESS I'VE BEEN FOOLIN' AROUND ALL DAY WITH A TWENTY-FIVE-DOLLAR POLE, SLINGING FOURTEEN-CENT BUGS AT THE END OF IT, AND HAVEN'T CAUGHT A DARNED FISH!"

## A BOX FOR BOBBY.

(Bravura.)

FORKT lightning flashes! Let it strike  
Or spare. What odds? I ax.  
Busts, hang aloft the thunder, like  
Ten thousand rifle-cracks.  
Down pours the rain, and no retreat  
For Bobby on his midnight beat!  
His Shelter snug has Cabby got,  
A warm, dry, cosy shed;  
'Cept porch or archway, Bobby's not  
No refuge o'er his head  
To 'fend him from the rain and hail,  
And chimney-pots which rides the gale.  
The Sentry, on his nightly watch,  
A box, if he require,  
Whenever in a storm he's crotch,  
Inside he can retire.  
His coat is red, and mine is blue;  
Then why not a Police-box too?  
But lightning blaze and thunder crash,  
Storm rage, and tempest blow;  
Rain, hail, agin my helmet dash!  
'Mid fog and frost and snow,  
The pavement through the gloom I tramp;  
Whilst lurking for his prey,  
The burglar hears my steady stamp,  
Thieves and garotters all decamp,  
And bolt away—away!

## Jordan in Jeopardy.

At Constantinople, the other day, Admiral INGLEDEN received an intimation that the SULTAN would grant him an audience, "in order that he might explain the details of the Jordan Valley Canal Scheme." Will those details include a satisfactory provision for raising the wind to the requisite amount, and, out of that, the allotment of a sufficiency of *backsheesh* to the Sovereign of Turkey? Because then there will apparently be nothing to prevent the Jordan Valley Canal from becoming an accomplished fact, and to protect a particularly distinguished part of the Holy Land from being overwhelmed with an inland sea. Swamped by a Joint-Stock Commercial Company, will not the Valley of Jordan verily and indeed have fallen into the hands of the Philistines?

this occasion. Laureate kindly gives a recitation of *Morte d'Arthur* this afternoon to most of crew in engine-room. Stokers all delighted. Sir ANDREW pleasantly remarks that he was "mouthing out his hollow oes and aes." After the recitation I offer to repeat the *Odyssey* in original Greek, with running translation of my own, or the most thrilling bits of *Juventus Mundi*, with Italian hymn to finish. Stokers won't hear of it—say they're sure I want rest. So does ANDREW CLARKE. But I *must do something*, so I offer TENNYSON (who's sitting on a coil of rope, chewing a "quid") five minutes' start if he'll write five hundred lines of blank verse against me in an hour, and see who can do it best. TENNYSON doesn't take to idea. Wants to know who's to be the umpire. I suggest DALHOUSIE. TENNYSON would prefer Man-at-the-Wheel. But I don't think Man-at-the-Wheel quite impartial, because TENNYSON has been reciting whole of *Idylls of the King* to him in private, and he says he likes 'em. Find TENNYSON gives men tobacco while he recites to them. I'll try them with my Italian hymn, and give them snuff. Captain has just come to complain of TENNYSON, because latter will distract attention of Man-at-Wheel, and Captain says we're "safe to run into some rocks." It seems TENNYSON has finished the *Idylls of the King*, and is now beginning to give Man-at-Wheel benefit of chief parts of *In Memoriam*. Captain says he infinitely prefers a mutiny to a Poet on board. He can put a mutineer in irons, but "he's blessed if he knows what to do with a Poet Lory." I say that the only thing I can suggest is a new Crimes Act, to apply to vessels at sea, and ask ANDREW CLARKE (who can do everything) to go and settle quarrel. ANDREW CLARKE offers to look at TENNYSON's tongue, but I don't see much good in that. Finally, the Laureate is drawn off by being assured that there will be murder done in the engine-room if he doesn't come and explain to stokers what he meant by "a roaring moon of daffodils."

*In Kirkwall Harbour.*—Very glad to get back here, safe and sound. Can't escape deputation of aggrieved Crofters. CLARKE tells them my health *must* give way if I talk politics to them. They reply that *their* health has given way long ago, owing to poverty and

anxiety, and won't I give them a Scotch Land Bill next Session? Make short speech to them (Sir ANDREW holding my pulse to see I'm not over-exerting myself), and say I'll think about it. They ask me to chip off a little of paddle-box with my axe, as they would like a memento of their visit to me. Why shouldn't TENNYSON do a lyric on the wrongs of the Crofters? Suggest the subject to him for a drama. He seems a little gloomy about the drama, and says, "IRVING might take it, but he fancies his *Cup* is full."

On a fine September day the Orkneys certainly look lovely. "A place for Lotos-eaters," TENNYSON calls it. We are having quite a nice conversation on HOMER, and TENNYSON is saying that the land is one "wherein it seemeth always afternoon," when ANDREW CLARKE bluntly says he "wishes it were, because then it would be always a few hours before dinner," and begs me to choose some healthy maritime subject to talk about. Tells me I ought to "do the complete yachtsman," and "forget that I've such a thing as a brain." Well, I've already nearly forgotten whether I'm a Liberal or a Tory. Ah, here comes old HARCOURT in his steam-launch, to remind me that at any rate I'm not a *Whig*!

## Reading Aloud.

SPEECH is silvern,  
Silence golden. Better hold your tongue.  
*Shade of Carlyle.*

WHEN is a Door not a Door? Ask the Metropolitan Board of Works.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—A Frog in a China Shop, mistaking himself for a Bull.

THE SHAPIRA MSS.—Surely an E is wanted?

## CHILDE CHAPPIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

## CANTO THE SEVENTH.

## I.

I stood in London, on the bridge which lies  
Tall tower and swelling dome on either hand.



From out the stream Saint  
Stephen's spires arise,  
St. Paul's huge summit  
dominates the land;  
Between them runs the  
noisy, wheel-worn Strand,  
Hushed now awhile, for  
early morning smiles  
O'er the swift river, and  
the grey, yet grand  
Wide-winged old city of  
Titanic piles,  
Huge capital of our little,  
lordliest of all isles.

## II.

She looks a sprawling Mam-  
moth from the river  
Risen, with unspanned bulk  
and ungauged powers.

O'er league on league the silver morn-mists quiver  
Upon her mighty maze of roofs and towers.  
And what brings she, what are her dearest dowers  
To wealth-spoilt golden youth? The Comus feast,  
The Rahab lap piled high with gems and flowers,  
The Circe draught proffered by Pleasure's priest,  
Which lures the eager lip, and leaves the man—a beast.

## III.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
Who 'midst this city lived the life called "fast"?  
Doth he upon his pillow tarry long?  
He comes no more—those flutterings were his last;  
The butterfly is stricken, netted, cast,  
Wing-bruised, bloom-robbed aside, a thing that was;  
To-day a phantasy, not to be classed  
With "form" maintainers—these must let him pass,  
Vanish in Limbo's gloom, sink in Despair's morass.

## IV.

Scattered his substance, linked life, honour, all  
With—what? A thing that silence fain must shroud.  
"Gone to the bad, poor beggar! What a fate!"  
"Under the very dingiest kind of cloud."  
"Thought he was 'outer, or at least more proud."  
"Yes—regular church and ring affair, a craze  
Most melancholy,—can't be squared, too loud!"  
So cackle they, in vague slang-garnished phrase,  
The "other Johnnies,"—chums of his exuberant days.

## V.

What profits prying into the abyss  
Where plunge the witless dupes of flaunting shame,  
Of vulgar Mélusines who writhe and hiss,  
Too late detected? CHAPPIE'S lost to fame.  
Who'll wipe the dirt from the dishonoured name  
Society no more hears? For never more  
Shall he who's siren-mated be the same,  
Unless high genius hush the social roar—  
Genius whose spell to miss were "quite too great a bore."

## VI.

But I must end. My Pilgrim's shrine is won,  
And he and I must part—so let it be.  
His task in life was the pursuit of "Fun;"  
In Babylon there are thousands such as he;  
Each year breaks hundreds, and the wrecks few see.  
That venturesome Muse were voted all too bold  
Who golden youth in their gregarious glee  
Should paint, or the veracious tale unfold  
Of dull esurient lives in gilded styes outrolled.

## VII.

Upon the young yet blasé Childe the years,  
Hot though not very many, now have done  
Their battering work. Not suffering, nay, nor fears  
Have aged him, but that same pursuit of Fun.  
The boy his pleasure-hunting race hath run,

And he hath his reward, and it is here—  
That he no more may bask in Fashion's sun,  
Or call the lithe-limbed ballet-dancer dear,  
Or flaunt in sheeny hat, and tie starched stiff and clear.

## VIII.

"The bad"—dull desert!—is his dwelling-place,  
With one worn harpy for his minister.  
Forgotten by his fellows in the race,  
Hating the world, hating himself and her.  
"Fun's" Nemesis! And what ennobling stir  
Lives in such paltry passions? Are they not  
Sordid as savage orgies? Were the whirl  
Of Lxion's wheel more weary? Is the squat  
Smart counter-jumper's round a more ignoble lot?

## IX.

There still is pleasure in fair Clieveden's woods,  
There still is frolic upon Thanet's shore,  
Flirting at Prince's, where no "cad" intrudes,  
Song in the Strand, and music in its roar:  
But CHAPPIE knows them all no more, no more;  
From these familiar raptures he must steal,  
From all that he has seen or been before,  
To wander in far Noman's-land, and feel  
That name, abode, life, dress, are matters to conceal.

## X.

Roll on, thou shallow stream of Pleasure!—roll!  
Ten thousand skiffs float over thee in vain,  
Prows prone to rapids, helms beyond control;  
Awhile they dance upon thy watery plain,  
Then fleet to wreck, and nothing doth remain  
Save a sad memory of the bitter groan  
When one more struggler, slackening the fierce strain,  
Sinks wave-choked, weed-encumbered, stark, alone,  
Gone to the dogs, unstayed, unfriended, and unknown.

## XI.

Childe's ways are not upon thee now,—he yields  
Himself thy spoil, thy Sirens do arise  
And mock him from their midst; no strength he wields,  
And weakness, born of thee, thy nymphs despise,  
Spurning it from their bosoms. Who there lies  
Must lie in linen soft and rich array,  
Mirth, not late maudlin tears, in ardent eyes.  
Let golden youth once fail of golden pay,  
He's cast, like Israel's calf, to earth. There let him lay

## XII.

With his fool tears the dust wherein he falls!  
Circe cares not for those who pule and quake.  
Her prey, the fry of flaunting capitals,  
Are heedless flutterers who are bold to slake  
Their clay in her fierce draughts; their strength she'll take,  
Then call the Philistines to blind and mar.  
They are her toys to play with, flaunt—and break;  
For Pleasure's victims ever captives are,  
Drawn by Armida, chained to Cytherea's car.

## XIII.

My task is done, my song must cease, my theme  
Is as an echo's echo. It is fit  
Swift to dissolve this dream within a dream;  
The mime must be dismissed who here hath lit  
Burlesque's quaint lamp of borrowed ray. I've writ  
An apish whimsy, yet of things which now  
Small bards may see and sing. The visions flit  
Most palpably before me, in the glow  
Of London's flaring lamps, now burning dim and low.

## XIV.

Farewell! A little word which some I ween  
Will welcome; some perchance may—but, farewell!  
Ye who have traced my Pilgrim through each scene  
Of his life-farce, if in your memories dwell  
Thoughts of the follies of the callow Swell,  
The vain and verdant "Johnny," not in vain  
An o'ertrue tale have I essayed to sing.  
Farewell! With him, poor moth, must rest the pain,  
With you—if such may be—the moral of my strain.

THE Chinese Prime Minister is, it appears, named "Li." If he were our Premier, wouldn't Mr. LABOUCHÈRE, M.P. for Truth-in-the-Well, go for him!





## A BLOODLESS BATTUE.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY LORD BARNDORE WRINGS THE NECKS OF ALL HIS PHEASANTS, AND HAVING STOCKED HIS PRESERVES WITH DUPLICATE SPECIMENS FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM, INVITES HIS FRIENDS FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING.

## OUR PARCELS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—I have also, like your Correspondent, "A CONFIDING LUNATIC," some reason to complain of the working of the new Parcels Post. Here is my own experience. I have, from time to time, been in the habit of despatching from this place eighteen-pennyworth of jam-tartlets to a clerical friend in the Scilly Isles. This pastry I have invariably packed with great care in a cardboard case, left open at the ends to keep it fresh, and, for greater security, have myself delivered it at our village Office, where a highly intelligent youth takes sole charge of the Parcels Department. Though I have in the course of the last five weeks despatched no less than twenty-three of my little cases, I have heard from my chagrined and mortified friend that everyone of them has reached him perfectly empty! Need I say that this has astonished me?

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, A PUZZLED VICTIM.

SIR,—The most fragile articles can, as far as my experience goes, be conveyed by Parcels Post, not only with thorough safety, but with the greatest facility. BACCHUS has only to encase his new-laid egg in cotton wool, envelope it in paper shavings, then add two pounds of sifted Arabian sawdust, finally sealing-up the whole, labelled "Dynamite, with care," in a hammered steel oblong chest—(he can pick up one of these anywhere second-hand for about five-and-thirty shillings)—and he can despatch it as soon as he likes to his invalid friend in Warwickshire with absolute confidence. Only the other day I sent a dozen specimens of the common Stable Moth (*Bandellarius teutonicus*), each done up separately in this fashion, as a surprise to an entomological uncle at Slough, and though, after having the cases opened in the hall by a couple of local blacksmiths, who brought their blast furnace, bellows, and a forge hammer or two with them for the purpose, he was a little annoyed to find, that, owing to the sawdust having got loose, the whole dozen had arrived without their heads, antennae, and wings. Still he appreciated fully the novelty of the Parcels Post, and I have not heard from him since.

Yours, &c., A CAUTIOUS PACKER.

SIR,—I have been fishing in Scotland for several months, and on Tuesday fortnight last, under favourable conditions, succeeded in landing my first take—a magnificent seven-pound salmon. Having promised a hamper or two during my season's sport, I at once despatched my fish by Parcels Post to one of my London friends, a noted epicure, but by some mischance he declined to receive it, and it was returned to me addressed to Stirling. Following me about for a week, I at last came once more into possession of it at York. The Hotel Proprietor, however, declining to let it stay for even a few hours, with my luggage in the hall, I again sent it off, this time to a country friend in Cornwall. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment, when arriving at my residence at Camberwell yesterday, I found that owing to the refusal of the Postal Authorities at Exeter to transmit

it any further, it had been returned to me by night-luggage service, accompanied from the Station by the Local Sanitary Inspector, who has threatened me with proceedings on the part of the Parish Authorities. I have now, apparently, no course open to me but to have it kippered. Comment is superfluous.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, PISCATOR.

SIR,—I do not consider the prompt delivery of game by Parcels Post an unmixed good. I received this morning a brace of grouse, both fine three-year-old birds, that were shot at post-time yesterday evening in the North, and despatched to me forthwith. Having some aged relatives staying with me, I had the game cooked for breakfast at once, but with most disappointing results. So terribly tough was the flesh, from mere freshness, that an uncle of mine instantly broke a set of false teeth to pieces in an effort to get through it; while my wife's grandfather, a hitherto hale old *gourmet*, whom we had persuaded to try a mouthful off the breast, had ultimately to be taken out of the room, choking and in a fit. This, and one of the legs, has upset my wife; while I, who somewhat foolishly finished the rest of the birds, am, as I pen this, suffering acutely from cerebral indigestion. Your dissatisfied Correspondents, therefore, may take warning from one who wishes the Parcels Post at the bottom of the Red Sea, and has determined next time he gets a consignment of game to be in

NO HURRY.

SIR,—I had the other day to despatch to a friend in the country a small tea service of Dresden china, a valuable satin fan belonging to MARIE ANTOINETTE, and a rare and exquisitely finished ivory miniature of my great-grandfather. These costly articles I packed up neatly, but roughly, in a few deal shavings, and took the opportunity of sending along with them a bottle of anchovy sauce, a flask of Lucca oil, a hearth-stone or two, and a coal-hammer. Though the whole were loosely done up in a bit of newspaper, with all possible care, they arrived in a condition that showed the grossest carelessness in the carriage. The fan was saturated and limp as a sponge, the tea service in fragments, while owing to the escape of the oil and anchovy sauce, nothing was left of my great-grandfather, but his right eye and his shoe-buckles. I have written to the Postmaster General, but I am told I have no case. Such, Sir, is the treatment meted out under this new system to one who always hitherto has signed himself,

A CIRCUMSPECT ECONOMIST.

SIR,—I don't think that it's them Correspondents of yours who keep sending their rubbishing things through the Office that has a right to grumble. Look at me. Here only yesterday I did my twenty-two mile with three brace of black cock, a haunch of venison, fourteen pound of tea, half-a-dozen bottles of cough mixture and other stuff (some of 'em leaking), a coffee-kettle, two barrels of oysters, enough stuff for dresses to clothe half the county, no end of butter, ladies' boots, clotted cream, and a wasps' nest as had got loose among the lot,—and all this without an extra blessed half-penny. So, please, Sir, I think it's time you might have a line about these here Parcels from

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.



### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Missus (who is acting as *Amanuensis* to Mary). "IS THERE ANYTHING MORE YOU WISH ME TO SAY, MARY?"

Mary. "NO, MARM, EXCEPT JUST TO SAY, PLEASE EXCUSE BAD WRITIN' AND SPELLIN'."

### OUT-MANCEUVRED.

(About the likeliest upshot of those Teutonic Exercises.)

*Austrian General (taking Train for Vienna).* No, not good-bye!—*au revoir!* Most delightful and instructive time. Magnificent display, and—oh, no, I shan't forget the arrangements concluded between us: you to help us when attacked, and *vice versa*; and you to conduct our foreign affairs so that we shall never have a war on our own account—only on yours—quite right. (*Alone in carriage.*) Let me look at my notes: Cavalry distinctly deteriorated; discovered a fine central cellar for blowing up Berlin when we have it; and concluded a useful pact with Italy and Spain. Only wish I dared try France.

*Italian General (packing up).* Here are the plans of the chief fortresses; here statistics as to real strength of *Landwehr*—politely offered by VON MOLTKE himself. Mustn't forget specimens of new compressed foods for campaigns, and models of new central percussion system, bought with secret-service money. Not much reliance on our agreement with Austria; but can really count upon Spain and Russia. (*To Aide-de-Camp come to see him off.*) Never forget this auspicious occasion—now allies—may I say comrades for ever?—Italy and Germany—Siamese twins—rapture!

*Russian Envoy.* I have the honour, Prince, to wish you good-day, and to assure you that I shall transmit your message of affection to my august Master with the greatest delight. (*In his Special Train.*) Through Alsatia, that's where we'll have them—found out all the Alsatian Field-Officers in the Army, and arranged to keep up a regular correspondence with M. ANTOINE. Poor duffers! trying diplomacy against us, and endeavouring to intimidate us with military

### THE WHISTLING BOBBY.

*A Song of the Suburbs.*

AIR—"The Whistlin' Thief."

WHEN bold burglarious BILL  
In suburbs loiters late,  
His whistle low and shrill  
Is signal to his mate.

*Who-ee! Who-ee! Who-ee!*  
"BOBBY!" the wise ones said,  
"Come! this will never do.  
The whistling thief to equal, you  
Must have a whistle too—  
A loud shrill whistle too!

"You've lived a long time, BOBBY,  
In danger, if not fear;  
Now you shall have a whistle,  
That all around may hear."  
Brave BOBBY mutters "Fiddle!"  
And tips his mate the wink.  
Says he to himself—"Old bloke, you are  
A snide one, I don't think,—  
A cute one, I don't think!"

"BOBBY, the Public seems  
Uneasy in its mind;  
But a pistol's an awkward thing,  
Which needless you will find."  
"That's true enough, by day,  
But perhaps I may remark,  
Though a truncheon may do in a city fray,  
It's a different thing in the dark;  
In suburban lanes in the dark!

"Say SIKES is on his lay,  
On a night with ne'er a moon,  
Must I out with my whistle and play  
A sort of a lively tune?  
What if BILL hears my tune?  
A thundering lot he'll mind.  
He outs with his 'barky' sharp and soon;  
And you can't charm bullets with wind,—  
Charm pistol-bullets with wind.

"BILL's not such a fool as you think;  
He'll 'cop' my truncheon, pat,  
Jam the whistle into my mouth,  
And stretch the Peeler flat.  
No, no! on a lonely beat,  
I'd like more comrades near,  
And—something to reach the Cracksmen's head  
As well as the public ear,—  
As well as the neighbouring ear!"

displays! With France behind them and all Slavdom before! Wish I could have condescended to a Republic—but thou, Italy, will do for the moment.

*Spanish General (becoming ghastly pale over his last bumper of Champagne and porter with Chancellor MERKSIOPHELES).* Eternally grateful, my dear Prince. You have given us an opportunity of rehabilitating ourselves before Europe, by showing that at last we can pay our Sovereign's hotel-bills, and don't need to positively sleep on the throne in order to prevent it from being dragged from under us. Yes—all our troops at your service—even the Numancia Regiment; and you can simply take your pick of the Fleet. (*Back at his lodgings, with sal volatile and soda-water.*) Ugh! the gross German! nearly poisoned me. But I have managed to copy all the plans of MOLTKE's campaigns in his library, and I really think we can do something with Russia, who won't want much money or many men. Not likely we're going to Germanicise ourselves, with France between us and our ally that mixes its wine with beer!

*French General (back in Paris).* This, Monsieur le Ministre, is the report in brief. Everybody doing Germany, and nobody wanting to have anything to do with us.

*British General.* Shall have my report ready in about ten months—after it has passed through Pall Mall and the Horse Guards. Nothing like deliberation.

*Bismarck.* Tricked 'em all again! What an arch-manceuvrer I am! And if only Artful Dodger could last for ever!

LAST week, Mr. Commissioner KERR observed that the talk of Counsel in Criminal Courts was becoming intolerable. Perhaps he meant unbecoming and intolerable. It must be Kerr-tailed.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S LITTLE LUNCH.

## PART I.—OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Russian Editor.*—“Mr. GLADSTONE entertained the King and Queen of DENMARK and the Sovereigns of GREECE and RUSSIA on board the *Pembroke Castle* off Copenhagen. He drank to all present. Sir DONALD CURRIE also returned thanks. After the luncheon, Mr. TENNYSON read extracts from his works.” Copied from a London paper. Capital subject for an article in “the Monster Caviare Season.” English PREMIER proposing the Big Father's health. Look up some of the articles on the Duke of EDINBURGH's Wedding. Peroration to finish with, “A friendly understanding between England and Russia would by no means be a superfluous guarantee of peace in the present time of alarm.” *Mem.*—Wonder how the Big Father liked TENNYSON's reading aloud? The recitation, if it had been given at St. Petersburg, would have led to Siberia!

*Notes from the Pocket-Book of a German Editor.*—The not-for-a-moment-to-be-expected visit of Herr GLADSTONE to Copenhagen may be fraught with altogether-ambiguous-and-precariously-unsatisfactory suggestions. The history-making event is one calling for from-the-inner-consciousness-born-aspirations-like-reflection of a never-to-be-too-cautious-nor-too-patriotic-feeling journalist. Here is material for one thousand columns of ever-to-be-venerated-and-remembered copy. But must pause until instructions are received from His Highness the Prince Von BISMARCK. *Mem.*—Most paradox-producing incident was undoubtedly the probably-slumber-inductive recitation of the Poet-Laureate!

*Notes from the Pocket-Book of a French Editor.*—Sir GLADSTONE for laughter! Ah, the enemies of the beautiful France! But it is a subject! Sir GLADSTONE and France? No. France without Sir GLADSTONE. France means Glory, Economy, everything! France always France! Sir GLADSTONE! Bah! France always France! *Mem.*—France was avenged by the recitation of Esquire TENSON! But he is *drôle* that Esquire TENSON!

*Notes from the Pocket-Book of an English Editor.*—Better subject than Wasp-bites! Homely tone, of course. Means nothing but little family party. Reduce the fractions, GLADSTONE and his Royal and Imperial guests, to the Common Denominator of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON. *Mem.*—Idea for a biographical Magazine Article, “TENNYSON regarded as a Practical Joker.”

## PART II.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE GUESTS AND HOSTS.

*Extract from the Diary of a Northern King.*—Rather embarrassing, but everything went off very pleasantly. Delighted that the English PREMIER avoided politics. But ALEXANDRA (dear girl) said he would—“that he was always so nice.” Mr. GLADSTONE's speech seemed quite short, too. Thought, until I looked at my watch, it had only taken a couple of hours! His remarks about HOMER, the Hebrides, and the History of the Penny Postage System most instructive. Sincerely trust that Mr. TENNYSON did not notice that I was asleep,—at least I mean that I had closed my eyes while he was reading.

*Extract from the Diary of a Southern King.*—Not half bad fun. Bet ALEXANDER that if I could only get him on his legs he would give us a three-hours' lecture. Won my bet, with lots of time to spare. Scarcely fair, though, as I remembered his form when I met him in England. However, for all that, a very fine speech. Liked that long bit about tree-felling. Had no idea he knew so much about European, African, and American forests. His account, too, of Sir WALTER RALPH's and Captain Cook's voyages most interesting. By the way, trust Mr. TENNYSON thought I was only *thinking* when I covered my head with a silk pocket-handkerchief after ten minutes of his recitation.

*Extract from the Diary of a Czar.*—Mr. GLADSTONE's speech excellent. Wish I had understood English a little better. DAGMAR tells me that his account of the Courts in the Crystal Palace was most interesting. The lecture, too, he incidentally introduced on the rise of *Punch* from its commencement to the date of last-week's Cartoon must have also been most amusing. It appears he was the Author of the celebrated *mot*, “Advice to people about to marry,” but he didn't want the fact “to go beyond that table.” Received an annuity of £100 a-year for it! Well, not dear at the price! Trust sincerely that Mr. TENNYSON



## “THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.”

*Native (to Visitor from the South).* “Ah, you've donned the kilt! Quite killing, I declare! But why do you wear the Macdonald Tartan when your name is Thompson?”

*Little T. (who has been getting a good deal of chaff).* “For a very good reason—‘cause I've paid for it!” *[Retires in a huff.]*

did not notice my fatigue while he was reading. I have no doubt that the recitation was much liked by those who *did* hear it!

*Extract from the Diary of a K.C.M.G.*—Most gratifying! Thanked their Majesties and their Royal and Imperial Highnesses “for the honour conferred on me by their presence on board.” GLADSTONE in good form, but it did not appear to me that he made enough out of the *menu*. He had lots of chances too, because he gave incidentally a capital lecture upon French, Spanish, and Chinese cookery. However, his description of ship-building in all its branches was excellent. The Bard would read again. Don't know how the Royalties took it, because I was fast—I mean, because I was not very closely attending!

*Extract from the Diary of a Grand Old Statesman.*—Really delightful day. My few remarks, too, seemed to give satisfaction. Glad I had an opportunity of saying my say about the cosmopolitan supply of coal, and the probable future of what, for the want of a better term, I called “Aerial Navigation.” My sketch, too, of the art-treasures of Munich seemed to be appreciated. Then the account of my researches in horse-rearing in Colorado apparently interested my audience. I repeat, a really delightful day. If I had had a few hours more, I could have touched upon a number of other subjects; but ALFRED was so impatient to begin! By the way, I am rejoiced to feel that he is so carried away when he is reciting that he never hears my snore—I should say, *breathing*!

*Extract from the Diary of a Grand Old Poet.*—It was fortunate I brought with me a complete edition of my works. I am sure, from the rapt silence in which they listened to my poems (not a single interruption from beginning to end), that they would have been cruelly disappointed had I not recited them all!

*À propos* of our having generously given an extra “E” in the dialogue to a Cartoon, “TRUTH” wants to know “where *Punch* gets his French from?” Had this inquiry been respectfully addressed to “Mr. *Punch*, he might have conceded the desired information; but, as it is, he can only remind “TRUTH” that “Truth is not to be told at all times,” and he considers this as one of the exceptional occasions when “TRUTH” will not be told.



## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*More Sport—Study—Books—Interruption—The Rifle—How to use it—On Gulls—And Shooting—Humanitarianism—At Rest.*

THE shooting having commenced, he "reads no more that day," neither does any one of us, as self-preservation being a first law of nature, and love of sport or of destruction being a latent instinct in every Englishman's constitution, we all want first to take the rifle from KILLICK, and secondly to have a shot with it ourselves. As each takes his turn, the crew act as beaters, pointers and setters, so to speak, marking the game for us (this can't be a correct sporting expression, as it so evidently belongs to the billiard-room), and directing our attention to coming coveys, or to sea-fowl floating on the waters, which would otherwise have escaped our less experienced and generally somewhat defective vision, for MELLEVILLE wears a *pinoc-nez*, CRAYLEY is useless without his eye-glass, KILLICK is generally in a state of biliousness which affects the clearness of his vision, and I am compelled to wear tinted glasses, which soften the glare, but give a wintry aspect to every view.

So, putting down our books for the day, as far as serious reading goes, though each of us still carries his own volume about with him, and would be very angry were it mislaid, or if anybody else took it up, we form ourselves into a shooting party, or a rifle-gallery party, and proclaim ourselves the foes of the wild fowl, the porpoise, and of the Sea Serpent itself should he dare to appear.

For my own reading I have brought a philosophical work, in two volumes, on "Inductive Analogy" (a most interesting subject, which I had intended to begin in the train), and the three first volumes of RICHARDSON'S *Clarissa Harlowe*, because of the new sensation that *Pamela* gave me some time ago when the first of these revivals was brought out, and because Messrs. SOTHERAN & Co.'s new edition is in the clearest possible type, and is a good, steady, well-bound, comfortable and easily-held book,—but after a quarter-of-an-hour's deliberation as to which I shall read, I take the philosophical treatise and open Chapter One, beginning "Inductive Analogy is to the metaphysician what—" but at this point I am called off by CRAYLEY to look at the scenery; or, after I have again settled down, by our host, to inquire what we would like to do to-day in case of reaching shore sooner than we had expected; or, when I have made myself quite comfortable, that is as comfortable as is possible out of doors, whether on shore or at sea, for reading purposes, I am startled by the popping of the rifle and an exclamation from KILLICK in a tone of savage disappointment, followed by a bitter *sotto voce* murmur of, "Ah! I was precious near him that time!"—when I feel mastered by so strong a sporting impulse, that I fling philosophy to the winds, and very nearly into the sea, and partly from a desire of honest emulation which has made so many heroes, and which induces me to hope that I shall prove successful where KILLICK has failed, I ask him to let me have a shot with the rifle. KILLICK is the old hand, and stands by me as a sort of sardonic *Caspar*, watching the efforts of his pupil *Rudolph*, in *Der Freischütz*. "Six shall achieve, the seventh deceive," was *Zamiel*'s arrangement, if I rightly remember. But I haven't got the charmed bullet as yet, and the six don't achieve anything except giving me a headache, and the seventh doesn't deceive me by hitting anything; though, at this point, MELLEVILLE, who detests a rifle on board because of the noise, but characteristically keeps one for the amusement of his guests, joins in the sport—and, finally, so does CRAYLEY, who can't see three yards before him without his eye-glass, and can't hold the gun and the glass up to his eye at the same time. The love of sport is fatal to all attempts at morning reading.

In the afternoon, if not sailing in pitch-and-toss water, we recommence our studious attempts after luncheon, when we are more inclined to smoke, look lazily at the view, and indulge in desultory conversation. This time I bring *Clarissa Harlowe* on deck, and am commencing a desultory study of the Preface and the descriptive cast of characters given as in a play, which is very exceptional in a novel, but not a bad idea as a saving of trouble—when it occurs to me that reading is very bad for digestion.

CRAYLEY is of all of us the one who makes greatest progress with his novel by BOISEBOREY, because it is an exciting plot, and full of stirring situations and mystery. KILLICK, not being inclined to read or shoot, settles on CRAYLEY'S book, and asks him how he likes it? To which CRAYLEY, without looking up from his book, and treating KILLICK as the good St. Anthony did the temptress, replies, "that he likes it very much," and continues reading.

"Capital book," says KILLICK; "I've read it. Have you got to the part where the young painter murders the girl?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake," cries CRAYLEY, imploringly, who is evidently just coming to this very critical situation in the novel; "Oh, for goodness' sake, don't tell me what is going to happen." And again he wraps himself up, so to speak, in his book.

But KILLICK, being in a nasty humour, won't let him off, and continues,

"I wouldn't spoil your interest in it on any account, as it is one of

the best plots I've ever come across. I'm not sure"—(CRAYLEY once more gives a faithful representation of the good St. Anthony, and pretends to be absorbed in the novel)—"I'm not sure whether I'm confusing the plot with another—because they are all rather alike,—but isn't there a detective—at least, I mean a man comes in with blue spectacles and a red beard, and turns out afterwards to be the detective whose wife has given the poisoned bracelet—"

Here CRAYLEY can stand it no longer. "Look here, my dear fellow," he says, closing the book, and screwing his glass almost fiercely into his eye, as he absolutely faces his tormentor,—“Look here, if you want to tell them the story, and spoil my enjoyment of the book, say so, and I'll go below—"

But, before he can carry out his threat, and before KILLICK can retort, a diversion is created by our host, in favour of a line of playful porpoises, to which he directs KILLICK'S attention, at the same time handing him the rifle and cartridges, which the Merry Young Steward, MARK TAPLEY Junior, has most opportunely brought up, cleaned and ready for use, on deck.

Our rifle-shooting is very harmless. If a gull or a puffin looks a bit staggered, we are all extremely sorry, and the marksman apologises, so to speak, and sincerely hopes he hasn't hit it. The gulls do offer tempting shots. As a rule, we take fearless aim, knowing that the effect of our shot, like an effort of genius, will be deathless. Once, however, in a calm I shoot at a gull flying, and absolutely wing it. We are all sad at heart, though we are fain to acknowledge the excellence of the shot, which astonished no one more than myself. The other gulls utter plaintive cries, and circle about their wounded companion. It seems to me that all the birds of the air are "sighing and sobbin'" when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin!"

A "hand"—nautical term for one of the crew—they are all "hands"—[*Happy Thought*.—A Pirate's crew would be all "legs," "black-legs"]—is sent out in a boat to terminate the bird's sufferings. We can hardly bear to watch the proceedings. MELLEVILLE turns away, KILLICK looks on gloomily, CRAYLEY hides his emotion behind his eye-glass, and, though trying to keep up a sportsmanlike bearing, with the rifle in my hand, I feel very sad at heart. I remember the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross; and, as the man returns with the dead bird—a ghastly object—in the boat, I feel I could burst into tears. Why did he bring it back? It can't be eaten, and there's no stuffer on board, or any means of preserving it.

[*Happy Thought*.—If you are going to shoot uneatable and curious birds, never sail without a "Stuffer" on board. This sounds as if the crew were going to pass some examination, and that a "Stuffer" was identical with a "Crammer." A *propos* of this, here are the materials for a conundrum: "Why would this new functionary and the Commodore to whom the Yacht belongs represent two celebrated places in the Hebrides?" Because one would say of himself, "I am Stuffer," and the other, "I Owner." (Necessary explanation—*Staffa* and *Iona*.) How angry Dr. JOHNSON would have been if BOSWELL had made this riddle. "Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, "you're an ass!"

Alas, poor gull! I am as sad as I was when I winged a young rabbit—whether "winged" is a correct, sportsmanlike term, I am not sure; but I never heard of "legging" a rabbit, which is what I did, poor thing!—and it cried like a child, so that with a nervous but determined hand I had to give him the other barrel, and finish him. I sat down on a bank, and made a vow never again to shoot at a rabbit unless I was certain of killing him outright, and at once. In a moment of excitement I have ridden recklessly over plough and fallow to harriers, and been in at the death of the hare. The others were rejoicing, as at a great victory over some ferocious and devastating wild monster, or like natives over the body of a man-eating tiger; but I pitied "poor Puss"; and when the Whip came round with the cap, I put three shillings into it, instead of the usual half-a-crown, by way of a penance.

I have never been in at the death of a depredating fox, when a farmer's delight is natural and excusable. In fact, I have a natural aversion to killing anything, and must indeed be roused to an ungovernable pitch of fury before I can kill the most persistently irritating fly, and even when I have despatched him I regard his lifeless remains with compassion for his idiotic obstinacy in worrying me, which brought about his untimely fate. Six creatures I can see killed with ferocious pleasure—a bluebottle, a wasp, a black beetle, a rat, a horse-fly, and a hornet. If anything happened to the Yacht before I leave it, I should set it down to my having shot the harmless gull.

After this, we only shoot at inanimate objects, such as bottles and cigar-boxes.

Subsequently, as sport is a necessary part of a yachtsman's life, we take to fishing.

And here again the same tenderheartedness prevents my being delighted when I get a bite, which, I am glad to say, is of rare occurrence. I like fishing; it is a solemn and soothing occupation. Time never flies with such rapidity as when one is sitting in a boat or on a bank with a red or line in one's hand.



If you are a crack shot and invariably kill, there is no cruelty in shooting game; but the best-hooked fish dies a lingering death. Let us hope that they have no consciousness of pain, and that their wriggings and jumpings are mere involuntary exhibitions of muscular power. Yet fishing is very fascinating—and most fish are, if well dressed, good eating. All regrets have vanished when I see them broiled for breakfast, even when the one I caught is pointed out to me (the fact is so extraordinary that all the crew know it, and the MERRY MARK TAPLEY Junior, as he places the dish on the table, points to the small one in the centre, and says to me, with glee, "That's yours, Sir,"—and I ask that it may be at once handed to me, when I devour it with genuine relish). Time, the consoler, heals sorrow, and in the space between coming in from shooting and the dinner-hour, the poignancy of my grief has vanished, I have become hungry, I am ready to compare notes of my prowess with my fellow sportsmen (I can be as truthful on this subject as the best of 'em), and when the hare I shot appears on table, I can cut him up and eat him with the liveliest satisfaction.

After a delightful sail, during which we have had occasional glimpses of the Atlantic, have seen about twenty islands and one inhabitant, also two or three yachts, and MELLEVILLE, who knows his way about here, has pointed out where the Whirlpool is, which has a great attraction for me at its proper distance—we turn round a corner, and as the sun is setting, we glide into a bay, and after the usual noise attendant upon "bringing ourselves to an anchor" (we don't bring ourselves to it, as we bring it with us, but nautical terms want re-arranging) we pipe all hands for dinner, which in a few moments is announced by the MERRY Young Steward as "being under weigh."

It is a lovely moonlight night as after dinner we pace the deck in the soothing tranquillity of Lowlandman's Bay, only broken by KILLICK humming *Casta Diva*, in a very subdued tone, as he looks up sadly at the moon, so wistful in his expression that he might be taken for the Man-in-the-Moon, ejected for arrears, sorrowfully regarding his native land, to which he can never more return until he has paid his rent.

MELLEVILLE playfully inquires, "What's that noise?" On which CRAYLEY satirically observes, that "it's curious what an effect the moon has on some animals."

MELLEVILLE remarks, that he has heard of "baying the moon," and wants to know from KILLICK if this is it?

KILLICK is ready. "Yes," he replies, "this is Lowlandman's Bay."

Whereupon we invoke the shade of Dr. JOHNSON in the Hebrides, who with his Dictionary did so much to help the punster. Then we descend. "No Cards." Music.

### CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.

(Stray Leaf from a recent Homburg Dress Diary.)

8 A.M.—Breakfast in my own ordinary Royal reception uniform, minus the under-waistcoat and epaulettes, which H.R.H. the Duke forgot to return after the dinner last night.

10 A.M.—Summoned to call on the EMPEROR. Borrow the full-dress Colonel's togery of the West Brandenburg Hussars, of which I was made Honorary Chief after supper on Tuesday. Busby doesn't fit, and comes right down over my eyes to my mouth. Put a couple of *Daily Telegraphs* into it, and hold my head on one side. CAMPOS says but for that I should look "every inch a king."

NOON.—Receive visit of ceremony from the Monarch of ROUMANIA. He seems to have got on a British Field-Marshal's uniform, a German helmet, and—yes, one of my missing epaulettes. I give him the Grand Cordon of the Golden Hyæna, and cleverly take my epaulette off as I am investing him. A pleasant interview.

2 P.M.—Off to attend the Review, in the full-dress of a Servian Field-Marshal, lent me by the Prince. Find at the last moment that he has forgotten to send the high boots. Have to go in slippers, and feel cold, but am told afterwards by CAMPOS that I looked all right at a distance.

4 P.M.—Have received the order of the Blue Pelican, and to don the uniform of the Stagirivogitsky Regiment for the purpose. By some mistake get hold of that belonging to the Drum-major. Find it hopelessly large, but by padding with a holster or two, and taking in here and there with hair-pins, make it do. The German EMPEROR seems annoyed at my appearance, but I really can't help it. Hope he won't strike me out of the European Coalition.

6 P.M.—Dinner—but finding that during my absence every uniform I had brought with me has been borrowed by some magnate or other for the ball in my honour at the Spanish Embassy to-night, have to go in my old crimson-flowered dressing-gown, and a Portuguese cavalry shako. Am cheered in the *Unter den Linden* in the dark, so I suppose it's all right.

8 P.M.—Taken by the Emperor of AUSTRO-HUNGARY for the Chinese Minister. He proposes my health, and I have to return thanks in Pigeon-Spanish.

10 P.M.—As soon as I get home am asked to lend my dressing-gown to the Prince of BULGARIA, who has, he says, to appear in the costume of the British Life Guards, and that he has got every bit of it together but the tunic. Oblige him. Find, however, I have now absolutely nothing left for myself.

MIDNIGHT.—To bed in my great-coat and one cavalry-boot, and the ribbon of the Order of the Iron Footstool. To sleep, fancying I am missing paper-hoops on a Circus horse.

### TON-KING.

JOHN 'HINAMAN'S SONG ON THE SITUATION.

AIR.—"My Queen."

I AM not unwilling half-way to meet her,  
But I know her game, which I will not play.  
Whether she'd lick me, or I should beat her,  
I know not quite, but I shan't give way.  
*La France* is selfish, ah! fie upon her!  
She'd take all Annam under her wing,  
And rob me of all the suzerain honour  
That I get from thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*

France has been going it awfully lately,  
Kicking up bobberies left and right;  
But I rather think she is erring greatly,  
If she supposes I shall not fight.  
I'm not so humble as that, my Lady!  
My smile is calm, but I carry a sting;  
And if shindy comes, it will find me ready  
To battle for thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*  
If France will be courteous, I'll be lowly,  
For flowery blandness I greatly love;  
But that "neutral zone" means "collaring," wholly,  
And though I'm "childlike," I'm not a dove.  
My suzerainty I am game for keeping;  
France as near neighbour is *not* the thing,  
And men shall fall, and women go weeping,  
Ere I cease to hold thee, *Ton-king, Ton-king!*

### A HARD ROW.

SIR,—My neighbour, Mr. PREBENDARY ROW, writing to the *Spectator* of September 15, on the "Blasphemy Prosecutions," said:—"I have the sheet which was the subject of prosecution lying open before me." After telling his readers the contents, he goes on, "I labour under a disadvantage on this occasion, because I dare not pollute your pages by such a description of them as would give your readers a lively idea of their contents," &c., &c. "I can, therefore, only observe that they stand far beneath the level of the most outrageous caricatures that have ever appeared in *Punch*."

Now, Mr. PREBENDARY ROW should be aware, unless he may be charitably allowed the benefit of the Irish boy's saving clause, and be considered as in a state of "inconceivable ignorance," that no comparison or analogy can be honestly and fairly instituted between such coarsely executed and grossly blasphemous caricatures as he has described, and Mr. *Punch's* artistically-drawn satirical Cartoons on political and social subjects, to which the term "outrageous" could never be applied. Mr. PREBENDARY ROW, of St. Paul's, seems to have yet to learn "who is his neighbour;" and so, Sir, I beg to sign myself your neighbour and his namesake,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

\*\* We select this out of a heap of indignant correspondence which Mr. Row's letter has evoked. As for Mr. *Punch*, he can only say, that not having the slightest personal acquaintance with Mr. Row, he is astounded at the Prebendary's familiarity in speaking of him as "*Punch*." A person who would be guilty of such a breach of good manners would say anything.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD has offered to sell Covent Garden Market and surroundings to the Corporation. Of course the Corporation won't buy it. But here is a chance for Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT to show London what a Concentrated Municipality would do if it had the chance. The Duke is tired of it. Now is the time to clear Mud Salad Market and make it pleasant to the eyes and noses of our long-suffering fellow-citizens. Where is the Hercules for the task? Couldn't Sir WILLIAM V. HERCULES come to the rescue now, and show himself quite an At-Home Secretary? Send for the First Commissioner of Works and the astute B. MITFORD, Esq., C.B. The men who lowered the Wellington Statue are capable of raising the wind for the clean-sweeping of Covent Garden. The youngest son of an American millionaire might buy it, and become in our estimation a second Peabody, a Sweet-Peabody.



### THE VIQUEENS OF WHITBY.

(AS FAITHFULLY PROMISED LAST YEAR.) :

#### AT THE GATES!

(With acknowledgments to the Poet Laureate.)

THE "Warder of the growing hour,"  
Though hard for lesser men to mark;  
Whilst round him all the horizon's dark  
With engineries of hostile Power.

So, laurelled Singer, silver-strong  
Athwart thy strain will fancy flit,  
And voices of the moment fit  
With shifting echoes of thy song.

The Warder, *this*, of thy large dream,  
This Titan of the iron soul,  
With stern glance fast upon his goal,  
Cold, keen as his own armour's gleam?

Warder indeed, firm-based and bold,  
Not moved by show of threatening steel,  
Or subtleties of soft appeal;  
Grim-jawed and of colossal mould.

Few roseate chivalries illumine  
The frank unfaltering Teuton's course;  
Few Lancelot graces. Iron force  
Of brawn and brain, from spur to plume.

But steadfast, still, whate'er befall,  
As that Pompeian Sentinel.  
What he shall ward is warded well,  
Or temple gate, or city wall.

The gates he guards are as the gates  
Of that old temple, Janus-named,  
Closed now. By whomsoever claimed,  
That post he calmly holds—and waits.

Janus Patulcius, Clusius, both,  
"Opener" and "Shutter," at his will;  
Armed sentinel of Peace, with skill  
To loose the dogs of war, though loth.

So fancy limns him, who'll not cease  
To watch o'er what his brain upbuilt.  
Still, with his hand against the hilt,  
Warding the gates of War—like Peace?

Ah! could we trust the Singer's lay,  
Great Teuton, stark in deed and word,  
And know you, strong to bring the sword,  
As strong to take the sword away;

We'd gladlier greet each gleam that broke  
From those steel-keen unfaltering eyes,  
Swift smiter, who, if need arose,  
"Wilt strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

#### NEW POLICE REGULATIONS.

(To accompany the Presentation of the latest Arm for the Force; a Whistle.)

1. SHOULD you notice a Housebreaker entering a mansion at midnight by a cut-out window, you will ask him politely what business brings him to the place in so unconventional a manner and at so inconvenient an hour.

2. Should the Housebreaker refuse to answer you, or reply rudely, with an oath, that "you had better mind your own concerns, and leave him alone," you will produce a text-book upon the Criminal Law, and explain to him in what manner he may be guilty of a felony.

3. Should he treat your lecture with contempt, you will assure him that you are a Constable, and produce your credentials for his examination.

4. Should the Housebreaker be still unreasonable, you will call upon him to distinguish the difference existing between the *status* of one of the Public and that of an Officer of the Law.

5. Should the Housebreaker still turn a deaf ear to your admonitions, you will warn him that if he enters the mansion with felonious intent, it will be your duty, in discharge of your official position, to arrest him.

6. Should the Housebreaker after this enter the mansion, seize all the plate, slaughter the larger part of the family, and fire with a revolver half a dozen shots at yourself, you will instantly produce the substitute you have recently received for your rattle, and—  
*whistle for the thief!*

FANCY the horror of dear respectable Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who is rather short-sighted, when she saw a Handbill on the wall of the Herringborough Harbour with the words, "Smack *Anna Maria*," in large letters. It was only on close inspection that she discovered it was an Auctioneer's advertisement of the forthcoming sale of the fishing-boat or Smack called the *Anna Maria*. "Still," as she said to LAVINIA, "it was startling, my dear, to anyone who doesn't happen to be nautical."



AT THE GATES!





## HOLIDAY ECHOES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Several hale-looking, bronzed, weather-beaten Holiday-makers. One Pale-faced Stay-in-Town.

*Pale-faced Stay-in-Town.* Hullo, JONES! Back so soon? Thought you were off for months. And where have you been, and what have you been doing?

*Jones.* Oh, I have been up in Yorkshire, shooting.

*P. S.* How capital! Splendid county, Yorkshire; grand open scenery; vast expanse of moorland; bracing air, that puts your nerves right for ever; good plain food. Why, you must be as sound as a bell!

*Jones.* Oh, yes, I daresay. Of course people talk like that, and I have no doubt to a certain extent they are right; but, you see, I wasn't living in a very quiet house.

*P. S.* But in that magnificent air and scenery you didn't want quiet and an indoor life.

*Jones.* No; and we didn't want brandies-and-sodas in the morning—or, rather, I think we did; but it was a moot point—at any rate, we had them. And then there was "Boy" always at lunch, and a peg or two before dinner, and an admirable cellar; and what with the grogs in the smoking-room, we never got to bed before two or three.

*P. S.* Then I fear I was a little bit premature when I congratulated you on your perfect state of health.

*Jones.* Well, yes—no—hardly. I feel a little upset, you know—rather shaky, and all that; but I have not the remotest doubt but that when I have settled down, and had two or three weeks in London, I shall be every bit as well as when I started. 'Morning!

*P. S.* 'Morning! Here's BROWN back in London again! How brown—no pun!—you are looking! How are you?

*Brown.* Among the middlings, thanks—only among the middlings.

*P. S.* But you have had a holiday?

*Brown.* Oh, yes. I have been yachting off the Devon coast.

*P. S.* Lucky man! Good boat, fine weather, jolly company. What could be more delightful?

*Brown.* I suppose it sounds rather pleasant. Yes, we had a rattling boat and fair weather, and a very good lot of men on board.

*P. S.* You must have inhaled enough ozone to last you your lifetime. I think to be on a yacht with a good topsail breeze, when the water goes bowling past you and the weather copper is high out of water, and the sea is eddying in the lee-scuppers, and as you bound along over the waves you feel that every moment the breeze is driving all the musty old cobwebs out of your brain, is one of the most invigorating, health-producing sensations the world has. All cares seem to fall from you. You fear no knock at the door, dread no ring at the bell. Your duns have ceased from troubling, and your callers are at rest. You get no telegrams, and despise newspapers.

*Brown.* Of course, of course, from the land-point view of yachting; but our host was a very bad sailor, and, consequently, we spent a good deal of time in harbour.

*P. S.* That doesn't matter so much in Devonshire, as, wherever you land, you have a lovely walk in every direction.

*Brown.* We didn't land much.

*P. S.* Then what did you do?

*Brown.* We generally used to go below in the cabin and play Loo, and you know its usual accompaniments.

*P. S.* But you weren't always in harbour. Hang it, you must have gone out to sea sometimes.

*Brown.* Only in calms.

*P. S.* Even then you got the pure, unadulterated sea air?

*Brown.* In a way; for, you see, we generally, in a calm, used to go down below in the cabin and play Loo, and it was hot, thirsty weather.

*P. S.* Your trip, then, won't have done you so much good as I had hoped.

*Brown.* Oh, I am not very bad; and—hullo, it is a quarter to twelve! I must be off. I have got to see my Doctor at the hour. My liver is very wrong, but I have no doubt he will put me right soon, and then I shall be as well as ever I was. Glad to have seen you. Good bye!

*P. S.* Good-bye! What, ROBINSON? How goes it? All well at home, I hope.

*Robinson.* No, no; I am sorry to say we have dreadful trouble at home. All the children are down, my wife is nearly dead from fatigue and grief, and I myself have been up nursing them the last two nights.

*P. S.* Goodness gracious! What is it?

*Robinson.* The Doctors hardly say definitely, but it is some form of typhoid.

*P. S.* Nasty, beastly thing. However, if they will only pull through quick, you can get them all down to the seaside.

*Robinson.* That's where we have just come from.

*P. S.* What place?

*Robinson.* (The reader may fill this in according to his own libellous taste.)

*P. S.* But surely that is a town where the death-rate is next to nothing, and which is always held up to admiration by nine out of every ten medical men?

*Robinson.* It is. That's why we went there.

*P. S.* Was there an epidemic raging?

*Robinson.* No; or if there was, we got it all to ourselves.

*P. S.* Then how do you account for it?

*Robinson.* You see we are different to the natives. Drainage has no power to affect them or their death-rate. It has on us. After lodging six days over an open sewer, all the youngsters were taken bad.

*P. S.* How very sad! But what do the Doctors say? I trust they are hopeful.

*Robinson.* I am happy to say they hold out tolerably flattering expectations. They consider that now we have got the children back to our own well-ventilated and well-drained house, they, having naturally strong constitutions, will not be long in coming round. Bye! bye!

*P. S.* Bye! bye! old man. What, you, GREEN! Heard you were on the Continent.

*Green.* How are you? I got back last night.

*P. S.* How far did you get?

*Green.* Oh, not very far—Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, up the Rhine, Baden, Strasbourg, and home by Paris.

*P. S.* Not a bad little round. Did you enjoy yourself?

*Green.* Thoroughly.

*P. S.* I am glad to hear that. By Jove, it is a comfort to find one man has had a good holiday. What are you going to do to-night? One can't offer much to a man fresh from the Continent; but even in London one can give a fair approach to a French dinner, and the Gaiety is open again.

*Green.* Ugh! Thanks awfully, old Chappie. But I am going down into the Weald of Sussex this afternoon.

*P. S.* What on earth for?

*Green.* Well, you see, what with travelling, and *table-d'hôtes* and *café* life, and seeing Galleries, I am a little bit off colour. So I am just going down to do a good week's walking in the country. Get up early, go to bed early, do five-and-twenty miles a day, live on nothing but chops and bread-and-cheese, drink a little beer, and only one glass of whiskey at night, and I believe I shall come back to town as fit as a Leger winner. So, farewell!

*P. S.* Farewell! Why, SMITH, it is an age since I saw you! What's the matter? Why this lameness?—why these crutches?

*Smith.* Ireland.

*P. S.* Ireland? You don't own any property there? Oh, I remember, you told me you had rented a salmon river over there. Surely they didn't shoot you for that?

*Smith.* Shoot! I wish they had; it might have finished me off at once. Got wet through fishing, and have been in agonies ever since.

*P. S.* You had no sport, then?

*Smith.* Yes, admirable, till this infernal thing got hold of me. Well, I can't stop here chattering, I am just going to try a Turkish bath; it can but kill or cure.

*P. S.* It doesn't seem to have improved his temper. Hullo, WIGGY, any news?

*Wiggy.* Heard about CHARLEY THOMPSON?

*P. S.* No—what of him? I saw him just before he went off to Switzerland; he was going to climb some inaccessible mountain with some unpronounceable name. Did he get to the top?

*Wiggy.* I don't know whether he got to the top. He fell to the bottom right enough.

*P. S.* Hurt?

*Wiggy.* Two thousand feet of crevasse don't usually do you much good. He was killed on the spot,—smashed to pieces.

*P. S.* Lord, how sad! Really, what dreadful holidays my friends seem to have had! I grumbled at the time, but now I feel perfectly thankful that I have had to stay in Town. After all, London is the healthiest and safest place in the world.

[Exit round corner, is run over by a Van driven by a drunken driver, and is removed to Charing Cross Hospital.]

## Unnatural History.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has added to our knowledge of Natural History in a truly remarkable manner. In a leading article on the 21st inst. it remarked that—

"To race a pony against a pigeon would, of course, be a foregone conclusion in favour of the latter; but it has just been shown, by a race which has taken place at Bedworth, that a pigeon can fly rather more than double as fast as a pony."

This beats dog-and-man-fighting hollow. If the Editor of the *D. T.* has seen a flying pony, let him exhibit it at the Aquarium, and FARINI and BARNUM are not "in it." On second thoughts, we once had a pony that flew—no, that melted away before we had time to pecket it. But we'll bet another pony the *D. T.* didn't mean this.

## AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.

LADY-HELPS can hardly expect to retire speedily on a competency if their remuneration is in harmony with that indicated in the following advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

**R**EQUIRED immediately, in a small preparatory boarding-school for boys, a useful domesticated person as LADY-HELP, &c. She must be an early riser, healthy, quick, and active. No servant kept, but woman once each week to scour and clean. Boy kept for boots, knives, windows, &c. Salary, £12 per annum and £2 for laundress.

Fourteen pounds per annum to cook, dust the room, mend the boys' clothes, and assist in their education, would hardly be called an extravagant stipend. If we remember rightly, *Mr. Wackford Squeers*, of *Dortheboys Hall*, gave *Mr. Nicholas Nickleby* an annual salary of £5, but then he had to do nothing but teach. After reading the above advertisement, we are struck with the munificence of *Squeers*, and are convinced *Nicholas* must have been extravagantly overpaid.

**CONCERNING AN EGYPTIAN ASS.**—*RIAZ PASHA* has been elected to the Legislative Council to represent Cairo. As he has been rather down lately, this is a rise for *RIAZ*.

**FRANCE TO CHINA.**—“You *Hanoi* me much.”

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 155.



LE COMTE DE PARIS.

LE NOUVEAU “CHEF” DE LA MAISON DE FRANCE, WHO, WHEN FRENCH TASTE REQUIRES IT, IS PREPARING TO GIVE IT A FILLIP.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

AT TABLE D'HÔTE.

At *Table d'hôte*, I quite decline  
To sit there and attempt to dine!  
Of course you never dine, but “feed,”  
And gobble up with fear-some greed  
A hurried meal you can't define.

The room is close, and, I opine,  
I should not like the food or wine;  
While all the guests are dull indeed

At *Table d'hôte*!

The clatter and the heat combine  
One's appetite to undermine.

When noisy waiters take no heed,  
But change the plates at railway speed—  
I feel compelled to “draw my line”

At *Table d'hôte*!

“THE President of the British Association,” read out *Miss LAVINIA*, “delivered an address on Pure Mathematics.” “I'm delighted to hear it,” said *Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM*, “and I only wonder that any others were ever allowed in our schools. But go on, my dear, to the next telegraph.” “The Flushing Mail,” continued *LAVINIA*, quoting from the *Times*. “Dear me!” interrupted *Mrs. R.*, “what a very bashful person he must be! But it's a shame to make a public show of him, though. Where is he, my dear? At the Aquarium?”

## SONG OF A SCIOLIST

AT SOUTHPORT.

“It is difficult to give an idea of the vast extent of modern Mathematics. This word, ‘extent,’ is not the right one; I mean extent crowded with beautiful detail—not an extent of mere uniformity, such as an objectless plain, but of a tract of beautiful country seen at first in the distance, but which will bear to be rambled through and studied in every detail of hillside and valley, stream, rock, wood, and flower. But as for anything else, so for a mathematical theory, beauty can be perceived, but not explained.”  
*Professor Cayley in his Presidential Address before the British Association, at Southport, Sept. 19, 1883.*

Ah! highly lucid,  
And simple—*doosid*!  
Earth's hills and valleys, and its floods and greenery;  
What are they really,  
Compared (ideally)  
With Mathematics' superior scenery?  
Talk not of mountains,  
Of streams and fountains,  
For what is land or water, and what is wood,

To contemplations  
Of sweet equations  
As seen by *CAYLEY*, or known to *SPOTTISWOODE*?  
Oh! faith 'tis ravishing,  
When Science, lavishing  
Her fairest formulæ, her sweetest symbols,  
On Sciolistic ones,  
(Though eulogistic ones)  
Whoknow of theorems as much as—thimbles,  
Declares, oracular,  
The charms spectacular  
Of *EUCLID*'s Eden, by so few attainable,  
Like axioms ever,  
Despite endeavour,  
Though very obvious, are unexplainable!  
Why, goodness gracious!  
Were laws veracious  
Of her who *Mnemosyne*'s elder child is,  
As sweetly simple  
As girlhood's dimple,  
Or clear as the poetry of *OSCAR WILDE* is,  
Space non-Euclidian  
In lines Ovidian  
Might be illumined by rhetoric spangles—  
And Bards be planning  
(Like *FRERE* and *CANNING*)  
Warm dithyrambs on the lines and angles.

But no, thank goodness!  
Mere rustic rudeness  
Won't plumb “four-dimensional space,”  
though it try, Sir.  
The Muses—minxes!—  
Will find the Sphinx is  
Still firmly planted on  $X + i Y$ , Sir!  
Those same “least factors”  
Seem great thought-exactors,  
And will scarce be tracked by the Sciolist  
silly 'uns,  
Though *GLAUSHER*—rum thing!—  
Has been—doing *something*  
With the missing three out of the first nine  
millions!  
Oh, blissful duty  
To explore the beauty  
Of elliptic and multiple *theta* functions!  
The mathematics  
Must inspire ecstasies  
Which should thrill an *Aesthete* with  
“intense” compunctions.  
But you “can't explain it!”  
Then how very vain it  
Must be for a Sciolist to follow you,  
*CAYLEY*!  
Though I much respect you,  
Yet in *intellectu*  
I'm a splitting chaos—so I'll bid you *Vale*!



## CONSEQUENCES!

*First Country Doctor.* "COULD YOU COME TO MY PLACE, BROWN, TO-MORROW MORNING?"

*Second Ditto.* "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. WHAT IS IT?"

*First Country Doctor.* "WELL, I'VE HAD A CASE OF 'ENDOCARDITIS,' WHICH I'VE VERY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH 'CONVAL-LARIA MAJALIS,' AND I WANT YOUR HELP WITH THE 'POST MORTEM'!"

## MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

THE ages of Conquerors and Comprehensive Thinkers are gone. These are the days of the Minute Philosopher. I am a Minute Philosopher. It is a delicious destiny.

I am known everywhere—and yet nowhere. I have so many *aliases*, you see. Have you met with such individuals as "A Citizen," "Looker-On," "The Uncle of Ten," "Matilda-Jane," "Bachelor," "A Mother-in-Law," "Anti-Humbug," "Sanitas," "A Briton," "Rusticus," "Indignant," "One who Knows," "Another who Knows Better," "Constant Subscriber," "A. B.," "X. Y. Z.," &c., &c. ? They're all—ME!

The world is now governed—or rather *arranged*—by Congresses, Associations, Handbooks, Lectures, and Letters to the Papers. Especially Letters to the Papers. I have been writing a Letter to the Papers. It is on a *most* important subject. I'm all in a tremble to see that letter in print, lest any fellow Philosopher—there are such lots of us you know—*should* have been beforehand with me. I saw old FUSILLUE drop something into the Editor's box just as I came up with *my* budget. I *hope* he hasn't hit on the same subject. *My* subject is "Door-Scrapers as Disseminators of Disease." Everyone will at once see how essential to the Public well-being it is that scientific scrutiny and legislative enactment should be brought to bear on *this* hitherto shamefully-neglected subject. My letter will no doubt elicit a long and interesting correspondence in the *Daily Detonator*, as did my epistle on "The Rational Structure and Distribution of Waistcoat Buttons," last year. I shall have no sleep to-night!

It's all right. My letter's in, in *big type*, in a prominent place! Old FUSILLUE's is packed away in a corner like a mere advertisement. How wild he will be! His subject is "Braces and Garters in their Relation to the Decadence of Modern Sculpture." Subtle, but not striking! See how *mine* goes! More Mems. next week.

## SONGS OF THE STREETS.

## THE REAL REASON.

"A foreigner, acquainted only through the medium of translations with the works of the Author of *Rasselas*, might be puzzled to determine why the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON is still with the English nation a household word, . . . The reason is a very simple one."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THEY may call Doctor JOHNSON a bear and a bore,  
And smile at his pompous inflation;  
They may laugh at his lexicographical lore,  
And BOSWELL'S absurd adulation!  
But they're bound to admit, 'mid the bustle and strife  
That throbs in this busy replete street,  
That he said one good thing in the course of his life—  
'Twas, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

If they like to abuse him for lapping up tea,  
Or port at the THERALES' down at Streatham:  
If with all his opinions they fail to agree,  
Then all I can say is—why, let 'em!  
They may jeer at Irene, vote *Rasselas* "rot,"  
The Rambler revile in this neat street;  
But there's one observation will ne'er be forgot,  
'Tis, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

They may carp at his "Lives" and his verse, if they please,  
And sneer at his taste and his breeding:  
And his essays, all written in pure Johnsonese,  
They'll reckon as ponderous reading.  
But I think his detractors can't question his claim  
(Oh, whisper it in this discreet street!)  
To monuments, memoirs, distinction, and fame,  
Is, "Let us go walking in Fleet Street!"

## AN OLD POSTMAN'S STORY.

"'Tis true, your honour! I'm fair dead beat, so I'll snatch a rest on this country stile, For I've trudged and tramped with loaded back from county town—'tis many a mile, Up at the hour when the cock's awake, and shuffling home when the bat's on wing, A-calling here, and a-calling there, with a wait for a knock, and again for a ring; A pleasant life do you call it, Sir? to skirt the hedges and brush the dew, To scare the pheasant, and wake the thrush, and mark the spot where violets grew. Well, it's all very well for the folks in town, who come down here just to take their rest; But with chaps like me, when my labour's done and I long for leisure, then bed's the best. It wasn't so bad in the days gone by, with letters tied up in a handy pack, A stick, a satchel, a pair of legs, a sense of duty, a big broad back; But now it's different quite, look here, when the grave is ready and sexton host, Let them bury me quiet, and put on the stone, 'His back it was broke by the Parcels Post.'

"I'm not so mad with new-fangled ways as DICK at the inn with his yard of clay. I've seen the scythe and sickle give in, and the railroad come in the farmer's way; The hail isn't heard in the old rick-yard, and the buzz of machinery frightens the nag, And we haven't got coaches, or guards, or mails to gallop along with the postman's bag. I haven't a doubt that the policy's good of the Liberal gentlemen sitting in town To cheapen the cottager's packet of tea, and send on a pattern of Missus's gown; They can forward old women their physic and stuff, in reply to an order on halfpenny cards, And the men can get baccy sent up by the pound, and the women their finery easy by yards. But what I do say, it's a little too hard to make an old messenger give up the ghost Because he is doomed to be spoke in the wheel of the Juggernaut Car—called the Parcels Post!

"I've a son in town, as handy a lad, though I shouldn't say so, as ever you see, And he sorts the packets and parcels out, that are driven to trains and handed to me, And he tells his father that London's full of one-horse carriages painted red, He owns his business hours are stiff, but he gets his meals and he likes his bed; They tempt the lad—though he's good as gold—as very few young 'uns are tempted now, With money, and jewels, and stamps, and cheques, which a fool might lose, but a rascal 'stow; And they give him a salary, on my word, that a labouring lad might fairly scorn, For Master HOBBS has the air to breathe, and never sees gas whether night or morn,— Still I think on the whole that the boy up there has a happier life—though I'd better not boast— Than the labouring hack with a weight on his back, who is driven to death by the Parcels Post!

"It stands to reason, why just look here, 'tis in rural beats where the shoe must pinch, The orders come from the 'boss' in town, but the patient messenger he daren't flinch. We've asked for a lad, or a horse and cart, why even a tricycle many could ride, But never a word to our mute appeal that travels to town from the country side. They groan and growl in the London prints of packages broken and strings undone, And kick up a fuss about chocolate-drops they have counted out, and are short by one! But they never can picture a man as I, of age threescore—well, and nearly ten— Who is taught to boast of a land that's free, and struggles along 'neath the whips of men. It may be policy! Who can say? It may be economy, Statesmen's boast, It may be life to our public men, but it's death to the slave of the Parcels Post!

"So if I am late who dares complain? and if I am weary I must sit down Like this on a stile for a minute or two, in my daily tramp from the county town. Sometimes I envy the birds that fly, from branch to branch, in the air that's free, I follow the flight of the butterfly's wing, and the honeyed content of the burden'd bee! I hear the song of the labourer's lad as he rides the waggon or follows the plough, And the robin looks up with his curious eyes as I rest for a minute to mop my brow, In the morning mist I am off and away, to hurry despair or to hasten fate, Leaving parcels of patterns for girls at the Hall, and letters of love at the Rectory gate; But when your Parliament rings with cheers and the good news travels from coast to coast, In the heat of triumph—just loose one chain from the back of the slave of the Parcels Post!"

## T'WILL NOT DO.

"Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly."

SANE POPE with complacent optimistic dogmatism. But that's all knocked on the head now. Since Science turned social detective, Man has a microscopic eye, or its equivalent. The ignorance which is bliss is now no man's lot. "A PRACTICAL CHEMIST" assures us that the Turkey-red twill, which is largely used for lining dressing-gowns and making children's frocks, is heavily loaded with the chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which absorb water "eagerly" from the atmosphere, insuring a damp state of the clothing except in the driest weather. Delicious! How little did we know, when donning our (seemingly) snug dressing-gown that we were clothing ourselves with rheumatism as with a garment. Oh, that twill be joyful! Is there anything in our daily life, from socks to champagne, from drains to dressing-gowns, that is not a serious danger to health? And is life worth living with this detective-delineated modern "Dance of Death" continually going on around us?

LEGAL LUNCH.—Bacon and Fry.

## AN ALL-ABSORBING SUBJECT.

(In the Silly Season.)

## The Maze, Vague Hollow.

SIR,—As wasps are so numerous this year, a sovereign recipe for the cure of their stings is invaluable. I can give one. Take twenty pounds of oranges, half a hundred-weight of sugar, and a bottle of brandy, and mix thoroughly. When quite assimilated, boil for twenty-four hours, and then strain off the impurities. Allow the mixture to cool in a dry place, and bottle in two-gallon jars. Cover the place containing the sting with some of the concoction, and a speedy cure will be secured.

Yours respectfully,

ACCURACY.

P.S.—As I like to be exact, I beg to say the above is either an excellent recipe for wasp-stings, or marmalade—I forget which.

## The Factory, Smart Avenue.

SIR,—The only reliable cure for wasp-stings is the Anti-Poison Rat-Killer and Insect Neutraliser. It may be obtained in boxes at one shilling and three halfpence, three shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, and four guineas. It is cheaper to purchase the latter, as the price of the Government stamp is therein included. The largest box, too, insures a speedier cure and more instant relief than the smaller ones. I need scarcely say that my advice is given in a thoroughly disinterested spirit. I beg to subscribe myself,

THE PATENTEE.

P.S.—Be sure you ask for the right article, and do not be satisfied with spurious and noxious imitations.

## The Bower, Pigsville-on-Style.

SIR,—For many years I have made the stings of wasps my constant study. Every day in the summer and winter months I have the walls of all the rooms in my house coated with a thick concoction of garlic. The carpets are once a week washed thoroughly with parsley-water, and all over the place liquorice-root is kept constantly burning. The garden is thickly sown with onions, and all my food is flavoured with peppermint. Finally, I have a vaporiser in the hall, which distributes camphor in all directions. By these simple means I scarcely ever get stung by a wasp.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

A ROSEBUD.

P.S.—I may explain that the insect in question has a very sensitive sense of smell. Only a mad wasp would approach my dwelling, and a mad wasp has rarely brains enough to sting.

## RAMPANT RIBBONOSITY.

A MAN no longer wears his heart upon his sleeve, but he carries a certificate of good morals in his button-hole. We read in the *Daily News* (Sept. 20)—

"At Boscombe Down, Wilts, yesterday, the first anniversary of the 'Red Ribbon Army' was celebrated. The Army is composed of 'moderate drinkers.' A dinner was given, and the affair was one of great rejoicing."

The following little song might have been sung on the occasion:—

Moderation is Carnation,  
Abstinence is Blue:  
If ribbonless, I must confess,  
I wonder what are you?

He who wears no ribbon whatever in the present day is 'most assuredly open to the gravest suspicion.' No doubt the adoption of these decorations is an excellent thing—for the Ribbon Trade.

"My Nephew," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is unable to take a holiday this Autumn, as he is officiating as *local tennis* for the Vicar of Snorton-cum-Slumborough."





PAINFUL MEETING BETWEEN MRS. STANLEY GREEN AND MRS. DE LA POER BROWN, WHO HAVE ALWAYS MADE A POINT OF CONCEALING FROM EACH OTHER THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THEIR DRESSMAKER.

### NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(An Apology for the Refusal of an Intended Favour.)

MY DEAR MOUNTJOLLY,

If I could possibly have the pleasure of accepting the kind invitation you have so often repeated, to stay with you for a holiday, at your fine old country mansion, I certainly would. I thank you for it very much indeed. But it is quite impossible for me to leave home with any pleasure, or indeed any comfort at all. No doubt a change of air and scene would do me an immense amount of good; and, if there is any move I can imagine I should like to make, it would be a transition from Chickweed Cottage to Hernshaw Hall. But even that would be absolutely intolerable to me. Why? Because I could not, I assure you, make myself at home, as you kindly say I might, without becoming intolerable to you and everybody else about me.

At home, in the first place, I am accustomed to lie in bed of a morning as long as I choose, generally thinking some subject or other out, sometimes until it is very late, so that I am not up and down until mid-day. To breakfast with any degree of comfort, I must breakfast alone, have nobody to mind and nothing to distract my attention from my repast, and from reading the newspapers. By way of condiment to my food, I always use garlic, partly because I like it, partly for its pulmonic properties, and it would be selfish of me to satisfy this taste otherwise than quite by myself. Besides, garlic, chopped fine, pervades the house.

Alone, indeed, I require to be, reading or writing, the greater part of almost every day, and, whenever I wish, to be able to light a pipe, and smoke a whiff of tobacco. I need, also, a sitting-room or study so far apart from the rest of the house that I may remain out of hearing any ordinary conversation, especially small-talk interlarded with tittering and laughter.

You fancy, perhaps, that I should as a rule at least make myself tolerably pleasant at dinner, because you may have usually found me so. But that was when I was dining out, which I only do just now and again, on occasion. I am then, perhaps, able to sustain a temporary part in society, and seem lively and even brilliant for a

### A STARTLING INVENTION.

THE baby does not seem to take to the electric feeding-bottle. He is now in strong convulsions.

From the fact that my new electric razor nearly severed my jugular vein this morning, I conclude that the current must be turned on a little too strong.

It certainly is a great blessing to have one's coffee ground, the carpets dusted, the hot water brought upstairs, all the clocks in the house wound up, and the front-door slammed in the face of the Tax-Collector, simply by turning a small handle down in the wine-cellar.

We really must impress on our next housemaid that the proper way to light the Swan burner in the hall is not by grasping both wires firmly, previous to applying a match to the ends,—or the hospital Authorities may refuse to receive any more of our cases.

Now that the electric boot-cleaner has torn the buttons from my best out-door pair of boots, and scorched all the French polish off my dress-shoes, I think we may call the contrivance an unqualified success.

I am sure my mother-in-law would like to sleep in the room with the "New Patent Electric Surprise Bedstead" in it.

The "Little Marvel" machine which turns me out of bed, puts my clothes on, gives me my breakfast, and propels me in the direction of the railway station five minutes before the morning train starts, had better be set for half-past nine o'clock to-morrow.

The "Electric Family-Prayer Reader" must certainly be out of order, as it has given us the same chapter of Genesis for the last three mornings.

Judging from the livid appearance of the cook, who is now lying insensible under the kitchen table, I fancy that in trying to light what she calls "that there dratted lamp," she must have unintentionally "completed the circuit."

THE colour specially emblematic of the *Æsthete* is sage-green. Could anything be more appropriate? Just a tinge of the sage and very much of the green for the pupil, but for the "master" the proportion of colour is reversed.

little while, being to that extent under the influence of intoxicating liquors, Champagne and other, which would not do every day; and the slightest excess commonly costs me a headache the next morning. Dining daily with other people I should be dreadfully dull; moreover, I could not stand having to dress regularly for dinner. Furthermore, I must dine at my own time, and can't observe a stated dinner-hour, or any other hours.

As soon as I have dined I habitually smoke my pipe again, and for the rest of the night alternate smoking with reading. As to the practice of going upstairs into a drawing-room, and listening to trivial singing and playing the piano—it would be penal servitude to me. I should very soon desire a glass of grog, and to be off to bed. The foregoing avowals I trust will serve to convince you that to accept your generously-proffered hospitality would be only to abuse it, and form—very bad form, indeed—the grossest ingratitude on the part of your truly thankful, but sincere, and thoroughly candid friend,

SNUGGLES.

### LITIGATION AND LOGIC.

SOME space has been filled in the first of the Papers By an action of import to dressmakers, drapers, And tailors,—of course, without saying that goes; For the suit is a suit with relation to clo'es.

Mis-stated, however, a little this case is In being reported as "Hips *versus* Braces." Let it "Hips *versus* Shoulders" be, Logic implores, Or "Belt *versus* Braces"—to go on all fours.

The points of support one another may sue, The supporters implead the supporters with due Consistency, but, 'twixt the former and latter, *Nisi Prius* is quite an incongruous matter.

Yet "Belt *versus* Braces" suggests a late cause,— It reminds every reader of BELT *versus* LAWS; And, although as for "keeping" it yields satisfaction, Must make us all yawn who remember that action.



## A LIKELY IDEA!

Gallant 'Bus-Driver (enticingly). "OUTSIDE, LADY!"

## SOMETHING LIKE A FELLAH!

SCENE—The Dwelling of ALI MUDDLEPA, not a score of Miles from Cairo. ALI discovered on the point of going into the cotton-field. Enter SMITH PASHA, abruptly.

Smith Pasha. Ah, my dear Sir, the very man I wished to see! Glad to have caught you.

Ali (grovelling in the dust). What does my Lord require? (Whining.) I am very poor.

Smith Pasha (raising him). What do I require of you? First, to get up from that abjectly humble position. Do you not know, my good friend, that you are my equal?

Ali (laughing). My Lord is witty! But I am very poor, and want to go to my work? Can I not tempt my Lord to depart in peace on the gift of a goat?

Smith Pasha. Nonsense! I have come here to make an Englishman of you. So, pull yourself together, and listen to me.

Ali. My Lord's will is my will. But I am very poor, and cannot pay much.

Smith Pasha. Pay much! You are to pay nothing. All you will have to do is to vote.

Ali. Very well, my Lord. My Lord will vote for me.

Smith Pasha. No, that won't do. You must be independent, and think for yourself.

Ali (joyfully). Ah, then, I need not vote! Oh, thanks, my Lord, thanks!

Smith Pasha (angrily). Stand up, Sir! You shall not spoil my blacking! (ALI bursts into tears.) Well, you must not be so sensitive! What are you howling for?

Ali (between his sobs). I thought my Lord was going to beat me!

Smith Pasha (indignantly). Beat you! Why, that would subject me to a charge of assault and battery! The Belgian Judges would soon be down upon me!

Ali. The Belgian Judges, my Lord! Why, how could they do anything when I can offer them no backsheesh?

Smith Pasha. Backsheesh! Why, you would get committed for contempt of Court! Fancy trying to bribe the President of a Court of Justice!

Ali (tearfully). I could have done so once, my Lord, but now I am very poor.

Smith Pasha. Oh, nonsense! But you must do something for the benefit of the community?

Ali (hesitatingly). I am so poor, my Lord; but I think I might spare a calf if my Lord would then let me go!

Smith Pasha (sternly). Be a man, Sir, and don't talk folly! Come, now, you surely can serve upon a Jury—give a verdict to say whether a prisoner is innocent or guilty, don't you know?

Ali. But why should I do that, my Lord? It would only offend the Judge, if he had arranged with the prisoner.

Smith Pasha (emphatically). Haven't I told you, Sir, that the Judge cannot be bought!

Ali (submissively). As my Lord pleases! I am my Lord's slave!

Smith Pasha (aside). On my word, I believe he is hopeless! Stay, I will give him a last chance. (Aloud.) After all, my poor man, your education is answerable for your want of public spirit. However, I think you will still do for a Vestryman. Procuring paying contracts for your friends, and utterly ignoring the convenience of the ratepayers, are simple acts enough—eh? Surely you could perform such duties as these?

Ali. I would try, my Lord; I would try; but surely such work would be better done by an Englishman?

Smith Pasha. No doubt! So it would! Well, I can't waste any more time upon you, as I have to see some of your neighbours about a new School Board, a projected Tramway, and a plan for Gasworks. I suppose that your neighbours are much the same as you, eh?

Ali (proudly). No, my Lord; I am more learned than my neighbours. If I were not, why should they call me "The Star of Wisdom"? (Returning to his submissive manner.) Your pardon, my Lord! May my tongue be cut out for its boasting!

Smith Pasha. They call you "The Star of Wisdom!" Then they must be a bright set! Well, good day. May look in again by-and-by. [Exit.

Ali (grovelling). All good wishes follow you, my Lord! (After a pause.) And yet he has left me without taking my calf or goat! That is good. Allah be praised! So once more to my labour!

[Returns to his cotton-crop, and entirely forgets English Reform, as the scene closes in upon British Occupation in Egypt.]



### A POPULAR MOVEMENT.

"I looked towards Burnham,  
And anon, methought, the wood began to move."

THE CIVIC DIGNITARIES PERFORM THE CEREMONY OF DEDICATING THEIR RECENTLY-ACQUIRED PROPERTY, BURNHAM BEECHES, TO THE  
USE AND ENJOYMENT OF THE PUBLIC FOR EVER.

**SERVANTS OUT OF LIVERY.**—In spite of the wishes of the Livery, the Court of Aldermen have refused to make Mr. HADLEY Lord Mayor Elect. Their course was very simple. They began with a fowl with the chosen of Castle Baynard, and ended with a FOWLER.

**MRS. RAMSBOTHAM** thinks the LORD MAYOR and Corporation deserve the greatest thanks for throwing open to the Public Burnham

Beeches, "which, from its name, ought," she says, "to become a highly popular bathing-place, and, perhaps, quite the rival of Margate Sands."

**OBVIOUS.**—The English Government has placed Sir EVELYN BARING at the head of affairs in Egypt. This shows that we do not intend that there should be anything over-Baring in our policy there.



## A GLASS AT THE GLOBE.

"I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for the glass!"—*School for Scandal*.

MR. GRUNDY'S *Glass of Fashion*, in spite of certain defects, is a clever piece, capitalily played, and well worth seeing.

The Author had got hold of a good subject for Comedy, but he unfortunately took too serious a view of its treatment, and has

attempted to be severely serious, when he should only have raised a genuine laugh in which all alike could most heartily have joined. The "serious motive" is not sufficiently important to sustain the interest, and the strikingly dramatic scenes are,—with one exception in the Second Act,—made so melodramatic in tone and action by Miss LINGARD as to give them the appearance of having been "written up" specially for her performance.

The exception above mentioned

"Organic Life,"—a suggestion for a new turn to be given to the situation in that peculiarly-shaped Chair in Act II.

where Miss LINGARD is not only seen at her best in this piece, but we venture to say at her best altogether, is in the interview between Colonel and Mrs. Trevanion in the Second Act. Here we have nothing but praise for her, as we should have for the Colonel throughout, did not Mr. LETHCOURT represent him as such a very brusque unpleasant person, own brother, in fact, to that wooden-headed, steel-jointed Colonel (we think he is a Colonel, and an Indian Colonel,—they generally are in these pieces) in *Impulse* at the St. James's.

*The Glass of Fashion*, if the idea had only struck Mr. GRUNDY in time, ought to have been what is now known as a "Criterion Piece;" and, without detracting one whit from Mr. SHINE's excellent, because most natural, performance of the rich Brewer who has married a Countess, and who wants to "have Society at his feet," yet how immense Mr. W. HILL would have been as the proprietor of the newspaper worried by threatening letters, actions, writs, and all the ills that the conduct of his Editor has entailed upon him. If the

Editor had only been Mr. WYNDHAM, and had these two parts been evenly balanced, Mr. STANDING the Colonel, and Miss RORKE the Wife, then with Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as the Polish Prince Borowski, and that most piquante and clever of little women, Miss L. VENNE, in her present part of Peg O'Reilly, and Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as Lady Coombe,

the piece would have gone with roars of laughter from beginning to end. As it is, indeed, the portions that go best,—and these cannot go better,—are just those where the fun comes in, and where the dialogue is so carefully pointed that every line tells.

Putting aside the First Act as patchy and comparatively uninteresting, the other three Acts are very good both as to dialogue and construction.

It is a pity that the ingenious contrivance of substituting one sister for the other did not receive a little more attention from the Author; either when writing or when rehearsing, as some sort of reason ought to have been invented to account for Peg O'Reilly not going away with her sister. Why Peg should stop, we cannot see,

except to meet her affiancé, Tom Stanhope (very well played by Mr. SMITH), and even then, she wouldn't have hid herself behind a curtain. This is not hypercriticism, but only a regret that what is, as it stands, so good, should not have been perfect.

Mr. TREE's make-up as Prince Borowski is admirable; his identity is completely obliterated; it is even difficult to recognise him by his eyes. It is not a pleasant part, and, no doubt, to raise it above the level of the usual conventional foreign scoundrel with broken English, Mr. TREE over-accentuates the repulsiveness of the character in the Studio Scene, where he exhibits "not love," as Mrs. Trevanion truly says, but passion—of such a kind as Mr. CLAYTON thought it right to portray in his scene as Joseph Surface with Lady Teazle. I am not sure but that both artists are correct in theory, but the piece should be a Tragedy, that is, tragic motives should be at work, to warrant such a display of brutal energy.

Mr. SHINE's John Macadam grows upon us as the piece proceeds. It is a very natural piece of acting, but, for all that, the manner of the Actor, not of the character he is playing, appears to be hard. Still, it is very funny; and the funnier the scenes between him and his Editor become—the greater the difficulties in which he finds himself, the more we regretted that it had not occurred to Mr. GRUNDY to make this into a farcical comedy, when, we believe, it would have achieved as great a success as *Our Boys*.

As it is, with "the return of the native" to town, the Comedy ought to have a considerable share of public favour accorded to it.

The Theatres are all waking up after their summer rest. Mr. HARRIS's *Freedom* has come to an end at Drury Lane. The next piece will, we hope, be *Paydom*. His advertisement raises our curiosity, the piece being announced as founded on facts "privately known to the Authors." What can these be? Some startling disclosures about the Messrs. GATTI, or about Messrs. PETTIT and MERRITT (with all the "i's" and "t's" possible), or—but we dare not venture upon further surmise. We have been authoritatively informed that there is to be a real horse on the stage, and a real murder. We firmly credit both statements.

## THE POLITICO-PECUNIARY BAROMETER.

(From Daily Observations on the Stock Exchange.)

CAUSE.	EFFECT.
THE King of SPAIN is coldly received in France.	Grey shirtings are depressed.
Prince VON BISMARCK snubs the Chinese Ambassador.	Little Peddlington Railway Shares fall 3 per cent.
The Emperor of GERMANY has a cold.	Rise of 5 in the Debentures of the American Wooden Nutmeg Association.
Riots in Austro-Hungary.	Fall of 2 in the Cremorne Gardens Syndicate.
Illness of the President of the Swiss Republic.	Flatness of the Shares of the Royal Welsher Slate Company (Limited).
The SULTAN is reported to have a toothache.	The Alexandra Park Entertainment Company make a call of \$5 per Share.
The President of the French Republic goes out shooting.	Rise of 18 in Mexican Railway Company's Ordinary Shares.
The President of the French Republic goes out fishing.	Fall of 18 in Mexican Railway Company's Ordinary Shares.
Announcement of the date for the closing of the Amsterdam International Exhibition.	Rise in Foreign Stocks; fall in British Consols; buoyancy in Indian Mines; and great and general depression in the Silver Market.

MR. PEARCE is building a ship to cross the Atlantic in five days. We're reducing our periods of astonishment. It's only a five-days' wonder now. O, COLERIDGE and COLUMBUS! Wonderful Pearce'un!



Mr. Shyin' making a Hit.



She lingers,—no, she Lingard on the threshold. Run! Venne? Now! Curtain.



## SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(Latest development, as imagined by Our Overwrought Contributor.)

"The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were yesterday occupied in examining a number of persons who had written, offering themselves as candidates for the office of Hangman. The Sheriffs having seen all the candidates, five were requested to remain."—*Daily Paper*.

SCENE—A room in the Old Bailey. The Sheriffs discovered seated at a table on which are several plaster-casts of heads, and a pile of rope. To the right, a full-sized temporary gallows. Opposite them, finishing a stiff Examination Paper, the five selected Candidates, two of whom, unable to write, are assisted by private Secretaries.

The Sheriff of London (collecting the papers). Now, then, we'll take you in *vis à voce*, one at a time. So into the next room four of you, and mind—no listening at the door!

[Four of the Candidates slouch and retire.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Well—er. Let's see?—ah!—hum—that is—to be sure! (Pleasantly.) Have you now—er—ever—hung anybody?

The Sheriff of London.—Professionally.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Quite so. Professionally. [Smiles.

Candidate Number One. Well, your Worships, that's just where it is. I can't say as 'ow it was what you'd call right down professional, though I've tried the job five times. (Looks carefully round the room.) And as I've always carried this 'ere ready noosed in my pocket, ever since the Commissioners said I was all right, and let me out of the Asylum—(Produces two yards of rope arranged with a slip-knot)—I thought if your Worships would like to see what I could do—

[Gives a war-whoop. The Sheriffs dash wildly under the table, and ring a dustman's bell, until Candidate Number One is removed by seven Ushers. Order being restored, and the Sheriffs, after having had a pint of Champagne a piece and hidden the fire-irons, an inkstand, and a bust of BLACKSTONE in the waste-paper basket, the Second Candidate is summoned, and requested to detail his experiences as briefly as possible.

Candidate Number Two (briskly). Well, no, Gents,—I never have myself, though, I've been watching it for five-and-thirty years so as to be ready whenever I had a chance. This is my idea. (The Sheriffs grow interested, and nod approvingly.) It's to do it like Punch and Judy.

[Is plucked on the spot, and instantly replaced by Number Three. Sheriff of Middlesex (referring to Examination Papers—severely). I see you are a humanitarian.

Candidate Number Three. I am, Sir. That is my sole reason for applying for the post of Public Hangman. I should exceedingly like occasionally to try to hang someone painlessly, and if one of you Gentlemen now, would kindly step up here—

The Sheriff of London. Up there? Hum! ha! We think perhaps a Common Councilman would serve your purpose better; and—er—ahem!—we will be happy to assist you in the process.

[Rings bell. A Common Councilman is instantly brought in, bound hand and foot, and placed under the drop, loudly and violently protesting.

Candidate Number Three (explaining). There is not the least cause for apprehension—a mere experiment. [Tries to hang him.

Common Councilman. Look here! If I'm hung, by Jove, it's murder!

[Shouts frantically for help; and, after a desperate struggle, in which the plaster-casts are used freely as missiles, escapes with Candidate Number Three and the Two Sheriffs to the nearest Police-Court, where, having all taken out cross-summonses against each other, and made it up afterwards, the Sheriffs return, and find Candidate Number Four suspended on the gallows in the examination-room.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Dear me! and his papers were quite promising! However, there's one left. (Summons Candidate Number Five.) Well, now, just tell us what you know about the matter.

Candidate Number Five. Well, it was this way, your Worship. We got practising a little bit in a friendly way together, and I said, "I'd got a new dodge;" and so says he, "Show it me," says he; and I done it.

The Sheriff of London (rising). And very nicely done, too.

The Sheriff of Middlesex. Quite so. This admirable practical exercise, taken in connection with your very well answered papers, decides us—the post is yours.

Candidate Number Five. Thankee, kindly, your Honours! I hope I may live long, and have lots of work, and enjoy myself!

The Sheriffs (both together). I'm sure we hope you may.

[They shake him heartily by the hand, as the Curtain falls.

NEW TITLE FOR FRANCE (rendered appropriate by the fussey "little-ness" of her recent Policy.—*La Petite Nation*.

## HURRAH, FOR THE PRINCESS!

"The Princess of WALES has won two millinery victories this year—both on the side of common sense. She has banished the crinolette, in spite of Paris. She has retained the small bonnet in fashion, still in spite of Paris."

*Daily News*.

AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."



YE Girls of the Nation, pray listen to me. Now the crinolette's doomed by a Royal decree, You must all give it up, if in fashion you'd be—And take to the bonnet deliciously wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" shout matron and lass. They all of them say, as they gaze in the glass, "On a point such as this we all clearly agree—For we're all for the bonnets so bonny and wee!"

In the Park, or the Row, in the square, or the street, The neat little head-dress you'll find bad to beat; At the smart morning concert or five o'clock tea, There is naught like the bonnet so winsomely wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

There are toques beyond rapture, and hats beyond praise; There are coalscuttle tilts of our grandmothers' days—Like Our Artist has drawn—but there's nothing I see That can equal the bonnet coquettishly wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

Now three cheers for the Princess! and never forget She has banished for ever the vile crinolette!

And the sweet British Maids, from Penzance to Dundee, Are in love with those bonnets enchantingly wee!

"Hurrah, for the Princess!" &c., &c.

## MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

BEEN to the weekly meeting of the Up-in-a-Balloon Society. Glorious time! I'm a member ("JOHN PARTLET, M.U.B.S.," looks well, and few know what it means). Old FUSTLUG there. Wants to get elected, as he has no "initials" yet, whereas I can claim at least a dozen. I read a paper on "Drops and Drains." Neat title. Combines Anti-Alcoholic principles with a policy of Sewage, thus affording a wide field for discussion, which is the great thing in these matters. Compel people to give up their "drops" (or "nips") and attend to their drains, I maintained, and you've done all that requires to be done. There's a recipe for universal health and happiness—Civilisation in a nutshell! The only difficulty is the compulsion. Until people get rid of their confounded love of what they call "liberty," we Minute Philosophers shall never fulfil our manifest destiny of putting the Universe to-rights. The Up-in-a-Balloon Society alone is quite equal to the task—if they'd only let us do it. But the obstinacy of the unphilosophical mind is inscrutable. We had a splendid discussion, ranging over the whole Encyclopædia, from "Alcohol" to "Zymotic Diseases." FUSTLUG, of course, made himself obstructive. Pretended he couldn't see the connection between my thesis and his precious "Braces and Garters," and so held my recipe for Civilisation imperfect. I sat upon him, however, and I believe we should have come to a general agreement and a practical conclusion—if there had been time.

SAID the SPEAKER recently, "As I grow older I love Flowers more and more." The Second Magistrate at Bow Street was delighted. Of course, the SPEAKER meant flowers of speech!

WHY is a Maharajah more likely to be a poor than a rich man? Because he is an Indi-gent.



## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"AND LOOK HERE! I WANT YOU TO TAKE MY FRIEND HERE AND MYSELF JUST FAR ENOUGH TO BE UP TO OUR CHINS, YOU KNOW, AND NO FURTHER!"

## ALFONSO THE BRAVE.

On his royal rounds  
An aspiring King goes.  
Terrier among hounds,  
Chick amidst flamingoes,  
Well may take an air  
Sapiently modest.  
*La Belle France* a-scare?  
Incident of the oddest!  
*Châteaux en Espagne*  
Builds the young ALFONSO,  
Garbed à la Uhlan,  
"Why should he have done  
so?"  
Asks the fretful dame.  
Madam, hush this panic!  
What is in a name,  
Or get-up Germanic?  
By each midge you're probed  
As by spear-thrust. Bless  
us!  
One might deem you robéd  
In the shirt of Nessus,  
Seeing how you fume,  
Ever in the fidgets.  
Is it then your doom  
To be mocked by midgets?  
You, self-styled *la Grande*?  
*Maladroit* civility  
(Quite à l'Allemande),  
Rage at? Imbecility!  
Why should the attire  
Of the aspiring Kinglet

Raise your ready ire,  
Ruffle one light ringlet?  
Brave ALFONSO! Yes,  
Prince had need be plucky  
In unwelcome dress,—  
(Really most unlucky).—  
To approach a dame  
So to tantrums given,  
By mad greed of fame,  
Vanity, envy riven.  
Why with dignity  
Thus play pitch-and-toss all?  
And in BISMARCK'S eye!  
He, astute, colossal,  
Hath you "upon toast,"  
While, with fury frantic,  
Thus you rave and boast,  
Howl, and play the antic.  
Say ALFONSO deems  
WILLIAM'S gift most "fetch-  
ing,"  
Say he hath his dreams  
Spain's shrunk power of stretch-  
ing  
To its ancient scope;  
Say that BISMARCK nourishes  
Much malicious hope;  
What avail these flourishes,  
Spurts of girlish spite,  
Snaps of small aggression?  
Better calm polite,  
Peace, and self-possession!

## SUBSIDISED SCIENCE.

THOUGH the general reader of light and screaming literature must have felt a good deal depressed at the sudden termination last week of the labours of the British Association, still he must have gathered some comfort from the cheery and handsome manner in which the whole affair was wound up.

The grants of money to the various scientific branches for the ensuing year were no sooner proposed than they were approved of with enthusiasm, and in a very short time cheques were literally flying all over the place. At first sight there may appear to have been a little capriciousness in their distribution, as some of the subjects, for no very serious reason, appear, in the matter of endowment, to have come off considerably worse than others.

For instance, while Mr. R. ETHERIDGE was offered £75 down to go off to Japan to see an earthquake,—a very fair allowance for a return-ticket third-class,—and Sir J. HOOKER declined to be got rid of in "the mountains of Equatorial Africa" under a cool £500, Professor E. HALL was set down for a paltry £15 for investigating the "Circulation of Underground Waters," a very disagreeable and hazardous piece of business; and if the Association—as it probably did—refused to throw in his diving-dress as well, one, we should say, likely to be conducted by the learned Professor at a positive financial loss.

Again, £10 was considered ample pay to Professor PRESTWICH for what looks like a most exhausting and irritating enterprise—the pursuit of "Erratic Blocks;" while, under the head of "Mechanical Science," Sir F. BRAMWELL had to close the list with a modest five-pound note for himself. This surely is a little shabby.

Still, spite these capriciously fantastic bits of economy, the success of the Association's efforts has, on the whole, been undeniable, and it is highly satisfactory to know that nearly all the members of the Committee, who were sent quite off their heads by Professor CAYLEY'S opening address, are now said to be so far improving as to be only occasionally delirious. Indeed, some are already looking forward with a feeble smile to taking, with the sanction of their friends, an active part in the forthcoming proceedings of the Association at Montreal, next year. We wish them every success.

MERCHANTS' MEET.—Goose-day was kept with the usual festivities at Merchant Taylors'.



## ALFONSO THE BRAVE.

KING OF SPAIN (*in Uhlan Uniform*). "WHAT! NOT LIKE MY COSTUME, MADAME! WHY—BISMARCK SAID IT WAS LOVELY!"





## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*Sailing—Discussion—Music—Evenings below—Arrival—Oban—Ashore—Novelty.*

CRAYLEY always has a glass out looking for Ben Nevis. He is quite annoyed at not seeing it somewhere.

"I know it's there!" he exclaims, quite pettishly, after keeping a telescope to his eye for a quarter-of-an-hour, as though Ben Nevis were playing hide and seek with him, and getting out of his way just for the fun of the thing.

MELLEVILLE politely explains that Ben Nevis is not visible for the same reason that the British Fleet couldn't be seen by *Tilburina*.

KILLICK gives it as his geographical opinion that "Ben Nevis is in Wales." Maps are instantly produced, and the exact situation of Ben Nevis settled.

"Well," says KILLICK, "I suppose I was thinking of some other Ben. Let me see, isn't there a Ben Davis somewhere? I'm sure I've heard the name, but, at this moment, I can't remember whether it's a man or a mountain."

MELLEVILLE fancies that he has heard the name before in legal circles, and inclines to the opinion that the Ben in question is not a mountain in Wales, but an eminent Solicitor. "But," he adds, by way of compromise, "probably of Welsh extraction."

Being referred to, I am unable to solve the difficulty. A quotation occurs to me—"Davis sum, non *Œdipus*"—but, as I don't quite see how to bring it in, I leave it in a pigeon-hole (so to speak) to be called for when wanted. If my own name had been DAVIS, the quotation would have been most apt. Might tell it of a Gentleman in a railway-carriage whose name happened to be DAVIS, and who had been appealed to by strangers to decide the point.

*Our Evenings on Board.*—Our host is a fair musical amateur, understanding the theory of the art, up in all the modern controversies as to Music, *au fait* with the works of the best Composers, ancient and modern, with a general cosmopolitan liking for whatever is tuneful and melodious all round. He has German proclivities, is a strict mathematician, a scholarly classic, and, bringing all this learning and talent to bear on Music, he is scientifically musical, but slightly inaccurate in illustration.

CRAYLEY is a first-rate listener to music, with his glass in his eye, and always sideways, like a parrot hearing a tune. His memory fails him for names of airs and their Composers, and it usually plays him false after he has once started an air. He has all the notes, but he wants tuning. He says that he learnt Music in his early childhood—when he detested nothing more thoroughly than music-lessons, from the fact of their having mulcted him of his play-time.

"It was play-time," puts in KILLICK, an interruption of which CRAYLEY takes no sort of notice.

CRAYLEY now plays, he says, sometimes when he is alone; reminding KILLICK (he tells me) of the Cockney, in one of SEYMOUR's caricatures, who "liked to go a 'unting all by himself, 'cos then nobody can't laugh!" Very nearly being "a difficulty" here between CRAYLEY and KILLICK.

My own musical knowledge is, like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." It consists, whether vocally or instrumentally, of "snatches" generally.

KILLICK is an obstinate Musician. Whatever he plays, and however he plays it, that must be right,—no matter what the weight of evidence might be. He has composed and published three songs, words and music, all his own; and under the *non de plume* of "VAL TRAVERS," has written the words which have been set by rising Composers. He is invariably obstinate at the piano, and so, when any one of us asks him to play some particular tune, he will pay no attention to the request, but will at once proceed to play something totally different.

With these elements of harmony among us, we are never at a loss for an entertaining evening. As we can all play, the one who gets first to the piano sticks to it until he is either forcibly removed, or yields to a united protest from the majority.

The one who is at the piano is never permitted for any length of time to play what he likes, unless that tune happens to suit everybody else's taste. As a rule, no sooner has KILLICK, who generally gets to the instrument first, taken his seat and performed that sort of up-and-down prelude which acts as a preliminary canter to the fingers, than CRAYLEY, who is lying at full length on a sofa, reading his interminable French novel and smoking a pipe, and to whom it can be a matter of no sort of consequence what tune is being played as long as it doesn't disturb him, says, "I wish you'd play that thing from—dear me—what's the name of the Opera?"—KILLICK gives no sign of attention—"oh, you know it—with—who's the great tenor singer in it?" "Sims Reeves?" suggests our host. "What Opera?" I ask. "Oh," says CRAYLEY, quite annoyed with us for not remembering what he can't recollect—"it begins"—here he tries to hum it, but, getting mixed up with KILLICK's tune on the piano, he declares it's impossible to recall it while KILLICK is playing. "Well!" says KILLICK, suddenly stopping, and looking round defiantly. "Now—

what is it?" But CRAYLEY is not prepared, he can't even call to mind how the tune starts.

And so he is a failure, much to KILLICK's delight, who "chortles in his joy,"—he is the only man I ever heard really "chortle," which is a sound something between a half laugh and a sly chuckle,—and our host avails himself of the opportunity to ask KILLICK if he remembers the duet from *Lohengrin*, beginning—but just at this point MELLEVILLE's memory plays him a trick, and he can't for the life of him recollect what a second ago he could have hummed or played perfectly. He tries a few notes, throwing them out as a bait to attract the real ones from somewhere in KILLICK's musical knowledge-box. KILLICK, however, only shakes his head impatiently to signify that he can't make out what MELLEVILLE means, and sets to work to play just what pleases himself, without reference to anybody else, whereupon he, our host, and myself commence an animated discussion on the music of the last five years, each giving his own illustration in humming of things he likes best. CRAYLEY, unable to pay any very close attention to his novel, puts it down, and joins in our conversation, which we all know must be very trying to KILLICK, who, however, dare not leave off playing, or one of us would at once possess himself of the piano. So, without stopping to get down fresh music, he sings and plays some songs from memory, and, as they are entirely uncalled for, his audience make a point of keeping up a conversation, which becomes more and more animated every minute. The piano wins as a rule, unless one of us asks another to "sing something," to which the immediate response is, "Yes; if you don't mind playing it for me,"—whereupon somebody taps KILLICK on the shoulder, and says, "I say, old boy," in the most genial and polite tone, "just let MELLEVILLE come and accompany CRAYLEY;—he's going to sing"—and, with a very bad grace, KILLICK quits his chair at the piano, and "he plays no more that night."

Later on, we get to cards, when CRAYLEY, who is very particular on the score of health, looks at his watch, which examination invariably results in his asking everyone else "What the real time is," and, having struck a balance in favour of bed-time, he retires for the night. This punctuality he seems to consider a panacea for his indulgence during the day in everything which he says at the time he oughtn't to take, but which he can't resist—specially pastry with jam, rich cake, and any kind of fruit, fresh or preserved. His rule of health seems to be, "It doesn't matter what you eat or drink, if you only go to bed early every night." However, as nearly every morning he complains of having suffered from nightmare (in which he has been thrown down precipices, and never arrived at the bottom), or has risen with a headache, or sees black specks floating before his eyes,—the only remedy at breakfast for this being chops, ham, jam, heavy Scotch cake hot and honey,—it doesn't seem as if this regularity in retiring to bed early was so entirely successful as he would have us believe.

We arrive at Oban. MELLEVILLE doesn't know whether we shall stay here any time or not. Whereupon KILLICK describes this as "an Oban question." CRAYLEY looks as disgusted as Dr. JOHNSON might have done if BOSWELL had ventured on such a *jeu de mot*.

With great alacrity we go ashore to take exercise, make inquiries at the post-office, wander about and look at the shops, and subsequently dine at the hotel. It is quite a novel sensation to dine at a large table in a gorgeous room, attended upon by waiters in white ties. It is as if we had suddenly discovered civilisation. But also, curious to observe, how glad we all are to be once more ashore. But we've got the Hebrides still before us.

VERY HYMNFULDENT.—The hymn in Italian by Mr. GLADSTONE has stirred up a few Italians. They say they don't want his hymn: let him keep his hymn to himself. ITALIA says she has got a hundred and fifty hymns that are all hers. The probability of the PREMIER's reading "the Lessons" in church on Sunday, always attracts a large audience—beg pardon, we should have said congregation, but that the account next day reads much the same as a report of a "Patti night" at the Opera,—and if "inquires and places where they sing" the PREMIER could only be induced to give a solo of his own in Italian, with translation into English by the clerk, what a rush there'd be for stalls,—no, beg pardon again,—pews and free seats! There are "stalls" at theatres, operas, cathedrals, and sables, not in parish churches.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to us the following Advertisement which appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 15th:—

LOST, between Folkestone Harbour and near Tunbridge-Wells, a GOLD PUZZLE RING. Suitable REWARD given. Apply, &c.

He adds, "I should have sent it to you before, only that I've been wasting my valuable holiday in looking for it." He deserves the "suitable reward," and we wish he may get it.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

AT ETRÉAT.

A Diving Belle! Pray who  
is she,  
For swimming thus armed  
*cap-à-pie*?  
(The sea is like a sea of  
BRETT's.)  
A graceful girl in trou-  
serettes,  
And tunic reaching to the  
knee.

Her voice is in the sweetest  
key,  
Her laugh is full of gladsome  
glee;  
Her eyes are blue as violets—  
A Diving Belle!

I wonder what her name can  
be?  
Her sunny tresses flutter free,  
And with the ripples she  
coquets!  
First one white foot, then  
two, she wets.  
A splash! She's vanished in  
the sea—  
A Diving Belle!

It was Goose-day when AL-  
PHONSO the Brave—we give  
the "PH" in, but will make  
it an "F" if preferred,—ar-  
rived in Paris. Some pholks,  
or folks, not too friendly to  
ALFONSO, say he is a *petit*  
*crevé*, or *Anglice* "Masher."  
For ourselves, we don't believe  
it, but were it so, his title  
would clearly be His Mash-  
ersty, which he can date from  
Michaelmash Day.

A CHANGE of title, which we  
should like to see our beloved  
"Mud-Salad Market" deserve,  
would be from Covent Garden  
Market to Convenient Market.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 156.



THE MARQUIS TSENG.

## PATENTS AND PENNIES.

COVENT Garden Theatre is  
the only playhouse in London  
that can fairly claim to be  
Royal. It works under a  
patent granted by CHARLES  
THE SECOND to KILLIGREW and  
DAVENANT, and though Drury  
Lane makes a doubtful claim  
to half of this patent, there  
is no question as to Covent  
Garden possessing it. This  
being the case, the 'ARRY of  
the period ought to feel doubly  
grateful that he is admitted  
into this Temple of Music for  
something very like a penny.  
If the money were tendered at  
the door it would not be re-  
ceived, except in the form of  
a ten-and-sixpenny season-  
ticket; and a ticket at this  
price, extending over three or  
four months, reduces our great  
Opera-House to something like  
a "Penny Gaff." Is not this  
Penny-wise and Pound-foolish?

HUXLEY'S MOTTO. — "The  
Oyster's my world." And a  
wonder-world it is, too, as any  
one may see who looks into the  
first number of the *English*  
*Illustrated Magazine*. Six-  
pence a peep is all Messrs.  
MACMILLAN charge; and Mr.  
SWINBURNE'S "*Les Cas-*  
*quettes*," though not exactly a  
"Song of Sixpence," is more  
than worth all the money.

Sing a Song of Sixpence  
In a novel manner;  
Six-and-forty pages  
All for a "tanner."  
When the "Mag." is opened,  
Pictures choice you'll see.  
Isn't this a rare cheap dish  
To serve to the B. P.?

TOAST FOR THE TRINITY  
HOUSE.—"Our Buys!"

## SOME SINGULAR DISCLOSURES.

(Highly interesting to Travellers by Rail.)

THERE is considerable mystery attached to the so-called "Bye-Laws" of Railway Companies. The public generally knows them only through vague and menacing references thereto upon the backs of tickets, and on occasionally visible notices and posters. Very dreadful things would seem to be possible under cover of the extra-legal authority they are supposed to confer; and the mild-spirited traveller generally has a disquieting, indefinite sense of what may, in certain or uncertain contingencies, be done to him "in accordance with the Company's Bye-Laws." An observant, if gentle, Railway traveller of many years' experience, furnishes the following as being clearly among the chief canons—whether written or unwritten—of this mysterious code:—

1. FARES.—*Twice one are—for Railway "purposes"—anything the Directors may please, from two-and-a-half upwards.*

Under this elastic rule some very amusing arithmetical feats are possible. A fourth dimension of space would not more confuse the calculations of the ordinary commercially-trained mind than does the Railway rule of proportion. Under it the distance travelled is, of course, no sort of criterion of the charge to be made—none whatever. That is the humour of it. This—so to say—*transcendental* treatment, lends to Railway matters all the subtle charm of the unexpected, and floors the inquisitive *Gradgrinds* among the Public who are always wanting to apply rules and draw inferences and things. If the fare from one Station to another is sixpence, you must not go concluding that the fare to a third Station, midway between the two, will therefore be threepence or thereabouts—nothing of the sort; it will probably be the same, and possibly more.

In fact, the Euclidian "therefore" is totally inapplicable to Railway arrangements, which are not based upon ordinary mathematics or accepted logic. For instance, in railway journeys the whole is not necessarily equal to the sum of its parts; it may be more or less, according to,—well, it is impossible to say *what* it is according to,—chance, caprice, humour, rule of thumb, whatever you please or don't please. One thing only is certain—it is *not* according to reason.

2. TIME.—*Time is a figment of men's fancy, and has no fixed measure.*

Time is treated by Railwaydom in the same transcendental way as Space and Number. Railway Time is a figment. It is also a joke. The mind, however, must be what the higher criticism calls "detached" to appreciate that joke. The passenger who, being informed that a certain train, which it is important for him to catch, starts at 5'30, who, emerging from the refreshment-room at 5'26 exactly, sees three clocks pointing, respectively, to 5'25, 5'29, and 5'34, who dashes to the gate, only to be informed that the train started five minutes ago,—this traveller will probably not have his mind sufficiently detached "to enjoy the humour of the situation." That is, of course, the traveller's own fault,—or misfortune. The Company provides all the materials of the jest, but no "Bye-Laws" can compel the Public to appreciation. Otherwise, Theatres, comic journals, party speeches, and Art criticisms would be superfluous, the Railway Companies, under cover of this particular Rule of theirs, supplying enough "fun" for the whole community.

3. SPACE.—*Space is Infinite Elasticity, and has no measure but the mind and conscience of Railwaydom, of which, indeed, it is the type.*

This law—or definition—will only appear transcendental to those who have never travelled by rail. The Schoolmen who debated the question as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle,



### RAILWAY PUZZLE.

HOW TO CRAM ANY NUMBER OF PERSONS INTO A SECOND-CLASS COMPARTMENT INTENDED TO ACCOMMODATE EIGHT PASSENGERS UNCOMFORTABLY. THE OFFICIALS ON THE LONG JOURNEY-DUE-NORTH LINES HAVE, ON OCCASION, NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM. WITH OTHER LINES, ON SUCH SPECIAL OCCASIONS AS GREAT RACE DAYS, THIS PUZZLE HAS ALMOST CEASED TO OFFER ANY DIFFICULTY.

would find a kindred and congenial theme in the question, "how many third-class passengers can be crammed into a first-class carriage?" It could never, of course, be decided—which would be the beauty of it. The Rule itself is designed with an ingenious aptness which is subtly exquisite. Under it a compartment constructed—avowedly—to "accommodate" ten, may be made to contain thirty and upwards. There must be an esoteric Bye-Law of this sort, or else appeal to the exoteric rule painted, in plain letters, in the compartment itself, would surely confound even the conscience of a Railway Director. Which it does not. Q. E. D.

4. CLASS.—Class is an *unreal or arbitrary distinction, maintained—*theoretically, or at pleasure—for financial purposes. Its relation to charge is fixed, but as to accommodation shifting, or non-existent at official will.

The contemplation of this Bye-Law will throw light on many questions that have long puzzled the gentle passenger, and even elicited from him many pathetic but fruitless plaints. The rule—like charity—covers a multitude of (Railway) sins. In its light the sight of a score of low, foul-mouthed third-class betting-men crammed into a first-class compartment with two or three mild citizens or gently-born Ladies who have paid high first-class fare for the sake of essential quiet and comfort,—this sight, I say, no longer confounds, though it may displease. No rational person will henceforth ask why one railway carriage should be clean and comfortable, while another, of the same "class" (nominally) is dirty and purgatorial. The question rather is, Why should it *not* be thus, if it suit the interest or caprice of the managers of the line? The word "class"—in the sense of the Bye-Law—explains all anomalies and discrepancies. If you fancy that in paying for a first-class ticket, you secure the exclusive possession of so much space (*which see*) in a well-appointed first-class carriage, to the exclusion of crowding, uncleanness in person, garb, and speech, noise and nastiness generally, why, you are much mistaken, that is all. And though natural distaste of such surroundings may be permitted you, in silence, yet

any outspoken disappointment or disgust must spring from ignorance of the above Law, and of the esoteric meaning of the terms in Railwaydom's vocabulary.

Various other minor members of the great mysterious "Bye-Law" family has our Correspondent deduced from long experience by the aid of plain logic. Some of them may be given to the public on a future occasion. These, however, are the leading, and, so to say, covering enactments of the secret and terrible code. Their publication may explain many maddeningly puzzling experiences of the Railway traveller, and—*perhaps*—lead that long-suffering and befogged personage to intelligent and effectual revolt.

### Report from Southport.

"Dr. CARPENTER expressed the very deep interest with which he had listened to these communications, because they went to the very fundamental conception of life that they had been gradually coming to from the days when he was taught that cells were everything."

THE days when he was taught that "cells were everything," must have been his schooldays, when a sharp boy premised every answer with "bar sell!" as a precautionary measure. Dr. CARPENTER will still find that "cells are everything," or nearly so, if he goes into the Stock Exchange when there's not much business doing.

### In a Concatenation Accordingly.

Mr. MARTIN TUPPER is announced as about to deliver a Lecture on "Flying" before the Balloon Society. Illustrated experimentally, of course. Mr. TUPPER's Muse may be a little pedestrian, perhaps, but his Pegasus can probably fly high enough to satisfy those most trustful of enthusiasts, the believers in aerial navigation. At any rate, if Mr. TUPPER's hippogriff won't rise, we trust that his Testimonial *will*.





SOME STARTLING BAGS ON THE MOORS!

## MY LONG WAKAYSHUN.

I FINDS myself a spending my Long Wakayshun of a hole week at Surbiton, of all places in the world. Scrumphshus Surbiton, as its ushally called, and quite rite too, for I never seed with my pare of old eyes such a swell place. As I'm told they calls the Town where they makes the werry best silk welwet the City of Paleasses, so I shoud call this reelly butifful place the Burrow of helegant Willars.

There doesn't seem to be such a thing as a Porehouse or a pore person in the hole place, and that's jest what I likes. I dislikes with a most bitter dislike anything like povverty! They're a reglar complainin lot is the pore, at the best of times, and not the least use in the world to an Hed Waiter. They don't want no waiting on, they don't. They can wait on themselves, they can, and likes it better, and as to harf-crowns, they don't seem to know the proper use on 'em, even wen they as 'em.

I chose Surbiton with one eye to pleasure and one to busyness, thinking as they was likely to be busy at appy Ampton close by, and I've got engaged for 3 dinners all ready, and as one on 'em is for one of my fav'rite Gilds, I don't suppose as my little houting will be a howdaciously expensive one wen I strikes the ballanse.

I've took lojjings with a werry respectable Gent in the Sweep line, and I offen has a ride with him of a mornin in his little hoarse and shay when he gos his perfeshnal rounds, and its quite emusing to me to jine him in his musical and plaintif cry of Sweep! Sweep! jest like two overgrown Blackbirds whose voices has got jest a leetle roppy. We was a little bit unlukky at fust as we had the Plummers in the house for 2 days, and all I will say is, that if the other Hartysans of the town is all like the Plummers, they must be remarkable fine spesimuns of noisy humannity. "Hammer an Tongs" was nothin to 'em. WILLIAM says there's a line of SHAKSPEER's as describes 'em ecksakly: "Guns, Trumpits, Blunderbusses, Drums, and Thunder!" We've been all right since, ekscept jest a little trubbel with the Painters up stares, so I mustn't grumbel.

To return to my muttins, as the French says, I should think Surbiton must be about as neer to what I should expec Parrydice to be, as you can reasonably expec only 12 miles from London. In the first place we've got jest 49 trains a day to take us home, and tho' of course I shan't want one on 'em, excep wen I goes away, and then it will be a pretty job to know which to choose, still its a great cumfit to know that there they is if you happens to want 'em, and, as I'm pretty close to the line, I has the pleasure of hearing 'em parse, up or down, about every five minnits all day, and nearly all nite two.

In the nex place, if you're a trew born Harrystocrat you haven't net no need not even to see so much as a wulgar Shop. The lord of the manors won't have no shops in this trewly grand place, excep what's soshally wanted for people's wants, and them few he's had all stack up close to the Railway Stayshun; so, excep when you're a going away, you needn't even know as there is sitch a thing as a

## BACK TO LONDON.

Back to London, in September,  
When they're threshing out the wheat,  
Pleasant is it to remember  
How your holidays were sweet.  
Now those halcyon days are past,  
All Lawn Tennis setts you won done,  
And you're glad to be at last—  
Back in London.

Back to all accustomed duties,  
Dearer for the hours of play,  
Visions of the sea-side beauties,  
Seem like dreams of yesterday.  
Haply with reluctant mind,  
Now you know all rural fun done,  
Yet you're glad yourself to find  
Back in London.

Town looks pleasant after places  
That were just a trifle slow;  
All the old familiar faces  
Greet you wheresoe'er you go.  
Holidays are, you'll agree,  
Very like a child's plum bun done,  
And you're very pleased to be  
Back in London.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has taken the greatest interest in the reports of the British Association meetings. She wants to know if *Bacteria* is the scientific name for lumbago, as, if so, she's got it.

Wulgar Shop in the hole Burrow, which must be a great blessin to all the Hole-sailors and Re-tailors from London, who lives here, and who must natrally hate the site of such low places.

My son WILLIAM, who is with me, is werry fond of boting, but as of corse we can't eford to pay such prises as they asks here, he's made a werry nice erangement with the Ferryman to let him row the custummers backards and forrards all day long for nothing, and it inkludes taking me over and back on the same lib'ral terms, and tho' there aint quite so much wariety in it as some giddy youngsters might want, we offen gits up quite a little egsitement when WILLIAM runs slap into a houtriggerger or a rangdang.

I soon made acquaintence with a gentleman's gentleman, as I formerly knowd at the "Albion," and over a frendly glass he told me a good deal about the Swells as lives in the lordly Manshun Houses as one sees on every side of him. He says as they're that partickler, that no one as keeps a carridge and pair would think of condiscending to speak to a pore devil as only kep a coach and one. That no Hole-sailor from London ever so much as looks at a Re-tailor, and a perfeshunal Gent cuts 'em both. And what they does, their wives and families does too, and a great deal more, even down to the little childun. Some of the principle servants thort of carrying it out a step-father among theirselves, but they wasn't quite such fools as that cums to, and so you sees even a Butler assosheaying quite familyear with a Footman, or even a Groom, if he's a good emusin sort of feller.

They've got a capital dodge here of letting out the botes by the week or the munth at rejuiced prises, and why? Becoz they knows werry well from long egsperience that the young Swells gos it at such a pace when they fust comes down, rowing from morning to nite, that, after about 3 days, their pore hands is so covered with blisters that they can't even look at a skull without a shudder. Old JOE says it's quite lovely to see the pace as they goes at it for the fust few days compared with the gentle paddle arterwards.

I had a good long look at the Dear in Booshy Park as I walked through the railins and wonderd which nice bit of Wenson wood fall to my share.

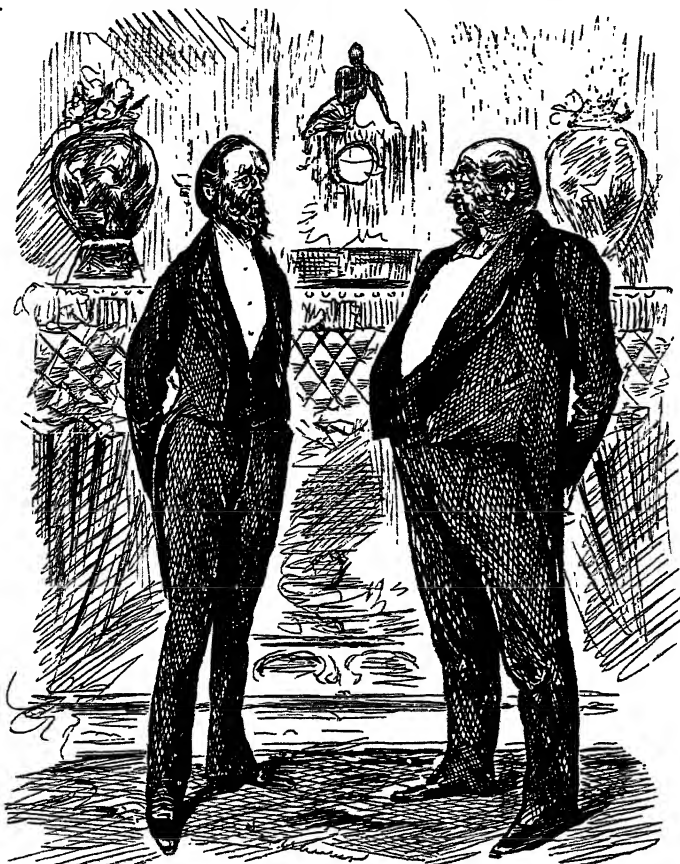
ROBERT.

ORDER FOR CEREMONY OF THROWING OPEN BURNHAM BEECHES TO THE PUBLIC.—The Bucks Volunteers will be present in full uniform, greater bucks than ever. The Aldermen will group under the trees, and will receive the LORD MAYOR with their very best bows. The biggest tree will be christened "Jumbo," because of its enormous Trunk. The chief part of the ceremony will consist in the significant action of the LORD MAYOR, who, as representing his high office and the Corporation, will "turn over a new Leaf." The place of arrival will be Slough, and the Luncheon will be Eton. "*Ver non semper vivet*" will be proposed as the Motto for the toast of absent friends, coupled with the name of Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT. Mr. Punch says, "Bravo, LORD MAYOR and Corporation!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders





HIPS V. BRACES.

SKETCH OF TWO GENTLEMEN WHO CANNOT AGREE ON THE QUESTION.

## HISS OWN IDEA!

(Moral Philosophy of Sage and Onions.)

HISSED in the streets the King of SPAIN,  
 Who came expecting acclamation,  
 Felt, probably, some little pain  
 When he was met with execration.  
 Well—some there are whose hisses me  
 Would rather than their plaudits flatter;  
 Proud of the former I should be,  
 Ashamed to have deserved the latter.

When people hiss me, what, whilst I  
 Applaud myself?—as I do ever.  
 Their noise can only signify  
 That I've done something good or clever.  
 And so when'er I'm hissed, I say,  
 Hiss on; for honour I'm your debtor;  
 Hard as you're able hiss away;  
 Hiss, hiss, the more you hiss the better!

DIOGENES TUBHOUSE.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR THE ALDERMAN AND BAKER WHO WAS BREED UP IN THE CITY. — Judging from the bitterness shown by the "Livery," who would have selected the Gay Bachelor Baker Mr. Alderman HADLEY for the Mayoralty, that Livery must be very "livery" indeed: quite jaundiced. Mr. Baker HADLEY is naturally, and professionally, crusty about it; but the Municipal *Patres Conscripti* do not consider him as sufficiently the Upper Crust for the elevated position. Never mind, Mr. Alderman and Baker! You can, if this is any crumb of comfort to you, tell your brother Aldermen that their conduct is unchristian, and you can say to them, as a Baker, "Dough as you'd be done by." Or you can make light of your own discomfiture, and, *a propos* of its having been Michaelmas Day when you were rejected, you can say, pleasantly, that "the Geese have saved the City." Well, well: if to be a bachelor be your fault and misfortune, Mr. Alderman HADLEY, may you speedily become a qualified *Benedick*,—may you live till you marry—and after. So farewell, Baker! As oven as we think of thee, Baker, we will say, "May Oven bless thee."

## ONWARDS! OR, A LITTLE FURTHER STILL.

(Projected S. E. R. Alterations and Arrangements for the ensuing Month.)

1. The 10.10 P.M. train from Charing Cross to Lewisham will, in future, be 90 instead of, as usual, 55 minutes behind time at New Cross.
2. An additional siding will be opened five miles from Edenbridge, for the convenience of passengers by the 8.15 P.M. train to Canterbury, who will not be able to get there till 11.22 the next morning.
3. The up day Parliamentary from Dover will not proceed further than Merstham Tunnel; but passengers getting out in the dark will be allowed to grope their way out, and be taken as far back again as Ashford in a coal-truck on paying the regular excess-fare.
4. The 8.17 train from Strood, the 7.9 from Hastings, the 8.18 from Chislehurst, the 9.15 from Paddock Wood, the 10.20 from Greenwich, the 6.30 from Margate, the Continental Express, and the five local suburban trains that have hitherto all arrived at Cannon Street station together at 3.49 P.M., will, on and after the first of next month, be joined by the 7.15 and 9.52 from Croydon, the Hastings Mail, and seven new supplementary fast trains, crossing them at intervals on the up and down line. N.B.—Passengers by these trains going out of their minds and jumping off the Company's viaduct into Southwark Street, will be permitted to do so on showing their certificates.
5. The third-class tickets of drunken dustmen, quarrelsome sweeps, familiar card-sharpers, foul-mouthed costermongers, and raving excursionists, will be available at all the Company's Stations for a journey in any first-class carriage, provided always not less than fifteen endeavour to crush into a compartment already occupied by six quiet and respectable first-class passengers.
6. The Company will not hold themselves responsible for the condition of their rolling stock, and the attention of travellers is specially directed to the new Bye-law, which enjoins that in the event of the bottom of a carriage coming out, the occupants will not be allowed to follow it on to the three-foot way without paying twice the amount of their original fares, plus the difference between the point of their unexpected descent and their ultimate destination.
7. For the convenience of suburban passengers visiting the

theatres, a train of horse-boxes, fitted up with straw, will leave Charing Cross at midnight, and be shunted, as circumstances require, in the immediate neighbourhood of Spa Road or Blackheath.

8. Season ticket holders found strangling the Traffic Manager or stray Directors unawares, without being able to furnish any sufficiently satisfactory reason for their conduct will be prosecuted by the Company's Solicitors.

9. The General Meeting of the Company will be held on the 5th of November next, and as a very important resolution connected with the carrying about of the Chairman in his own chair, with an evening display of fireworks, will be proposed to the Shareholders, it is to be hoped that they will attend in full numbers.

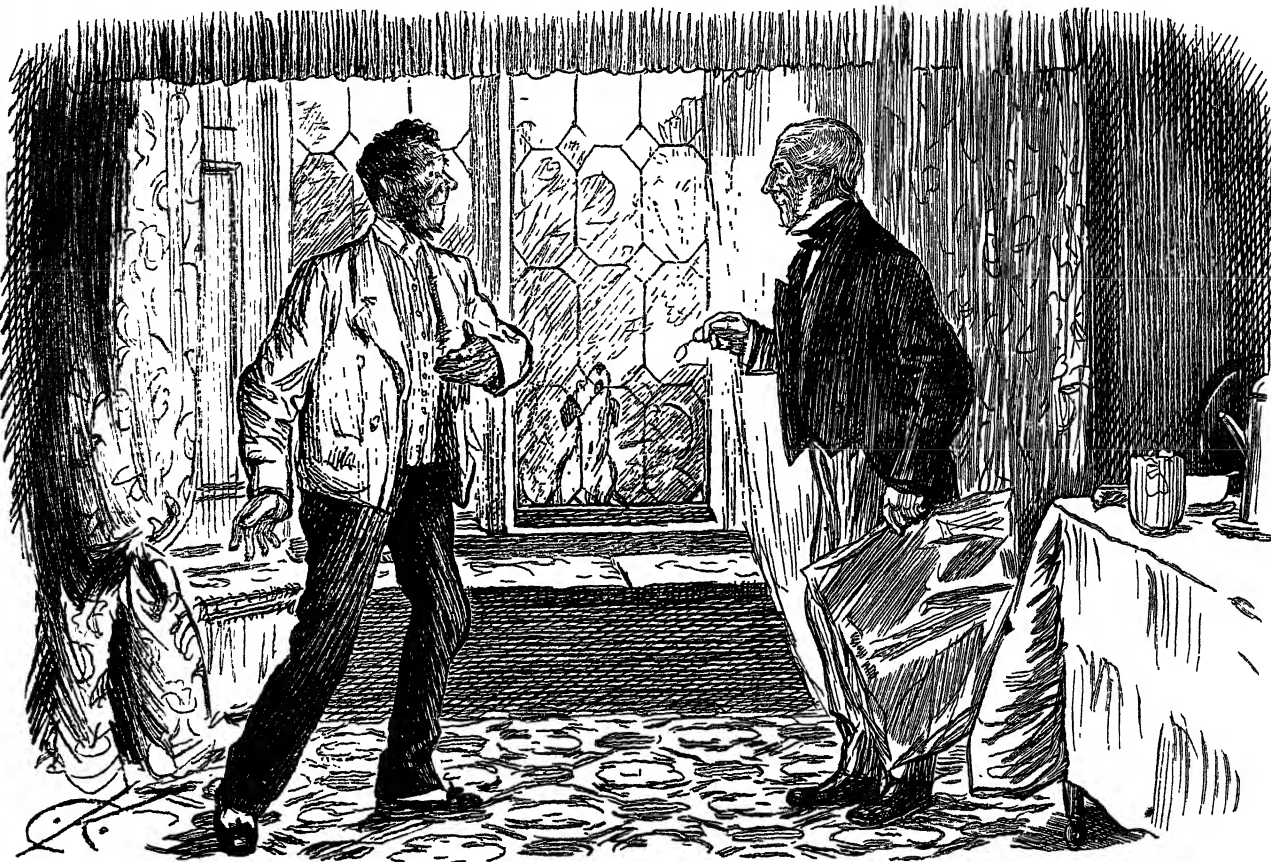
## "SANITAS SANITATUM."

"The angel of death is, so to speak, hovering over a doomed land, and he descends on those spots which are the foulest."—Sir Richard Temple's Address at the Social Science Congress.

THE Angel of Death, quoth Sir RICHARD, comes down  
 On spots that are foulest in every town;  
 Then flush out your sewers and clean all your drains,  
 And see that no refuse among you remains;  
 Be spruce as a school-boy made smart by pomatum,  
 And write on your shields "*Sanitas sanitatum*."

Remember that dirt, which too often one sees,  
 Is the herald of deadly zymotic disease,  
 That fever and dirt are convertible terms,  
 Since the one brings the other by fostering germs;  
 In your clean bill of health let there be no erratum,  
 And write at the top "*Sanitas sanitatum*."

When he wanders abroad, many a tourist has known  
 All the wonderful smells of the town of Cologne;  
 So take warning by that, and for ever decline  
 To be classed with that sewer-gassy place on the Rhine;  
 Let your cities be sweet, is the bard's ultimatum,  
 And stick to the text, "*Sanitas sanitatum*."



### THE HUNTING SEASON.

Rector. "IS THAT THE PARCELS POST, JAMES? HE'S EARLY THIS MORNING, ISN'T HE?" (*Noise without, baying of Dogs, &c.*)  
 "WHAT'S ALL THIS—"

James (*excited*). "YES, SIR. POSTMAN SAYS AS HOW THE YOUNG 'OUNDS, A COMIN' BACK FROM CUBBIN', FOUND 'IM NEAR THE KENNELS, AND RUNNED 'IM ALL THE WAY 'ERE. THEY WAS CLOSE ON 'IM WHEN HE GOT IN! 'THINKS IT WAS A PACKET O' RED 'ERRINS IN THE BAG, SIR! I SEE THE RUN FROM THE PANTRY WINDOW"—(*with enthusiasm*)—"A BEAUTIFUL TEN MINUTES' BU'ST, SIR!"

### ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

#### *Episode of the Pilot.*

"THE piano's out of tune," says CRAYLEY, with his nose close to the music, picking out the notes of "*The Lost Chord*" through his eyeglass.

"Of course it is," retorts KILLICK, "with you thumping on it all the morning."

IN MELLEVILLE'S absence ashore I come in as peacemaker. I throw oil on the troubled Musicians.

"Let's," I say, as suggesting something very silly, "let's get it tuned."

"How?" asks CRAYLEY.

"By a tuner, of course," answers KILLICK, immediately adding, "You don't think anyone was going to ask *you* to do it?"

CRAYLEY pretends to ignore KILLICK's question, and, appealing to Heaven by a slanting upwards glance through his eyeglass at the cabin-skylight, he asks me—

"Is there a tuner on shore?"

"I should think so," I reply. I had for the moment forgotten that we were at sea.

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," says KILLICK. "We're in Scotland, you know, and the national instrument is the Bagpipes."

"Well, Bagpipes are tuned," says CRAYLEY, superciliously.

"You don't know *that*," returns KILLICK. "You don't play them, thank goodness! And if there is only a tuner for Bagpipes, he won't be able to do the piano."

After some argument, we settle to go ashore and hunt up a tuner.

"Don't bother the Commodore about it," says KILLICK. "There's a lot of trouble on the old man's mind"—(he is quoting a comic song; his words and music perhaps!)—"this morning about the necessity of having a Pilot."

This is new to me. I had associated Pilots only with "fearful

nights," with Bays of Biscay, with Arctic Expeditions, with shipwrecks, life-boats, and, in fact, with marine dangers of an aggravated and alarming character generally.

It is news to CRAYLEY, too. KILLICK is master of the situation as far as knowledge of the subject goes, and he avers, on the authority of the Captain, and from having been in these waters before (so I understand him to say), that a Pilot in the Hebrides is a necessity, and without one we shall probably come to grief. By all means, then, a Pilot.

MELLEVILLE has already gone ashore to secure one; so, as he is fully occupied, we agree to start on a secret mission, say nothing to anybody, and have the piano tuned in MELLEVILLE'S absence, so that at night he will be both gratified and astonished.

On landing we flatten our noses against various shop-windows, and hesitate on various door-steps, not being quite certain, in the absence of any evidently musical establishment, where to go for what we want.

KILLICK suddenly calls to mind that when he was last here the place to get a pianoforte-tuner was either at the Chemist's or at a toy-shop. He is very nearly right. The Chemist directs us to the toy-shop.

There are dolls, carts, wooden soldiers, tin sailors, comic white rabbits playing tambourines, baits for fishing, conjuring tricks, tackle, walking-sticks, books, puzzles, stationery, magic-lanterns, and nothing, except some toy musical instruments, such as drums, trumpets, and musical glass boxes, to suggest that a pianoforte-tuner is anywhere on the establishment, unless the man behind the counter is himself of that persuasion. But he doesn't look it. He hasn't got a tuning face.

CRAYLEY undertakes to conduct the negotiation, on condition that KILLICK doesn't interfere.

KILLICK confides to me his opinion that CRAYLEY is "sure to make some muddle of it."

CRAYLEY commences the business he has in hand by inquiring the price of fishing-tackle. From this by easy stages up to musical toys, without buying anything, he is about to arrive at the inquiry as to



## THE APPLE SHOW.

KING PIPPIN WITH HIS PRIME MINISTER, "THE GLADSTONE VARIETY." THE APPLE GATHERING MOST APPLE-LY REPRESENTED BY A CELEBRATED PAIR.

a pianoforte-tuner, when KILLICK, no longer to be repressed, cuts in with the question point-blank. CRAYLEY, thus interrupted, stares at him sideways, through his eyeglass, as if he had never seen him before in all his life, and were resenting the impertinent interference of an utter stranger.

The Proprietor of the Shop doesn't know where the tuner is at present. As far as I can make out, he is either on a tuning voyage, calling in at the different islands and tuning the pianos of the inhabitants, or he is on the same errand inland, and is touring about tuning everywhere, and restoring harmony generally. When he will be back there is no knowing. He is absent at present, and it may be for years, or it may be for ever. There is not another pianoforte-tuner to be found at this minute. There may be others, but the Proprietor of the Shop, and, presumably, of the pianoforte-tuner, is not aware of their existence. However, all that can be done, politely intimates the Shopkeeper, shall be done, and if, in the meantime, we can console ourselves with some newly-invented spinning-bait, or a book of views of the country (where the pianoforte-tuner has gone), or anything in the toy-line,—why, there is an almost inexhaust-

ible store at our disposal. We thank him, linger over a few toys, inspect a brown horse on wheels dubiously, and gradually retire. That Toyman will not bless us; but perhaps he will make up for our want of enterprise in sticking it on to the Tuner's charge, should he ever appear, which is of all probabilities the most improbable.

Further inquiry is useless. We give up the pianoforte-tuner, and return to the ship.

Here we find MELLEVILLE. He has Pilot on the brain; and he has rather a headache in consequence. He is evidently much bothered and anxious. The Captain seems a bit fidgety. So we say nothing about our search for a tuner, and, after sympathising with MELLEVILLE, we descend to our cabins.

There is a gloom over us. If the Pilot doesn't appear, we shall remain here ever so long; if he does, we are off at once.

The Commodore has issued orders to this effect, and the Captain, who is a man of few words, and always ready to make himself agreeable and useful, cheerfully assents. The Captain, it appears, is not personally acquainted with the Pilot who is to come aboard at some time or other. MELLEVILLE has not seen him; he is taking



## THE ORIGIN OF GLOVES.



SIR,—Having read some letters in the Papers about the origin of gloves, and, not agreeing with any of the opinions therein expressed, I send you a sketch of my idea on the subject.—Yours, FROU-FROU.



SIR,—This is my noshun of the orrid-gin (what sort's that?) o' gloves.  
Yours, A REGULAR SPAR-TANNER.

him on trust; and, as he tells us, in all his experience of yachting, he has never yet had a Pilot on board.

I am reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, Vol. II. (latest edition), and beginning to think that that smug old Mr. RICHARDSON, Author and Tunbridge-Wells Shopkeeper, must have had exceptional views on the best way of inculcating morality, when a noise attracts my attention. A boat is alongside; and I catch the sound of MELLEVILLE's voice welcoming some new arrival.

I tumble up the companion to see what is going on. The Commodore is speaking to a respectably-dressed man of a rather nautical appearance. He catches sight of my head, and beckons me to him.

"Just pay the cab,—I mean the boat," he whispers to me; "it's the Pilot. I'm going to have a talk with him." And so saying, he takes the nautical-looking person down the companion, showing him every possible attention; for, as MELLEVILLE has explained to us all before,—and this is, now I come to think of it, what has contributed to his nervousness and anxiety on the subject,—a Pilot is a sort of Master of Arts, so to speak, of his craft. He is obliged to pass an examination, he has taken his degree, and he holds a rank which temporarily places him, when on board a ship delivered over to his control, above Owner, Captain, Admiral, or anyone; and of course, though paid by the week, and his fee, or *honorarium*, so MELLEVILLE politely puts it, being exceptionally high, he has to be treated as an Eminent Expert. Knowing that these are our Commodore's opinions as to the *status* of a Pilot, we all bow to his decision, and are prepared to imitate our host's example.

First, then, I pay and dismiss the boatman who brought him. The Boatman asks if he shan't wait? "Certainly not!" I reply, as I know that the Commodore's orders are to "sail at once," and already the Captain has given the word, and the anchor—only one out, and at no great depth—is being weighed.

It is all being done with a will, and as we are taut and trim, and "ready, aye ready!" for sailing, literally at a moment's notice, it will be less than half-an-hour before we are actually off. A nice breeze is springing up, which will take us away; and the Pilot's duties will not begin until we are well outside, and shaping our course for Tobermory. We enter the cabin one after the other. MELLEVILLE is talking with the nautical-looking man, and a decanter of sherry and glasses are on the table.

We have no formal introductions from MELLEVILLE to the nautical person, but the latter acknowledges each one of us with a sort of polite inclination as we drop into the conversation in turn. The introduction, of course, would be impossible, as MELLEVILLE doesn't know the Pilot's name, and, as he is a person of "some consideration"—(this is a bit Richardsonian, but a student of *Clarissa Harlowe* must expect these words to crop up occasionally),—there may be a certain etiquette to be observed of which introduction forms no part. We have among us implicit confidence in MELLEVILLE, who, we suppose, has mastered all these details, and we tacitly form ourselves into a sort of committee of Lords of the Admiralty and Elder Trinity Brethren, for examining the Pilot to ascertain whether he knows more than we do, or, at all events, more than the Commodore does, and whether, on the whole, he is to be trusted.

"A very nice boat indeed," the nautical person is saying, as we enter. "Thankye, Sir, I will take another glass,"—and he does too,

a bumper, which he sips with the air of a connoisseur, instead of drinking it off at a draught, as is popularly supposed to be the way with the old sea-dogs. He is weather-beaten certainly, but he is not by any means a sea-dog. He wears thickish serge, a waterproof (which he has just removed), and a tall hat, which he has placed on the table. The tall hat strikes me at once, as reminding me of the old prints of sailors at the commencement of this century, and of the queer old boatmen, Deal Pilots, for aught I know, who may be seen any day, with telescopes under their arms, on the beach at Deal.

"I suppose," says MELLEVILLE, nervously, but in his pleasantest manner, "you know this coast—I mean all about here—by heart?" "Well, you see, Sir," replies the nautical individual, turning his glass about and scrutinising the sherry, as if he had been tasting a sample before purchasing a quantity,— "you see, Sir, I was born here, and I think I may say I know all this part—well—about as thoroughly as anyone."

He speaks with a Scotch accent, rather narrow than broad.

MELLEVILLE looks round at us approvingly. His manner conveys exactly what he would say, which evidently is this: "This is the very man for us, Gentlemen—he knows his way about. First-rate fellow, this!"

I say to the Pilot diffidently, seeing that I know absolutely nothing about it, and am not even quite clear as to our geographical position, "Is this a very dangerous coast?"

"In parts it is," replies our first-rate man—"in parts. At least, it is to those who don't know it."

Obviously the inference is, that to those who do "know it" there is not the slightest danger; and equally obvious is the next inference—that he is the man who does know.

Again MELLEVILLE turns to us, and smiles complacently.

"Is there good fishing about here?" asks KILLICK.

We all feel that this is unfair on the Pilot. Why should he be expected to know anything about fishing? He's not a fisherman. However, it turns out that he is a fisherman, that he knows a good deal about it, and can give his experience of several lochs. There is a pause, and MELLEVILLE presses upon him another glass of sherry. At this point we all join. I break through my otherwise invariable rule of "No sherry" in order to do special honour to the occasion.

"A very fine wine this, Sir; very," says the Pilot, shaking his head, and smacking his lips.

"Yes, it is," returns MELLEVILLE, and we all smack our lips more or less, having suddenly given up our *rôles* as Elder Trinity Brethren and resolved ourselves into a tasting committee.

"Very fine!" repeats the Pilot, and again we all agree with him. Then there is a pause. It is broken by the Pilot complimenting MELLEVILLE on the yacht. "As handsome a vessel as he has ever seen—and he's seen lots of 'em here," says the Pilot.

MELLEVILLE is highly pleased and gratified. We all take a little more sherry, and at this moment the Merry Young Steward appears with another bottle. Whether MELLEVILLE has summoned him or not, I cannot say; probably none of us could say if asked. The sherry is very good, and, having broken through my rule,—I believe we have all, except CRAYLEY, whose rule is to do as he likes on all occasions, broken through some rule on the subject of sherry,—I am inclined to go on at all hazards.



So we become communicative, and the conversation becomes general. Somehow or another we get to talking about the Opera.—I don't know who started it, but here we are, with our Pilot, talking of the Opera and of Music generally, and still shaking our heads as wisely as ever, and saying, "Yes, it is capital sherry."

"A very pretty instrument you've got there, Sir," says the Pilot. He is praising everything.

"Yes; it is," replies MELLEVILLE, and opens it. Is he going to play the Pilot an air? No; he is only explaining its mechanism.

"You see it's a difficult thing to get this sort of piano," says MELLEVILLE. "This is specially made for a yacht."

Yes, the Pilot is aware of that; he has seen them before: he can tell MELLEVILLE of a better contrivance than this, of a new patent, and perhaps a less expensive article.

"Very superior person, this Pilot!" we express by our looks to one another. What an education he has had! Knows a little of everything. More sherry. Fine wine, very.

The Pilot looks at his watch. Just as he does so there is an evident lurch, and we all stagger a bit; it is very trifling, but there it was, and we are evidently moving, but so easily that no effect till now has been perceptible, and even now it is only very slight.

The Pilot appears to hesitate a minute, as if he wasn't exactly certain what to do. The movement has entirely ceased, but from the gentle ripple which strikes my ear, I am sure we are going straight as an arrow before the wind.

"I'd better get to work at once, Sir, if you please," says the Pilot, again consulting his watch.

"But there's no necessity yet?" asks MELLEVILLE, "is there?"

"Well, you see, Sir," says our superior nautical authority, "I've got a lot to do—"

"Which, of course," puts in MELLEVILLE, in his politest manner, "I don't understand. Would you like to see the Captain?"

The Pilot looks a little astonished, and replies, hesitatingly, "No, Sir—I don't see any necessity—unless you—"

"Oh no! Oh, certainly not," MELLEVILLE hastens to say, clearly fearful of having committed some breach of etiquette.

"Of course he doesn't want to see the Captain," we whisper to one another, and are rather surprised that a man of MELLEVILLE'S tact and experience should have made the mistake.

MELLEVILLE appears a bit nervous. He coughs two or three times, and then, drawing me on one side, he says, "I don't quite know where he'll sleep. I thought he would arrange with the Captain—but—eh? Beg pardon. What?" This addressed suddenly to the Pilot, who has been understood to ask for a key.

"Key?" repeats MELLEVILLE, puzzled.

"Key of the piano, Sir. I think you just locked it up."

"O yes, I did—but—"

Here we have another lurch, which brings the Pilot sharply up against the farther corner of the piano, which he seizes desperately; in fact, he would have fallen but for cannoning against CRAYLEY, who, being of a slight and fragile build, staggers backwards on to the sofa. A little sherry is spilt. Alone amongst us the swing-table, with the sherry decanter and one glass on it, preserves its equilibrium. It was apparently a sudden gust, for the effect has passed, and we are going along steadily once more. An expression of dismay is on our Pilot's face.

"Is the vessel sailing, Sir?" he asks, with a gasp.

"Well, you see," MELLEVILLE nervously explains, fearful of having done something very wrong—"well, I told the Captain that as your duties wouldn't commence till we got outside—"

"Outside!" exclaims the Pilot, convulsively.

We are afraid he is going to have a fit. An epileptic Pilot ought not to be licensed. That is our one feeling on the subject.

"Yes," continues MELLEVILLE, more and more nervous as the case of the *Lively* occurs to him (he tells me this afterwards), "I thought—that—your work would begin as we go up the Sound to Tobermory—"

"Tobermory!" shouts the man. "But I don't understand—why should I go to Tobermory?"

"Because," replies MELLEVILLE, suddenly pulling himself together, and, so to speak, dropping the Lamb to assume the Lion, "that is where we have arranged to go, and from there to Loch Scavaig, and—"

"Loch Scavaig!" the Pilot almost screams.

"Yes!" thunders the Commodore, now thoroughly roused. "You said you knew all the coast, and as I only want a Pilot—"

"Pilot!" cries the man in a frenzy. "I'm not a Pilot!"

"Not a Pilot!" we all echo, in different tones.

"No!" he shrieks. "I've come to tune the Piano!"

\* \* \* \* \*

LITERARY MEM.—Our Magistrates may not be masters of literary style, but in one thing they have the pull of the great MACAULAY. There is certainly no "monotonous uniformity" about their "sentences."

## THE MINSTREL BOY ON MAKING A START.

"THE Boy stood on the burning deck." O, I've spouted it lots o' times, so I know it.

(And I think he was a young mug for his pains, though made into a hero by Missis HEMANS the Poet),



T'Upper Classes.

But, bless you, his position, though about as hot as they make 'em, was rose-leaves and strawberry-cream, for coolness and easiness. Compared with the blessed look-out of the lot of us, which is enough to fill a feller with fright and freeziness.

That *Telegraph* certainly has been raising snakes, the fifth wheel of a coach, or con-certinas among oysters are really not in it, For superfluity—no, I mean superfluity; and I shall get into this metre, I suppose, in a minute.

But the *Tityre tu* business always did flummox me. Still, I've studied SILAS WEGG and Mister TUPPER, and other Bards, And I mean coming out as the MINSTREL BOY, and to reel off my poetical feet—by yards.

Where was I? Oh, "Our Boys"! Why, the Eastern Question, or the double acrostics in the *Taradiddle*,

Are not a patch on us for right down puzzlement. If a feller's to be brought up as a bricklayer or a fiddler,

Sent' into the City, or out to the Colonies, taught to wear KINO'S tweeds, or corduroy or fustian,

Be sampled off as per individual quality, or evened heads and heels on a bed Procrustean—

If that's the old bugaboo's name—is the question. But as to the answer, blow me twice times never—

As they say in *Aristophanes*—if I can make that out from about fifty columns, more or less, of controversial kibosh which the cocksure kiboshers seem to consider clever.

(That last line appears to have run off its legs a little, like a centipede in a hurry, but it doesn't much matter.)

I must say the impression produced on my mind is that the Grown-ups are a mixed lot of Muddleheads and Mivvies, for all their cocknossiness and cockatoo clatter;

And that whether they call themselves "Magisters" or "Mialos," or "Mothers of Seventeen," or "Paterfamiliases,"

There's a family name that applies to the lot of 'em; they dwell in *Noodledoo*, and are descendants of the *SHLYASSSES*.

Perhaps this seems rude. Well, they're fond of calling me the "Little Vulgar Boy" (*vide Ingoldsby Legends*),

But if you hit a whack with the hammer of plain English to drive into obstinate wooden-heads a fact's thin wedge-ends,

You are certain to be called "Vulgar" by sophisticated old simfer-noodles, whose minds are in a condition of chronic washiness,

And whose writings remind one of the Great Dismal Swamp, being all tangle and gaudy flowers (of speech) on a substratum of squashiness.

That's not all "my thunder," I don't mind telling you; I heard some of it from my Guv'nor, who *doesn't* write to the papers,

And, if all Guv'nors had only as much quiet savvy as he has, there wouldn't be half the awful failures, nor a quarter of the peculiar capers.

"Tisn't gumption goes howling," as we say at our School,—and for grit and grind you won't easily beat St. Bumpus's;

And if dads weren't so often negligent old duffers, and teachers tin-pot shirks, and boys, in consequence, half-stuffed slip-slops, there wouldn't be much occasion for these periodical rumpuses.

"Full inside!" may be the cry of the Army and the Navy, and the Mercantile Marine, Law, Physic, Divinity, and the shop and the office,

But "empty inside" ought to be ticketed on the nob's of lots of the candidates for 'em, who have no particular idea of anything except perhaps a general sort of notion of what a "masher" or a "toff" is.

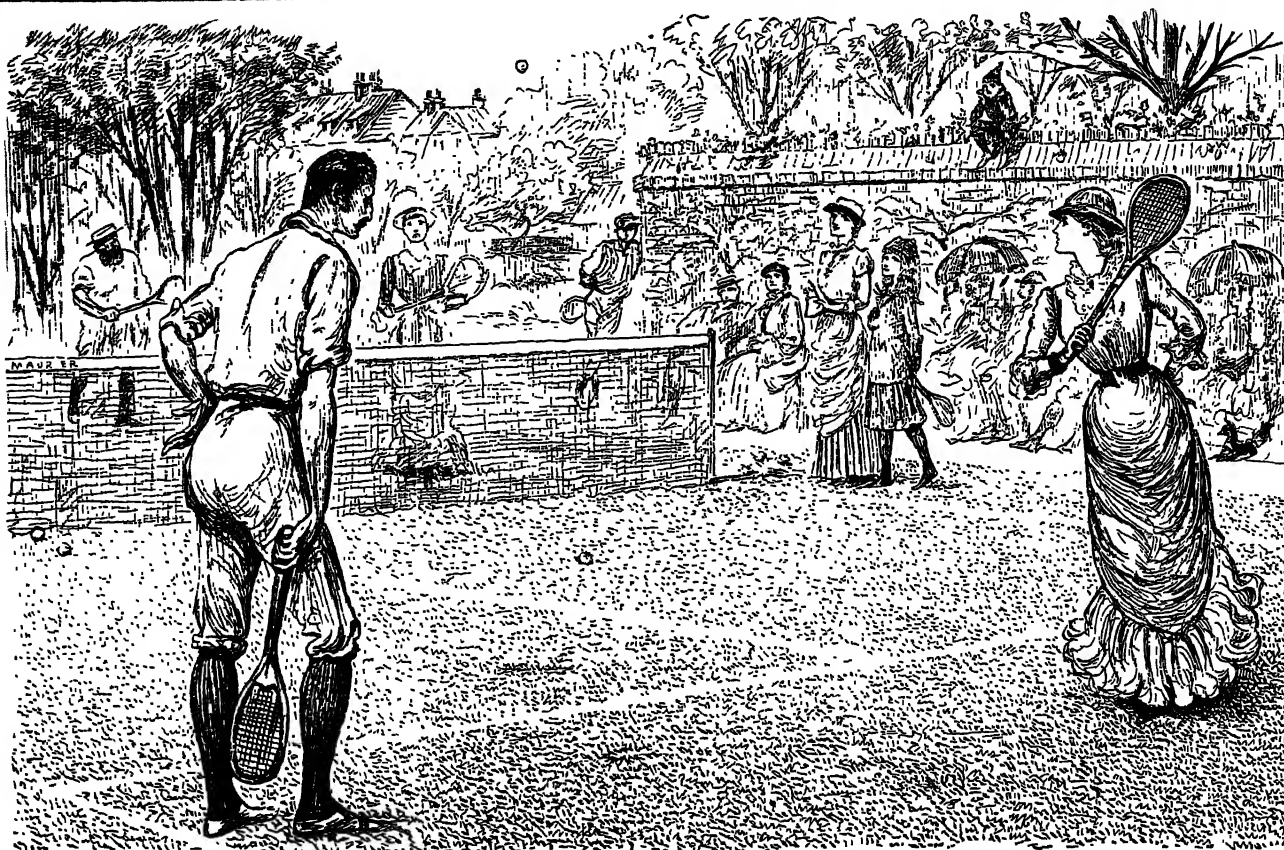
I don't mean to turn carpenter or cat's-meat seller, or to emigrate to Timbuctoo as ostrich-hunter, notwithstanding the "pressure of the multitude."

Quite *vice versa*, as *Missis Gamp* or that scrumptious writer, Mr. ANSTEE, might put it; and I really believe that most of the letters in the *D. T.* were penned in a fit of ink-spilling tantrums by that pretty specimen of a "Paterfamilias," Mr. *Bulbitude*.

Given good dads and decent lads, with their top storeys furnished with something more than dates and dog Latin, knock on the head the duffing old notion that a *puer* must be puerile (—look at me for sixteen!—), and I guess the round world is still large enough to find most of us some decent "employ."

So no more at present—though I hope to take another turn at Tupperising on an early occasion—from yours tremendously,

THE MINSTREL BOY.



## AMENITIES OF THE TENNIS-LAWN.

*She.* "YOURS OR MINE, SIR CHARLES?"

*He.* "YOURS—AW'FLY YOURS!"

## LE GAMIN DE PARIS.

"Paris is an Immense Hospitality."—VICTOR HUGO.

ALAS! great poet of spout and spasm,  
Between your dream and the dreary fact  
There yawns a wide and tenebrous chasm.  
What profits now the rhetorical pact  
Between your Muse and—we'll say Immensity,  
For abstract vastness to you is dear—  
In face of your Paris's *gamin* propensity,  
Mournfully manifest here?

This "light and liberty"? Hospitality  
Shown in howlings, and marked by mud?  
Churl demeanour of *Cloten* quality,  
Fretful rudeness in frantic flood?  
Will you laud them in prose o'er-lyrical,  
Windy puffings of flaunting tropes,  
Whilst plain fact with force satirical  
Shakes e'en soberest hopes?

Your "modern Mecca," voluble VICTOR,  
Is less than Arab, and seems to call  
For stern-souled DRACO, and strong-armed lictor,  
To keep its cad-dom in civic thrall.  
The friendliest wish for Madame Republic,  
By urchin-insolence put to shame,  
Is that she may soundly her ill-favoured cub lick.  
Him only lash may tame.

"Here is a stranger! Heave half a brick at him!"  
That's the style of *our* rustic lout.  
How is yours better? Sense grows sick at him.  
Temple? He'll pull it your ears about.  
"bas everything!" There the soul of him  
Speaks in honesty. Anarchy's shout;  
Anarchy is the hope, the goal of him,  
Vicious and vengeful lout!

Red ragamuffin! Mischievous Pickle!  
*Enfant gâté* whom law should birch!  
Craven as bloodthirsty, foul as fickle,  
Helpless save to destroy or smirch.  
France's Gutter-Pest ever resurgent,  
Peace and credit she'll never enjoy  
Till civic discipline, sharp, detergent,  
Cleanses her Dirty Boy.

## LA BELLE AMERICAINE;

OR, OUR FAIR EXCHANGE AT THE LYCEUM.

WE have real horses, real water, real everything on the stage, but rarely do we see real acting. This exceptional treat may now be enjoyed, in rather a small way it is true, at the Lyceum, which, having given its HENRY IRVING to America, has taken in return Miss MARY ANDERSON. We had heard that Miss MARY ANDERSON was a beautiful person. We went to see her performance of *Parthenia* in Mrs. LOVELL's *Ingomar*. Within a few minutes we were under the spell, and had exclaimed, "She is more than fancy painted her; she is lovely! she is divine!" and at that point, for reasons best known to ourselves, but perfectly intelligible to our friends and acquaintances, we cut short the quotation.

Miss MARY ANDERSON's *Parthenia* is charming. The Americanisms of speech must sound as defects in our English ears, and there are certain stage-tricks and mannerisms not peculiar to Miss ANDERSON alone, but to every American Actress we have seen in this country; and these tricks are copied, and, of course, absurdly exaggerated by such English Actresses as have acquired whatever art they possess in the States.

The tricks we especially note as "transatlantic" are: first, long pauses, frequent and wearisome, and a drooping of the eyelid, which imparts a "leeriness"—there is no other expression of it that we are aware—to the glance quite out of keeping with any serious situation, and utterly incompatible with the outward semblance of classic dignity. It is in the graceful and pathetic portions of *Ingomar* that Miss ANDERSON excels; but the note of tragedy does not



## LE GAMIN DE PARIS.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "O THAT HORRID LITTLE WRETCH! HE'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME!!"





seem to be within her compass. Yet we would rather attribute this disappointment, which a sympathetic audience cannot help feeling,—for there is a charm in this *Parthenia* that, like GIBBON'S antecedent incredibility of miracles, "no evidence can resist,"—to another cause which may perhaps be the right one, and that is, the true artist's dread of the mere commonplace.



ACT I.—"KNEE SCENE."  
Polydor and Mary Anderson.

peculiar glance already alluded to as "leeriness," *Parthenia*, the classic, the graceful, the chaste, the guileless *Parthenia*, has for one second become a mere Palais-Royal *ingénue*, or a Criterion Chambermaid. The transformation is startling. It is momentary, but undoubtedly there it is. We should much like to see her as *Miss Harcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*, with Mr. BARNES for *Tony Lumpkin*. And, indeed, the second title of this very play, *Ingomar*, might be *She Stoops to Conquer*. *Ingomar* himself is only a superior sort of *Lumpkin*: spear and shield are to *Ingomar* what hunting-crop and spurs are to *Antony Lumpkin, Esquire*.

The part of *Ingomar* is a very difficult one to play, and the faults of Mr. BARNES are those of the character itself exaggerated and emphasized.

The play is delightful for a time, but not all the charm of Miss ANDERSON'S *Parthenia* can prevent it from becoming tedious; so that when, after a series of those long pauses, which belong, as it seems to us, to the American School of Dramatic Art, *Ingomar* exclaims roughly, "Go on!" the audience laugh at him, and with him, as if



ACT II.—CUP AND BAWL.—In-go-Mar-and-Par-thenia.

his words were spontaneous "gag," and they heartily applauded this expression of their own impatience. The play should have been abridged, partially re-written, and its construction improved. It is very well put on the stage: the costumes are effective. The beauty of the scene at the rising of the curtain on the Second Act receives distinct recognition at the hands of the audience.

Mr. J. G. TAYLOR, one of our very cleverest Actors, plays the old villain, *Polydor*, admirably. We've seen Mr. TAYLOR in *Opéra-bouffe*: he has a good voice, and is a fair musician; we've seen him in a light comedy touch-and-go part, where he was immensely funny; we've seen him in burlesque, and we've seen him as "t'owd mon" in *Louise's Lass*, and he is always excellent. His *Polydor* is one of his best assumptions of character. For the rest, Mr. STEPHENS, as the Pantaloon of a father, who isn't worth *Parthenia's* affection, and Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING as her quarrelsome old mother, were about as good as the piece made them, and no better.

The fault of the play is undoubtedly the fact that the interest centres on a doddering old idiot, *Myron*, who happens to be—(such

things will occur in real life)—the father of the beautiful, the wise, and graceful *Parthenia*, who is, after all, only a second-rate artisan's daughter. Who cares what becomes of such an old fool as *Myron*, a dotard with so much water on the brain that the "Alemani"—never very "Gentlemani" persons, or very considerate at the best,—shout at him, "Cry, baby, cry! put your finger in your eye!" which we admit is not so expressed in the dialogue, but which is certainly the idea? He is beneath contempt, and yet everyone must feel that if *Parthenia* is so deeply attached to the old armourer as to risk her life for him, there must be something very loveable in him to those who "know him at home." Perhaps his being bullied by Mrs. *Myron* has enlisted his daughter's sympathy.

To sum up. In the First and Second Acts Miss ANDERSON is as good as this *Miss Parthenia* can be; in the Third she is not quite so good; but this "not quite" means such a measurable distance as, were it not for the sake of critical truth, leaves small space for cavilling. In the other Acts she carries the piece along, heavy as it begins to be, far more easily than Mr. BARNES bears in his stalwart arms the fainting form of *Parthenia*.

We hear that Miss ANDERSON is next to appear as *Galatea* in Mr. GILBERT'S *Pygmalion and Galatea*. This is a mistake. *Galatea* and *Parthenia* are both in classic drapery; and perfectly suited as she will be as the "Statue Fair," it would go with the public far better were she to allow an interval between two classically-attired plays, during which she should play a modern comedy, or appear in *She Stoops to Conquer*, as we have already suggested.

But every theatre-goer, and those who are only irregular theatre-goers, should not miss the present chance offered them of witnessing Miss ANDERSON'S impersonation of *Parthenia* at the Lyceum.

*A propos* of things theatrical, we hear that *The Glass of Fashion* is beginning to shine more brightly, and that the intelligent Public is taking to it. Bar Act the First, the intelligent Public is right; but, if Mr. GRUNDY'S play does not ultimately "draw the Town,"—the Author has drawn part of it, pretty strongly, too,—it will be his own fault for having treated his subject seriously. Mr. SHINE is capital in it, but we fear he will not make capital out of it. There is much to amuse in the piece, but not enough.

Why this excitement about Mr. BANCROFT taking Mr. COGHAN'S part in *Fedora*, except for the sake of letting everyone know that, after so many weeks allowed for refreshment, *Fedora*, with SARA-BERNHARDT-BEERE & Co., had been revived at the Haymarket? Mrs. BANCROFT is out of the bill. Ahem! Sharp this. What are the odds that Mr. BANCROFT won't be out of it, too, very soon, or return to his old part of *Jean de Sirex*, which fitted him like a glove—that is, like a glove ought to fit. The report that he only appeared as *Loris Ipanoff* because he could not obtain the services of Mr. J. L. TOOLE to replace Mr. COGHAN as "Colonel of the Reserved Forces" is, we believe, entirely without foundation.

"In the Ranks," the new piece at the Adelphi, will have got the start of this article, and have come out before us. From the title, we imagined that Mr. WARNER was playing the part of a Cabman, a Handsome Cabman, of course; but this is not so.

Mr. HARRIS'S advertisement of his new Drury Lane Drama, which is announced to appear "positively" on Thursday ("D.V."), is worthy of the Augustan Age,—we avoid saying "Era."

BEL-FAST AND FURIOUS!—A good finish to a dull week. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE posing as an Orangeman! The Duke of ABERCORN instituting a comparison between WILLIAM of Orange and the "People's WILLIAM,"—in order to discredit the latter,—and the Orangemen, Northcottians and Abercornians, practically illustrating their enlightened Conservative Leaders' teaching with a torchlight procession, when the Orange Boys bravely smashed the windows of a house inhabited by inoffensive and blameless Sisters of Mercy, or some religious order. Will the brave Baronet and the doughty Duke disavow their friends, as M. GREVY did the cowardly Parisian mob, and speak of them as "*les misérables*"?



ACT II.—"How he is carrying on with her!" Miss Anderson supported by the entire strength of the Company, represented by Barnes the Brawny.

## RAMBLING RONDEAUX.

IN A MINOR KEY.

MID Autumn Leaves, now  
thickly shed,  
We wander where our path's  
o'erspread  
With yellow, russet, red  
and sere:  
The country's looking dull  
and drear,  
The sky is gloomy overhead.

The equinoctial gales we dread,  
The summer's gone, the sun-  
shine's fled;  
We've rambled far enough  
this year—  
Mid Autumn Leaves!

Though fast our travel-time  
has sped,  
On London's flags we long to  
tread;  
The latest laugh and chaff  
to hear,  
To find the Club grown  
doubly dear;  
Its gas burns bright, its fire  
glows red—  
Mid Autumn Leaves!

"POOR MR. BROWN!" ex-  
claimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,  
"I'm afraid his is a very  
serious case. He has some  
local affectation, and the Doc-  
tors come every day to sound  
him on the subject, and tap  
him all over with telescopes.  
I only repeat what they tell  
me, and when I was informed  
about the 'tapping,' it oc-  
curred to me that he must  
have got water on the brain  
like a teetotumer."

THE LONDON PAVEMENTS.—  
Never too soon to mend.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 157.



THE RIGHT REV. J. F. MACKARNES, D.D.,

THE "READING BISCUIT" BISHOP.

(HUNTLEY AND) "PALMER QUI MERUIT FERAT." IN RETURN, MESSRS.  
H. AND P. ARE QUITE READY TO TAKE "ORDERS."

THE MUNICIPAL  
MUDDLE.

No doubt, in the case of Alder-  
man HADLEY,  
The Electors treated him very  
badly;  
And why not pity Alderman  
NOTTAGE,  
From whom was abstracted  
the mess of pottage?  
To Guildhall thirdly came  
Alderman STAPLES,  
Who might just as well have  
visited Naples.  
Though fifth on the list, Sir  
REGINALD HANSON  
Sang a rather lugubrious  
*chanson*.  
While very much sadder, and  
probably wiser,  
At the end of the meeting de-  
parted DE KEYSER.  
Some tears were shed for  
Alderman WATERLOW,  
As when one sees a sheep to  
slaughter go;  
Though nobody wept for Alder-  
man SAVORY,  
Who fronted his fate with re-  
markable bravery.  
And as for the choice of Alder-  
man FOWLER,  
'Tis a mystery, an intrigue, a  
joke, or—a howler!

## Unseemly Jest.

IN view of the threatened  
dissolution of the Corporation,  
and disestablishment of the  
Civic monuments and tradi-  
tions, some unfeeling scoffer  
has written to the LORD MAYOR  
offering to buy the statue of  
the Giant Magog. "He is  
anxious," he writes, "to have  
it made into a Magogany  
Table, in memory of the an-  
cient hospitality of the City  
of London."

## SUNDAYS OUT OF SESSION.

WHAT further joys has the Recess in store, not only for the mem-  
bers of Her Majesty's Government, but possibly for the leaders of  
the Opposition? Here is a paragraph from the *Times* of Oct. 1st:—

"THE PREMIER. — Yesterday, despite a cold, biting North wind, and  
threatening clouds, Hawarden Church was crowded with visitors from all  
parts to listen to the PREMIER reading the lessons for the day."

Noting by the way, that if this sort of "great attraction" must be  
advertised, and the result reported, in future on Sundays the work-  
a-day title of "Premier" had better be dropped, and that of  
"Minister" be used, perhaps the best lesson the Prime "Minister"  
could read to the inquisitive crowd who flock to hear him, would be,  
—not to read any lessons at all.

Meantime, as the public will be on the look out for paragraphs  
relating to this new sort of political Sunday observance, here are a  
few taken at random:—

"SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT yesterday appeared in his parish church in his  
new Beadle's uniform. Though the cape seemed a little tight, yet the  
interest created by the worthy Baronet's appearance was so great that there  
was scarcely a vacant pew in the whole church, a fact that the organist hap-  
pily chronicled by playing the congregation out with a Gregorian rendering  
of 'Non Peto Mesta.'"

"SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE attended the Cathedral service yesterday  
afternoon as usual in his Verger's dress, the Anthem being, curiously enough,  
'In Verger Glad.'"

"The rumour that Lord SALISBURY, who had been practising the manage-  
ment of the Stope throughout the Session, would take his place at the organ  
in the village choir on Sunday last, filled the little church to overflowing.  
Additional interest was excited on the occasion by a rumour that the Noble  
Marquis had expressed his determination to act as his own blower."

It will be seen from the above how rapidly the custom may be  
expected to develope; and, therefore, if we hear next week that the  
PREMIER, after his customary feats in the Hawarden woods, has on  
Sunday again drawn a large crowd together by reading a chapter of  
the *Axe*, there will be no occasion for any surprise.

## A DISCLAIMER.

It is scarcely necessary, yet as some kind friends might possibly  
avail themselves of the opportunity to insinuate something pleasant  
in the most amiable and harmless manner, of course, we just men-  
tion the subject, "without prejudice," as *Mr. Guppy* would say,  
and dismiss it.

In the *Times* Law Report, date October 4, there appeared, among  
the cases heard in the Court of Bankruptcy, this one, the heading of  
which naturally attracted our attention:—

"IN RE JAMES PUNCH AND SON.—A petition for liquidation has been  
filed by Messrs. LINKLATER, solicitors, on behalf of Messrs. J. W. AND C.  
PUNCH, merchants, carrying on business in Wormwood Street, City, under  
the firm of JAMES PUNCH AND SON."

*Mr. Punch* wishes it to be stated that no connection exists between  
himself and the members of this firm, with whom in their misfortune  
he expresses his sincere sympathy. *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be  
known that he never carried on any business in "Wormwood Street,"  
which is not in his line. As to his own distinguished lineage, it is  
the most ancient in the world. It is older than Judy-ism. There  
are branches of the family abroad, but in England the Head of the  
House does not acknowledge even "the Suffolk Punches."

SAFE SPECULATION.—For a "serious" Music-seller, under the  
patronage of "General" BOOTH: "Salvation Army Quadrilles."



## THE BEAN HARVEST.

*Cockney Tourist.* "TUT-T! GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT EVER CAN 'AVE MADE THE CORN TURN SO BLACK?"

## RABELAIS REFORMED.

ANOTHER Volume of the interesting and useful More-and-Morley Series published by RUTLEDGE has just appeared. We were curious to see what Professor MORLEY would make of RABELAIS. It was an Augean-stable task this of purifying the Rabelaisian muck-writing so as to render it in any way fit for ears or eyes polite. To make it suitable for the "Young Person," so that it might appear on the shelves of the Podsnap Library and find a place on the Podsnapian drawing-room table under the very eyes and nose of the "Young Person," was too much to expect; in fact, had it been Bowdlerised to this extent, nothing of the real *Rabelais* could have been left,—and to our thinking so much the better. Mr. MORLEY has taken an infinity of trouble, and has succeeded in what he set himself to do. But was it worth doing at all? For ourselves we should say, decidedly not. For what was RABELAIS with all his works? A dirty-minded, scurrilous, blasphemous, witty, broadly humorous, and extravagantly grotesque clerical buffoon.

Take the scholarly Father PROUT, Dean SWIFT, and the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE at their very worst, throw in the rollicking spirit of the Rev. THOMAS BARHAM, with a spice of the wit of that "eminent ascetic," SYDNEY SMITH, flavour it strongly with the gross licence of the "Table Talk" of the Rev. Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, add the profligacy of BOCCACCIO, and you then have something akin to the literary monstrosity called RABELAIS. How many of those who use the term "Rabelaisian wit" have read even a few chapters of his works? Not that they could possibly be any better for the perusal. It needs not a Pharisaical Purist to be disgusted with RABELAIS, in the original, within the first hour's reading.

Professor MORLEY flatters himself on having so dealt with the dirty old blackguard that, "having wiped his shoes at the door," he can enter "to us all and speak in his own person." No, thank you. Not at home to the Rev. Mr. RABELAIS. "Ladies present," and not, though his reformation were guaranteed by Professor Bowdler and Podsnap themselves, would we admit him—no, not so much as a toe of him into our family circle. *Virginibus puerisque*—never!

"Wiped his shoes," indeed! Yes, Canon RABELAIS may have wiped them dry too, but as he has been up to his eyes in filth, merely

"wiping his shoes" won't do. On whose mat? Send for quarts of CONDY'S fluid. "And smells so! Pah!" "Wash him," said Mr. DICK. Strip him, warm-bath him, soap-and-water him, scrub him, till he yells again, like the "dirty boy" in the well-known statuette—(Professor MORLEY cleansing RABELAIS should be a companion work of Art)—burn his odoriferous clothes—eau-de-Colognise him—but no matter what be the process, not all the perfumes of Arabia can make RABELAIS sweet and clean and wholesome. Let his works remain on the shelf, a very high shelf, which will be in every sense appropriate, in a Rabelaisian Museum dedicated to that purpose, isolated from civilisation—accessible only to professional *littérateurs* and students. And where shall this place be? Where? The Island of Muck, N.B.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?

THIS momentous question, which was first asked in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, seems likely to be satisfactorily answered in the following that has recently appeared in the advertisement sheet of the same journal:—

CLERK and COLLECTOR (22 to 25).—A Gentleman, through indifferent health often absent from business, sometimes travelling, requires a well-educated resident Clerk who would be efficient in business, obliging, and companionable out of it. Light duties, with a comfortable home for one fond of book, garden, or a quiet pipe.—Address, &c.

This rash advertiser is probably by this time up to his eyes in letters concerning the above appointment, and his street is possibly blocked by a crowd of applicants for the post. The hint that the master is "often absent from business," the suggestion of "book, garden, or quiet pipe," is undoubtedly attractive. Depend upon it, this situation would suit most of "Our Boys" down to the ground.

*A PROPOS* of the Church Congress, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said she regretted that they didn't discuss the use of the Athenæum Creed, to which the excellent old lady is not absolutely certain whether she objects or not.



## TROPES FOR TRIPPERS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Two-wrists, personally conducted.



Passport.



A Lofty Peak.



Chaise à Porteurs.



Cask-aid.



A Circular Letter.



A Trip by Train.



Ruff Pass-age.



A Wide Prospect.



Scotch Missed.

## THE CITY MISTRY SOLVED.

WELL, I thinks as even the henemys of the Corporashun, if they has any left, must confess as they has been a-givin the Public quite a seerys of staggerers lately.

BROWN says, as the Public allers wants wakin up in the silly season, and they've just gone and woked 'em up accordinly. Fust they comes out with such a Weddin as so astonished the Archbishop of LONDON as quite to take away his appetight at Breakfast, as I much regretted to see. Ah, that was sumthink like a weddin that was! It's really quite surprising how the old Corporashun manages to make things as is quite ordinerry ocashuns elsewhere, quite wunders of hart and hellegance and granjer where they are concerned. It's pretty generally allowed that to be Lord Mayor of London is enuff to satisfy the hambition of the ighest or the aughtiest, but the world hardly knowd what it was to be one of his Dorters. For 120 long ears, as I herd his Reverence the Archbishop say, there has been only three Weddins in Sum Porl's Katheedle, and two on 'em has been with Lord Mare's Dorters.

Princes has asked for the favor, Dukes has tried their best, and Markisses and Lords and Barrens by the duzen has gone down on their nees to the Archbishops of London for this glorious privilage, but no! they has allers said no! we draws the line at Lord Mare's Dorters, except just once for the Dean's, and we means to keep to it. So that's pretty well to begin with for the young lady.

Then only jest about 3,000 people cums for to see her married, and I don't call that bad, then jest about 250 of the gratest, because the richest swells in the hole City of London cums to brekfast with her young Ladyship, and all on 'em sends such lovely presents to make her future happy as makes my old eyes twinkle only just to peep at now and then, and that I should think is not quite a everyday suckemstance. And then just think of this, the Dean and his many Chapters havin hung up a reglar peel of Bells, they keeps 'em harf quiet till a Lord Mare's Dorte's marri'd before they sets to work and rings out for the fust time a splendid Tribble Bob Major. And then, as a sort of wind-up, just about harf a thousand quit fresh people, all in weddin garments, cums in late, just to keep the game alive, as it were, and they stays and they dances and they sups 'till about three o'Clock in the mornin.

So I think if I had my choice of what I'd like to be, if I was yung and lovely, witch I settin ain't, I'd chewse to be a Lord Mare's Dorte.

But who that seed all that splendor and all that bewty and all that jewelry, would have thort what momenjious consikenses wold arise in less than 48 ours from all that ere!

Ah it's a rum world, and verry few on us nose, not even an Ned Waiter, what may be the effec of the britest of scenes or the merryst of Tribble Bob Majors! But to proceed with my task.

Friday passes away quietly as if nuffen partickler had happened yesterday or was about to happen to-morrow, and then Micklemass Day arrives, a day, as that rude BROWN remarked, sacred to Geese and Lord Mares, and the members of the wariou Livry Companies assembles in their thousands in Gildhall to chewse two Lord Mares

for nex year, and the Washupfool Aldermen assembles in their skarlit robes to chewse the one on 'em as they thinks is the best for that grandest of all persitions. And the Liverymen chewses Orderman HADLY and Orderman FOWLER, and then the Ordermen in their skarlit robes retires to their golden chamber where all the little light as there is has to come in threw painted winders for fear it should blind 'em, and then they sollemly lox the dore and plases their own Feeld Marshall outside with his drawn sword for fear any one should lissen at the werry big key ole, and then they discusses the Candid dates and then they wotes! Yes, and then they wotes! Wot a wote was that, my gallant Liverymen!

Then they all goes back to the place from whence they came, as the Judge says on ekally sollem ocashuns, and then the Recorder, pale with emoshun, enounces as the wote has fallen on Orderman FOWLER.

Ever since that ewentful enouncement the one question as all the world has bin a askin everybody else is, why did the Ordermen prefer the Junior who's the oldest, to the Senior who's the youngest? Ah, that's rayther a diffyult nut to crack with only 6 teeth in your hed, and them all top uns! But as I haven't bin a City Waiter for 20 year without yearing a good deal, for people will talk as if I was def, which I ain't, praps I can satisfy the unywersal cureosity a good deal better than most people.

Well then it wasn't for none of the raisons as people as said, nor as the press as said, for they was all as silly as they was ill-natured, but it all arose out of the magnifiscent Weddin of Thuresday at Sum Porl's Katheedle! It was thort, and I thinks verry natrally, that if one Lord Mare's Dorte's marrage could cause such a sensashun, it was desirable to, as it were, (to use a vulgerism) keep the pot a bilin, and it was resolved that the prize should go where the chances was most faverabil. I need only hadd that while Orderman HADLY is meerly a Batcheldore, Orderman FOWLER is the appy Father of nine fare dorters.

Need I say more?

ROBERT.

In this month's Number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, late Chaplain-General of the Forces, writes on the subject of "Short Service—One Cause of its Failure." As a Clergyman he ought to know, of course. But if his short services have been a failure, it must be because they've not been short enough. Cut the sermon.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE talked about the "fundamental antithesis between Faith and Science," and added, subsequently, "Faith, too, is to a certain extent founded on knowledge." From which it is evident that, "to a certain extent" also, the Bishop of CARLISLE has as much faith as knowledge—which is about what CARLYLE would have said to this Bishop.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that when she goes to Paris she likes to hear a grand service on Sunday, and so she always goes to the Church of St. Surplice; a name which she considers most appropriate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.





AWFUL EFFECT OF TOO MUCH LAWN-TENNIS BY THE SEA! D. Tea.

## THE LAY OF A LAZY LETTER-WRITER.

“Preparation for next year's reduction in the charge for telegrams has already commenced.”—*Daily News*.

'Tis capital news! I'm enchanted to hear  
The Sixpenny Wire will be working next year!  
In two or three months, 'tis quite charming to think,  
We may do without pens, and exist without ink.  
No more pens and ink? How delighted I am!  
A blessed invention 's the Cheap Telegram!

'Tis better by far than the halfpenny card,  
A joy to the joker, a boon to the bard;  
To dear *Mr. Punch* what effusions I'll send,  
What rhymes without reason, what jokes without end!  
What bright *jeux d'esprit* I can easily ram,  
Like a charge in the form of a Cheap Telegram!

An invite to lunch, or to dance, or to dine,  
You'll briefly accept, or as briefly decline:  
How crisply, how tersely a short word or two  
Will serve for the labour we *now* must go through!  
All sorts of condolence you'll easily cram  
Within the close bounds of a Cheap Telegram!

Hurrah! 'Tis delightful! Next year we'll be Men,  
No longer we'll grovel as Slaves of the Pen!  
I look for the time when our words shall fly free  
From Cape Trinidad to the Caspian Sea!  
And London, Geneva, New York, and Assam,  
Shall chat through the means of the Cheap Telegram!

THE General of the Jesuits—(did “General” BOOTH take his idea of a Salvation Army, with military titles, from this old-established corps?)—being superannuated, an Assistant, or Adjutant-General, has been appointed—one Father ANDERLEDY, the *Times* informs us. The name to English ears sounds odd. If our boy came in and announced Father ANDERLEDY, we should reply, “Father and a Lady! Show 'em both in!”

HOW TO SPELL IT (according to the Dean of Bangor).—D. Tea.

## A SUNDAY MORNING AT HAWARDEN.

SCENE—Breakfast-Room. PRIME MINISTER discovered alone.

*Mr. Gladstone (soliloquising).* It is the peaceful, the unbroken calm of this rural retreat which is so truly refreshing. How pleasant it is to know that the simple villagers are now wending their way churchwards, to the sound of yon tinkling bell, far from the turmoil of cities, the din—(Yells, whistles, catcalls, and hurrahs here render the PREMIER'S words quite inaudible, even to himself. He pauses.) But surely I heard some slight, some hardly perceptible sound? Ah, here comes HERBERT; perhaps he (for he knows everything) will explain the phenomenon.

*Mr. Herbert Gladstone (appearing suddenly).* I have been gazing through the telescope on the Northern battlement. The trains from Plymouth, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and the Isle of Wight are discharging hundreds of passengers at the Station. The Liverpool special is waiting in a siding, and twenty-seven of the omnibuses from Chester have drawn up at the village inn. Quite five thousand highly respectable excursionists, with hymn-books and top-hats, may be observed thronging the road to the Church, while an equal number are waiting at the Park Gates, to see you come out.

*The Premier.* Really, this indicates a great increase of intelligent curiosity among the masses. I am glad to know that the Board Schools are at work in the country. Then STEPHEN expects a large congregation this morning?

*Mr. H. Gladstone.* Oh, yes. He tells me that the number of people who brought blankets, and camped out in the churchyard last night was surprising. He is thinking of requesting them to get rid of their sandwich-papers and ginger-beer bottles in some other receptacle than the Church Porch.

*Mr. Gladstone.* Ah, I noticed that STEPHEN did not appear to be very pleased when I expressed to him my intention of reading the Lessons for him for the rest of the year. He said he was afraid I should catch cold, and offered to give me a little service of my own in the Castle. Now, shall we set out to Church?

*Mr. H. Gladstone (gloomily).* I fancy it would be better to stay indoors to-day. The Verger says (through the special telephone wire which we have had connected with his residence) that every seat is full, and that several leading Liverpool Merchants have taken up their positions in the Font. The Chief Constable of Flintshire and a

posse of Policemen have just cleared a sort of way up the middle aisle.

*Mr. Gladstone (surprised).* Dear me! I have informed STEPHEN that the regard for the services of the Church shown by his crowded congregations ought to be most gratifying to him, and he says it would be, if the congregation stayed to hear him preach, and did not troop out after the second lesson. This is a one-sided view to take, of course; but I fancy this innovation of his, in putting the Lessons after the sermon, may lead to some rioting, perhaps even to bloodshed.

*Mr. H. Gladstone.* Yes. The Verger has received several threatening letters, and strong language has been used on the subject by a few hundred excursionists from London.

*Mr. Gladstone.* Ah, poor fellows! Well, it must be provoking to come all that way in the pursuit of a well-directed curiosity, a thirst for information, and—(Uproar in the Park. Stones and hymn-books hurled through windows.) What does this mean?

*Mr. H. Gladstone.* I will go and interview them. (After a brief absence.) The mob, it seems, have purchased return tickets to Hawarden, which “include a visit to the Church, and reading of Lessons by the PRIME MINISTER.” They remark, and I must observe with some force (as one of their missiles has nearly broken my head), that “they can't get into the Church, and there ain't no PRIME MINISTER, and they don't intend to be cheated out of their money.”

*The Premier.* What, then, had I better do? I can, of course, escape by the postern, or even ascend one of the few trees which have not felt my axe, and hide amid the foliage.

*Mr. H. Gladstone (thoughtfully).* As the traffic receipts have gone up immensely, owing to the number of Sunday travellers who come hither, perhaps the Directors would take these good people outside back to their homes for nothing, if we telegraph to them that we are in imminent peril of our lives.

*Mr. Gladstone (dodging a brickbat).* We will make representations. Quick, the telescope! For I think I descry STEPHEN in his canonicals being chivied over the grave-stones in the churchyard by an infuriated crowd. Ah, I told him the postponement of the Lessons to the end of the service was imprudent. The mob, however, will listen to me.

[Ascends to a window fronting to the Park, and recites the Lessons, Gospels, and Epistles, for the whole of the present and ensuing month. Retires, after an hour, exhausted, and sends for glazier, while crowd disperse with three ringing cheers for the PREMIER.]

## POT AND KETTLE.

(A New Version.)



[The Dean of Bangor says, that if he had his own way there would be much less tea-drinking among people of all classes. Excessive tea-drinking created a generation of nervous, discontented people, who were for ever complaining of the existing order of the Universe, scolding their neighbours, and sighing after the impossible. In fact, he suspected that over-much tea-drinking, by destroying the calmness of the nerves, was acting as a dangerous revolutionary force among us. The tea-kettle went before the gin-bottle, and the physical and nervous weakness that had its origin in the bad cookery of an ignorant wife, ended in ruin, intemperance, and disease.]

"Kettle began it."—DICKENS'S *Cricket on the Hearth*.

*Kettle (turning up its Spout contemptuously).* You horrible, mischievous creature! You pewter-built Borgia, get out with you!

Before very long, Saints be praised! our Sir WILFRID will finish his bout with you;

And then—

*Pot (frothing over with wrath).* Oh! now come, this is cool! Who are you calling Borgia? Blow you!

*You, who beat the Brinvilliers to fits! Ah! it's time honest people should know you,*

*You false mollycoddling old Mawworm.*

*Kettle (sputtering).* Ah! always abusive in anger.

What have you to say against ME?

*Pot.* I? Oh, nothing, of course. Go to—Bangor, And just ask the Dean what *he* thinks about tea-drinking. Talk of my doings?

What are they compared with the woes that are wrought by your worse than witch-brewings?

*Kettle.* Mine?

*Pot.* Yes; you and the teapot between you are simply upsetting creation.

*Kettle.* What, I and the cup that—

*Pot.* Oh! come now, enough of that stale old quotation

From maudlin emasculate COWPER, it's blown on, played out.

Bless you, Pekoe

More mischief has wrought in this world than all strong drinks

from Four-half to Clicquot,

And Gunpowder Tea's worse than Dynamite, looked at as one of the forces

That aid Revolution and Murder—the Dean my opinion endorses.

*Kettle.* The Dean be—

*Pot.* Exactly. That's just it; profanity coarse, anti-clerical! Regular Communist, *you* are; result of the weakness hysterical Caused by all dealings with Tea, which is simply distilled condemnation,



## PLUCKY!

OUR MUSCULAR CURATE TAKES THE MISS CLOVERMEADS' BARROW (THEIR PAGE-BOY NOT BEING STRONG ENOUGH) TO BORROW THE DOCTOR'S LAWN-TENNIS MARKER, AT THE OTHER END OF THE VILLAGE, AND ACTUALLY WHEELS IT HIMSELF ALL THE WAY!

Or 'sin in decoction. I tell you you're breeding a bad generation  
Of nasty neuralgic agnostics, sour Poets who pule in poor puny  
verse,  
Sigh after impossible dreams, and find fault with the plan of the  
Universe!

It's awful!

*Kettle.* To hear you tell—crammers?

*Pot.* A Dean *cannot* be unveracious,  
And I simply follow his lead, which is temperate, calm, and  
sagacious.

*He* never drinks tea, that is certain.

*Kettle.* His "nerve," I admit, is astonishing.

*Pot.* No horrid low slang, I beseech you! Pay heed to his pious  
admonishing.

If he had his way—worthy soul—one's own way is *so* nice, e'en  
to Clerics—

No longer you'd hurry the world into grumbling, unfaith, and  
hysterics.

You'd give place to—

*Kettle.* Porridge?

*Pot.* Well, well, that's a *façon de parler*.  
*Kettle.* Oh, is it?

That shows what a humbug you are!

*Mr. Punch (intervening).* Silence, Gentlemen! Let me solicit  
A chance for cool reason! You both ride your hobbies with hot-  
headed clangour;

But "Kettle began it" this time. The intemperate bunkum  
from Bangor

Pairs off with Teetotal extravagance. Deans should remember  
"Ne sutor."

A storm in a tea-cup is just as absurd as a tempest in pewter.

The question is one of degree, for cool sense and true Science to  
settle,

And not one of Carlisle v. Bangor—in other words, Pot *versus*  
Kettle!

## THE PROGRESS OF RATIONALISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE "rationalising tendency of the age" (how often have I  
heard my dear Papa, who is a clergyman, make use of the phrase!),  
not content with criticising the Vestments of the Clergy, actually  
threatens to interfere with the vesture of Ladies! I suspect that all  
the twaddlers about "Rational Dress," or horrid Positivites or  
dreadful Diagnostics—are those the words?—or something shocking  
in that way. Rubbish! Reason has no more to do with dress than  
with religion. That stands to reason. Reason, indeed, as far as I  
can make out, is a sort of Big Bogy that men make use of when  
they want to scare us out of all that is pious and pretty, and proper  
and pleasant, such as High Church ritual, and twelve-button gloves,  
and flirting, and fashionable novels, and tight-las—I mean corsets,  
and five o'clock tea, and small talk, and curate-culture, and high-  
heels, and—oh! everything that is nice, and, in *their* crabbed opinion,  
*therefore* obnoxious. But if Dress could be rationalised (it *can't* be,  
thank goodness!) there would be nothing left to live for. Dress and  
true religion are, I maintain, *above* argument, matters entirely of  
*conscience* and *taste*, and if Reason is to be introduced into them, we  
may as well all turn Dissenters and Dowdies at once.

Yours indignantly.

ANGELINA.

Rational Dress, indeed! They might just talk of Rational Love!  
No, let Reason keep to its own province, such as making laws, and  
locomotives, and treaties and things, letting alone the *really*  
*important* things of life, such as Marriage and Millinery, *with which*  
*it can have absolutely nothing to do!*

WHY is Lord LANSDOWNE likely to be unhappy?—Because he has  
gone out for-LORNE.

A MAN (NOT) OF THE TIME.—The Traffic Manager of the South-  
Eastern Railway Company.



## THE BROKER BROKE OF BULLION, COURT THEATRE, AND THE FAITHFUL ARIEL.

MR. G. W. GODFREY'S *Millionaire* is a very amusing, and, on the whole, fairly interesting piece, if any interest can be got up for such a limp heroine as Miss MARION TERRY'S *Katherine Guyon*. But the great merit of the piece, and the secret of its success, is the balance of character which, with a few trifling exceptions, is admirably preserved throughout. The play, therefore, is symmetrical, and both Author and Actors seem to have wisely agreed together that "a part is not greater than the whole." Would that this axiom were everywhere remembered and acted upon!

The "character-part" of Mr. *Guyon* belongs to that family of selfish unprincipled old reprobates of whom *Brigard* in *Frou-Frou*,—Mr.



Mr. Arthur Cecil, as Here's-another-Guy-on, receives £200, and goes off to see *Ariel* at the Gaiety.

CECIL occasionally reminds us of RAVEL in this rôle—*Dutréc in Moi, Le Père Prodigue, Major Pendennis* with his "begad," CHARLES MATHEWS'S *My Awful Dad, Sir Harcourt Courtyly*, IRVING'S *Digby Grand*, and Mr. BRAY in *Nicholas Nickleby*, are the most distinguished members. There is nothing new or striking in any of the situations in which this rather conventional type of a mixed character finds himself, but in Mr. CECIL'S hands it is a highly-finished, though somewhat overcoloured, portrait.

Another equally good indication of character is given by Mr. SUGDEN as *Gordon Frere*. In fact, the best played scene between any two characters sustaining the serious interest of the plot, is the first in the piece between the

goody-goody Money-Broker, *Robert Streightley* (Mr. CLAYTON), and the careless needy young-man-about-town, *Gordon Frere*; the only blot upon it being, that, where all the other dialogue is so naturally written and so naturally given, the Author has thought fit to put into young *Gordon Frere*'s mouth a long speech for the sake of securing an effective exit (was it at the Actor's suggestion?), in which object, however, it signally fails. The effective exit would have been for him to have left the sermonising to the goody-goody Broker, and to have made some curt remark which would have given his Goody-Goodness just so much of his mind as a young fellow like *Gordon Frere* could spare without serious inconvenience.

Never has Mrs. WOOD been seen to greater advantage than as *Lady Henmarsh*. Her lines have fallen in pleasant places, and everyone of them she points with unerring aim. The character might soon have been overpowering, and the slightest exaggeration, even now, would be dangerous. It is specially here that the well-kept balance is noticeable. May the well-kept balance be the Author's suitable reward at his banker's.

Miss LINDLEY, as Mrs. *Cholmondeley-Browne*, lends excellent aid in completing the picture, though the rehearsal of the amateur theatricals is about as dull as the reality, and the desire of the eminent amateur, *Pippy Trafford*, represented by Mr. GILBERT TRENT, to sing a comic song on every possible occasion, is another of the very trifling mistakes which the Author has made, and which, were it not for the general excellence, it would be hypercritical to notice.

Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE'S rendering of the detestable *Hester Gould* is masterly, or, more truly, "missisly." It lacks force; but this is Mrs. TREE'S first appearance, we believe, on any stage, and when we remember what a prodigious fuss was made about the first appearance of a mere amateur because she was a "professional beauty," and what foolish landations were showered on her before she had scarcely acquired the merest elements of stage-playing, we can only say that those who found a Mrs. NESBITT in the novice to whom we have just alluded, would have discovered a Mrs. SIDONS, a RACHEL, or a RISTORI, or perhaps the talent or genius of all three combined, in Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE. Certainly, as the honours of full comedy are borne off by Mrs. WOOD, so those of limited tragedy, in this piece, are carried off by Mrs. TREE. She and her husband are a pair of poplar Trees.

Mr. MACKINTOSH, as *Thacker*, leads the audience astray. He can't help it; he has followed the Author. The Israelitish usurer, who, for the consideration of eighty per cent., trades on family name and honour—such, at least, is Mr. *Thacker* represented to be, as opposed to Mr. *Streightley*, the high-principled Money-Broker, not Money-Lender—is made up so as to be a mixture of a Moses and a Mephistopheles, and suddenly in the Third Act he becomes the good angel of the drama, unites husband and wife, and is so much, in fact, the peace-maker that we should be inclined to re-christen—no,

re-name—him "*Make-peace Thacker, eh?*" but for the sacrilege of associating so revered a name with the personality of a miserable eighty-persenter.

The Broken Broker is uninteresting. It is not a strong part for a strong man. He is a contemptible creature; worse, on account of the variance between his excellent principles and his treacherous practice, than is *Guyon* himself, or *Thacker*. For acting, the first scene is his best. With the laudable object of avoiding conventionality at the end of each Act, the Author, in consequence of the effort having been half-hearted, and clearly not warmly seconded by the company, has left these final *tableaux* ragged and ineffective,—each is an end without any finish.

The French comedy-writers do this as a rule, and their Actors understand it thoroughly. Ours don't, and the question is, which is right? But in any case indecision is dangerous. Instead of that Polytechnic Dissolving - View-Music between the Acts, which the presence of a piano in the orchestra is so liable to suggest, couldn't the space occupied by the "Broadwood's Pianoforte" which is advertised as part of the attraction in capitals in the house-bill of the play, be filled with competent professors of wind and string, the tinkling cymbal, and the drumlet?

*Ariel* was produced at the Gaiety last week, and was received with demonstrations of rapturous delight—and electric light—by a house crowded in every part. At the end of the Second Act, after the Curtain had been hauled up three times to show the strikingly beautiful *tableau* of *Miranda* (Miss GILCHRIST) saving *Ferdinand* (Miss BROUGHTON) from the waves, while *Ariel* (Miss FARREN), with elec-



The Good Angel Moses-Mephistopheles unites the Broken Broker to Maid Marion.

trio-lighted wings, dances on the top of the "profile" waters, the enthusiastic audience insisted upon the Author coming before the Curtain to receive their vociferous congratulations, and his appearance was the signal for such cheering as must have sent up the Electric Light shares to an enormous premium. It was, judging from the wings,—*Ariel*'s wings we mean,—literally a "brilliant" success. The next day, and for a week afterwards, the critics outdid themselves; and to those who could read between the lines, they did not seem to have enough to say in laudation of this triumphant Shakspearian burlesque-fairy-drama, or, to put it shortly, extravaganza.

The eminent hand who does the theatrical reporting for the *Times*, and who is nothing if not courteous, went a little too far in



A Nellie-gant Ariel; or, A Rise in Electric Lights.

scarcely finding any difference between the *Ariel* of SHAKSPEARE'S creation and that of the burlesque-writer's travesty. In fact, the praise was so lavishly bestowed that we began to ask, How on earth has the author managed to "get at" or "noble" the incorruptible critics? Has the humorist humoured them? Had he previously taken them, individually and separately, into his confidence, and, as a great favour, let each one after dinner read a few gems of the libretto, and induced the Composer, Herr MEYER LUTZ, to drop in and give them some choice specimens on the piano? Was it a case of Dr. MOWBRAY MORRIS'S "chicken and champagne" treatment for acute criticism? However it was managed, there is no doubt as to the result; and if criticism such as this could alone make



a piece, then nothing further was wanting to ensure the success of *Ariel*. The music of *Ariel*, when not by the Composer above mentioned, is taken from the works of VON SUPPÉ, LÉO DÉLIBES, THOMAS, and WAGNER, and the music-hall element is represented by a couple of tunes, the pick of that peculiar *répertoire*.

Mr. ELTON'S *Caliban* is a most artistic performance, and the dance between him and *Miranda* is worthy of the unanimous treble *encore*

it receives, as every step is full of meaning, is in perfect keeping with the situation, and is as pointed as their own toes.

We agree with the enthusiastic critic in the *Daily Telegraph*, though we could not venture to express our sentiments with such absolute conviction, as to Miss FARRER'S representation of the character of *Ariel*. "She might," he says,



Caliban and Miranda, as the Backward Boy and the Forward Girl.

"as well be *Puck*, or, *Will o' the Wisp*,"—of course she might, just as well, for, as this writer hints, she could not be better. Every song of hers tells, and in the last Act her "*La Boulangère*," is demanded two and three times. Well might the critics be at a loss for words to express their feelings on the first night, but on the third, when the excitement had fizzled off, and the company had settled down steadily to their work, the representatives of the Press, had they been there, would have had lumps of delight in their throats, wept in each other's arms, and have been carried out in ecstasies. Objecting to "gush" as we do, we could yet wish that, in the interests of true criticism, the critics' night were everywhere postponed until the third performance of any new piece. *Vive SHAKESPEARE!*

If Mr. LIVING, or any Shakspearian Revivalist, were to produce SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest* intact, a more charming set of Fairies—of course, essential to the piece, whether SHAKESPEARE'S original, or DRYDEN'S, or MACREADY'S version, be played,—could not be seen, or heard, than those at the Gaiety, of whom the two "Singing Witches," Misses PEDLEY and TAYLOR, are the leading spirits. It is an exceptional thing for choruses to be encored, but the rendering of MAXER LUTZ'S clever imitation of the Rataplan solo and chorus in *Les Huguenots* thoroughly deserves it. And now we've done with theatricals for some time, as we can't get to see Mr. HARRIS'S *Dynamite Plot* at Drury Lane for at least another fortnight.

### BEFORE THE CURTAIN;

OR, PUBLIC-PRIVATE LIFE—À LA MODE.

How I loathe all this vulgar notoriety! But, there, thank goodness, the tour is over!

Delightful to think I shall have a little quiet and breathing-time before I start! Yes, as I told them at Liverpool, I think there is far too much "fuss" made about us,—that is, about me. Yes, I am almost sure there is. But they will do it. Why, I positively feel quite fagged at times with after-dinner spouting. And I'm always telling them the same thing, too,—that I wish I had been born, or bred, or buried, or something in their own blessed particular town. What humbug! But what is one to say? That reminds me. Delightful social little gathering in prospect for to-night—just a few choice intimates, to eat a farewell chop with me at the Club! Something like privacy, that. I'm quite looking forward to it. Welcome honest Sociability, at last!

About forty, or so, at that little affair last night. Odd! Came off, too, in the "Strangers" room. However, I knew 'em all—and that's something. I see, notwithstanding the precautions, it has got into the papers. Odd that, too! They don't seem to have reported my speech, though. Can't find it anywhere. Still, happy idea that, telling them I felt as if I had been born in the Committee Room!

Travelling all day. Departure seems to have been well billed. Am told that the booking at the ticket-office was tremendous. Bouquets for Miss T—at every Station, and a splendid clothes-

basket of fresh vegetables offered me by the Mayor of X—! Told him if it wasn't that I had paid my fare, I would get out, and end my days at the place. People lining the way both sides through seven counties. Never seen anything like it since first night of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Quite done up with dashing across the carriage every half-minute to bow to them. Neck got so stiff, I couldn't smile. If this goes on, I shall make LOVEDAY get himself up as nearly as he can like me, and do the acknowledgment business, while I have a nap at full length on the floor under the seat!

Knowsley! His Lordship most affable. Also my "grand old rival," as he called himself. Compared notes. Says he finds the cheering loudest when they can't see much of him—just a bit of shirt-collar and an eye. His recipe for comfort, however, is "never show at the window—but when you get a chance come out on to the platform and speak—till you clear it." *Mem.* Shall try this some day at Clapham Junction. Wishing to be polite was doing a bit of *Dazzle* to him in a corner, when he cut me short by reading a full abstract of his forthcoming speech on "Nationalisation of the Land." Half through it when I found I had to catch a train. Hearty apologies to his Lordship. Told him I felt already as if I had lived at Knowsley all my life, and that when I come back I hope to be buried there. We parted smiling. A pleasant morning.

Much disappointed (of course, merely by contrast) at my reception at W. A local Bishop, a Town Council, and a trumphy arch or two with "Welcome HENRY," and a mob held in check by simple mounted constabulary. Well, that sort of thing won't do after Knowsley! Perhaps they took me for BRAM STOKER? Who knows? However, I did the civil thing; said I hoped to come back and be buried with them, and moved off amidst enthusiastic cheering, bowing coldly.

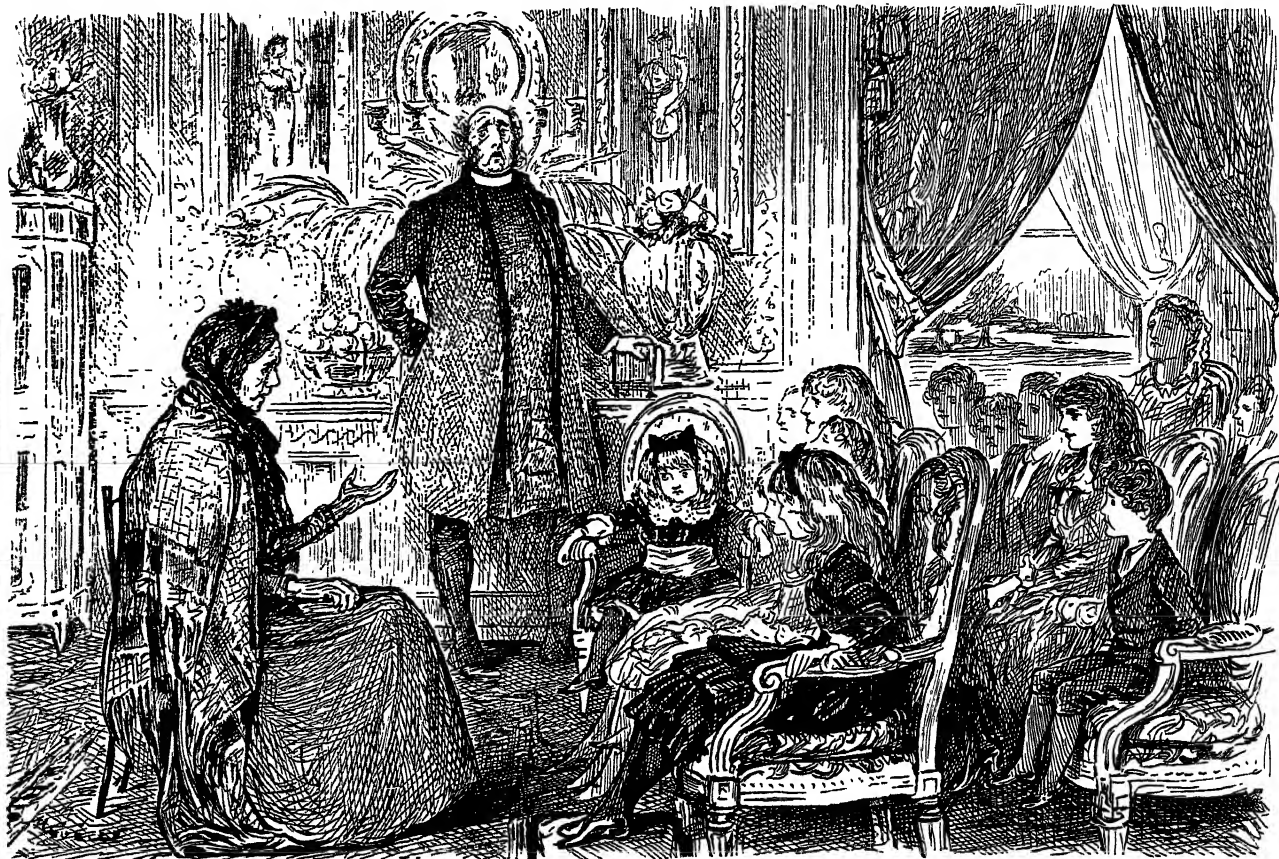
Ha! the landing-stage at length. Crowd quite dangerously large—very flattering this;—very, but I hope they won't let all of them on to the tender! Still I appear to be surrounded by friends. A sea of faces: old faces;—new faces—a great many new faces. Yet I seem to know all of them. Shall say so. I wonder whether that distinguished personage in tears, in a cocked hat, waving a farewell with a gold-tipped mace, is the LORD MAYOR about to offer me the freedom of the City. Better be civil. Tell him I feel as if I had known him all my life. He says he is the Pier Beadle, and that unless I want to go to America by mistake, the sooner I make for the shore the better.

On board at last. Now for true peace! At least, the Captain says he thinks it will be quiet enough when we get out. This enlivens one for the hour of parting. It has come. The tender slowly moves off—but there is, thanks to this miserable notoriety, no security against my most innocent and natural movements being chronicled even at a moment like this, for I see her bows are crowded inconveniently with Press Reporters. Yes, I fully believe, were I to be seen merely standing on the top of the mizen-mast on my head, but with a full heart, and waving an open red-umbrella in each hand, as a parting farewell to my good English friends,—it would be in print to-morrow morning.

Off! Shore left behind, and the *Britannic*, splendid vessel, battling bravely, almost too bravely, with the rolling of the grand Atlantic. Survey it for a few minutes, then lie down in my cabin and repeat that other *Henry's* Soliloquy on Sleep. Begin to wonder whether "the ship boy's eyes" are really "sealed up upon the high and giddy mast." I can scarcely believe it in such weather as this. I'll ask the Captain. Ha! here he is. He asks me if I feel "pretty comfortable." I tell him I feel as if I had been upon the rolling billows all my life. So I do, and long heartily for the shore! Never mind, there are no reporters here. Finish my Soliloquy, "Uneasy lies the head that's upside down," and gradually succumb to the influence of "Nature's soft nurse."



Mr. Henry Irving, with his Hatt-on, doing the States.



### HAPPY THOUGHT—A "SUNDAY SCHOOL FOR THE UPPER CLASSES."

(Vide Bishop of Oxford's Speech at the Church Congress.)

*Elizabeth Waring (Laundress and Charwoman, and Sunday School Teacher to the U.C.).* "AND NOW, MY DEAR LITTLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I TRUST YOU WILL NOT DESECRATE THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON BY GOING ON THE RIVER! YOU CAN DO THAT FROM MONDAY MORNING TILL SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU KNOW! HIS LORDSHIP HERE, WHO WAS AT ETON AND OXFORD, WILL NO DOUBT REMEMBER HOW THE OARS HE HAD PLIED SO BUSILY ALL THE WEEK, LAY UNTouched ON SUNDAY! AND YOU TOO, MY DEARS, WILL PLEASE TO GIVE UP THE RIVER, ON THAT ONE DAY—TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TOILING ALL THE BUSY WEEK LONG IN STIFLING OFFICES AND GRIMY WORKSHOPS, AND SUCHLIKE!"

### "ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS."

(Fragment of a Contemporary Celto-Classic Burlesque.)

*Orpheus-Northcote (complacently).* Io triumphe! Was perfectly sure she would follow.

Who could resist my lyre-thrumming? E'en dulcet Apollo Must own that his wonderful gift is well used by his pupil. Should like to be photographed thus, but suppose there's no Goupil

Or Fradelle in PLUTO's dark sunless domain. Twangle-twangle! Great pity! I feel that my arms, at an elegant angle, My Phœbus-like front, and Tyrtæus-like pose, are imposing, Suggestive of godlike *afflatus*. The Iron One's glozing Not in it with my fascination, so graceful, so airy.

Could TUPPER in *tenebris* touch me?

*Pluto-Parnell (aside).* A middle-aged fairy,—

A pantaloön posing as Phœbus. Woodcock aping Dizzy Were not so absurd as the prancing old buffer, so busy, With Partlet-like fuss, and the air of a new Alexander. Does he fancy—old goose!—that the girl he can really philander Away from my realm with his thrumming, self-deemed *d la* Thracian?

*Orpheus-Northcote.* I mustn't look back, but she's coming. By Jove, the whole nation

Will thank me for this. Twangle-twang! What a touch!—though I say it.

I didn't, until I came here, know how well I could play it. Makes trees—at least "sprigs" of 'em—dance. It is really most wonderful!

Doubt if JOVE-GLADSTONE himself, with a fist bolts-of-thunder fall,

Moved so completely the heart of Midlothian. RANDY, With taunts about "go," will, I hope, be henceforth much less handy.

I, the mildest-mannered—hum!—hero that ever—well, well, I Admit I ne'er fancied that I should be found *casus belli*. She comes! Her departure black PLUTO would gladly forbid, I see. Pooh! my good fellow, you haven't much hold on EURYDICE.

"Though you had bound her with Styx nine times round her,"—you try to—

My arms, at the very first thrum of the harp, she will fly to.

*Eurydice-Ulster.* Doesn't old PLUTO look black? How he's gnawing his knuckles!

And how my dear middle-aged ORPHEUS thrums, poses, and chuckles!

He's not an Apollo precisely. But after all Hades Is sombre and ugly, and not quite the quarters for Ladies. I don't like its Furies, I don't like the looks of its low range Of river-lapped flats, and though Phlegethon's floods are bright Orange,

And I, as an Orange Girl, might be supposed to admire them, I don't; and these marl-blocks so chafe my poor feet and so tire them,

That really I think, to avoid any chance metamorphie, I'll follow the music my funny old man fancies Orphic.

Ha! ha! He considers I'm ravished, and hastens to play again. I hope, when he's drawn me, he won't go and throw me away again,

As though I were really an Orange!

*Orpheus-Northcote (exultantly).* Ah! PLUTO looks black again.

EURYDICE's safe!

*Pluto-Parnell (viciously).* You old noodle! she's bound to come back again!

[Left Tableau-ising.]



“ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS.”

ORPHEUS . SIR ST-FF-RD N-RTHC-TE.

EURYDICE . MISS ULSTER.

PLUTO . MR. C. S. P-RN-LL.





## SCIENCE AND SUBSIDIES.

(A Hint for a "New Departure.")

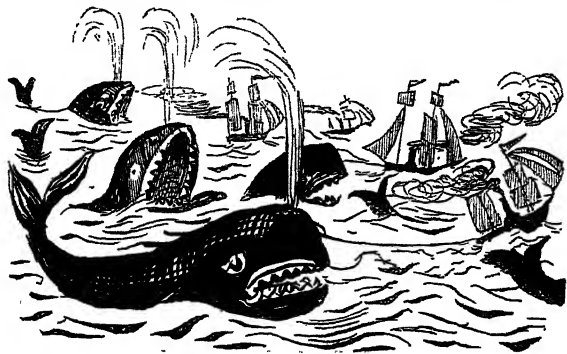
TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.

Address—The Bearer will wait for an Answer.

SIR,—At a time like the present, when we should all make sacrifices in the cause of knowledge, I feel that I have only to appeal to your well-known patriotism, philanthropy, and, I may even add, generosity, to obtain a satisfactory response. No doubt my name will be familiar to you. For many years I have given my best attention to schemes invariably calculated to do good to some of the Public. If that Public has been small—if it has been represented by a unit rather than a thousand—that is more the misfortune of the execution rather than the fault of the originator. The "Children's Bank" certainly but indirectly benefited the infants, and the "Widows' Little All Fund" was not immediately appreciated by those in whose name it was established. If neither childhood nor widowhood received pecuniary advantage, still our "boys and girls" were mulcted of money which, no doubt, would have been expended in health-destroying sweetstuff, and our "bereaved ones" were encouraged by finding themselves more than ever dependent upon their own exertions to seek new protectors and marry again. Both classes had the further satisfaction of knowing that I myself had personally lost nothing by my exertions—that, on the contrary, I had feathered that nest which should have been, and no doubt was, the object of their heartiest good wishes. So much for the past. Now for the future. Fired by the suggestions of Professor RICHARDSON and some of the scientists who took part in the recent proceedings of the British Association, I have determined to devote the ample leisure I have at my command to the advancement of science. From my earliest days the deep has had a great attraction for me, and there have been but few of my ventures which have not, in one way or another, merited the epithet of "fishy." Thus it is natural that I should have searched the ocean for its secrets. In a word, I have secured a Whale, and am anxious to find means of exhibiting it to a learned community, always on the alert to add to the general knowledge which will be the heritage of the countless generations that are to come after us.

As I am nothing if not truthful, I will briefly relate how the monster came into my possession. Accompanied by Professor WILLIAM JONES, whose many degrees (obtained in some of the most famous of the American Universities) have made his name "as familiar in our mouths as household words," I chartered a steam-yacht. We started from Gravesend, and, passing Blackwall, Herne Bay, Margate, and many other interesting places, soon found ourselves in the Arctic Regions. It was in this lonely spot, frequented only by the fleet of the Chinese Penny Steamboat Company, that we found the objects of our search. The vessel was too small to carry the whales, so we called artifice to our aid. The creatures are most intelligent, and yet, in spite of this trait in their character, are extremely fond of peppermint drops. Knowing their peculiarities, my friend the Professor had supplied himself with several ounces of the strongly-scented lozenge in question, with a view to luring them (the whales, not the drops) towards him. The huge creatures succumbed immediately to the snare. The Professor threw a peppermint drop into the iceberg-bearing ocean, and immediately a shoal of whales rushed towards it. Having thus secured their attention, we got up full steam and made for the Nore.

It was an imposing, a very imposing sight to witness the great creatures, as they followed our yacht, snapping at the highly perfumed sweet-stuff, as Mr. JONES emptied his pockets for their benefit. I append a sketch of the journey home. It will be recognised at a



A Journey through Whales.

glance by a true votary of Science as a most interesting addition to contemporary investigation. The whales, the ships, the ocean, the peppermint drops, made together a *tableau* once seen never likely

to be forgotten. All went well until we reached Southend, when, to our great annoyance, our stock of lozenges became exhausted at the very moment when the whales were jibbing at the pier. The Professor immediately recognised the peculiarity of their conduct, explaining that their obstinacy was caused by astonishment—that no doubt the whales had seen nothing like the pier at the North Pole, and were consequently puzzled, if not alarmed.

It would be wearisome to relate how our finny followers were brought ashore, and finally sent to London by the Parcels Post: but it is my duty to declare that, through some mismanagement or misunderstanding, only one Whale reached Town in safety. When the huge receptacle of the whales was opened in the presence of the brightest ornaments of the scientific world, but a solitary inmate was discovered. Having my pencil at hand, or rather in hand, I hurriedly sketched the situation.

"Gentlemen," I said, "the others must have been lost in the—" here I restrained myself to shield Mr. FAWCETT'S *employés*, and added, "—in the sea, in the sea!"



Rather Fishy.

And now, to be practical, I am in treaty with the Royal Society to exhibit at sixpence a head this very interesting specimen of the Common or (as it is rather small) I should say, Uncommon Whale. But the members of the R. S. are very dilatory, and my funds are exhausted. Under these circumstances may I beg you to advance me, at your very earliest convenience, a couple of thousand pounds. No doubt, on application, the Authorities of the Fisheries (on the matter being explained to them) would refund the money. Need I say more? I think not.

Yours most sincerely,  
(Signed) JEREMIAH DIDDLER.

P.S.—Should it not be quite convenient to you to furnish so considerable an amount, I would be equally satisfied with the ridiculous sum of three and sevenpence halfpenny.

Enclosure.

SIR, MR. DIDDLER,

I KNOWS yer, and you knows me. If yer doesn't let me ave them two arferowns as yer promised for that ther porpoise I got for you at Broadstairs, I will expoge yer! My pal TOM SMITH as writ this ere down for me. I will expoge yer as sure as my name's

(Signed) BILL JONES.  
His x mark.

[The enclosure found in our "Scientific" Correspondent's letter was apparently forwarded to us by mistake. Mr. DIDDLER's messenger (a low-class crossing-sweeper) was requested to tell his employer to call in person for the MS. If he does, the Office-Boy has received instructions to return the packet and to give the visitor "something for himself."—Ed.]

A PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—See the *Graphic* for October 6th:—

"Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, who was born in 1878, has held various high offices in India. He has been Financial Member of the Government of India, Deputy-Governor of Bengal, and Governor of Bombay. In 1880 he unsuccessfully contested East Worcestershire in the Conservative interest."

Perhaps his extreme youthfulness in 1880 might have militated against his success. But when one of the burning questions of the day is what to do with "Our Boys," it is encouraging to find Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, born in 1878, admirably filling the distinguished office of President of the Social Science Congress in 1883; that is, at the ripe age of five. What a glorious future is in store for him!

WHAT CHINA MIGHT SAY TO FRANCE.—"Heads, I win; (Pig-Tails, you lose!)"

## A DISMAL DILEMMA.

ATR—"Gin a body."

If a body tax a body,  
Straining mind too high,  
And a body wreck his body,  
Won't a body die?  
Ah! the prospect of the saddest,  
For the more we try  
Mental forage, we encourage  
De-ge-ne-ra-cy!

If this body, learned body,  
Should be Allbutt right,  
This sage body every body  
Must affect with fright.  
Back to barbarism let us  
Straightway quickly hie,  
Since forward paces mean the race's  
De-ge-ne-ra-cy!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is a proficient in French. She never loses an opportunity either of importing a French phrase, more or less correct, into her conversation, or of interrupting her Niece when in the course of her reading aloud she comes across a sentence in French, to explain it, or at least to show that she understands it. Last week LAVINIA was reading the article in the *Times* on the Navy, in which occurred the following passage:—"A French Deputy lately declared in the Assembly that the apparent progress of the French had been made backwards—'on a fait machine en arrière.'"  
"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I'm glad of that. That's a sly hit at 'dress improvers.' I never liked them myself."

PROPOSED New Lock on the Thames. Good! Then we must have a new Quay somewhere.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 158.



RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"Poll and Partner Joe."

## PLUSH AND PRIVILIDJE.

REVERENT MR. PUNCH,

ONNA'D SAW,—

HAPPERIPO of the Rite of Wearin a Cockaid there as been so menly letters in the *times* about, allow me to pint out a Sagestion wich evveryboddy avemost extornilary ovalookt. I considra my Self in the persition of a ex-attachay to a officaw in the Harmacy, in oos Servis I was till the Capting's Ridgement was orda'd Abroad. I ham now in a simila domestic Capasity to a Retired Grosa of the Clas i've erd superia Cumpany call the *noovo reach*. Now, Saw, wunce a Capting, like my late Mawsta, always a Capting. If like Mawsta like Man, then wunce a Capting's Man always a Capting's Man. Has sutch in cawse I ad a rite to Wear a Cockaid, and therefaw I shoody say ave now a equal Rite to the same distangay adawnment. I ask for Infamation if such is the Case, weather or no, and if reseavin no Ansa shall conclood that Silence gives consent to the respectfull querry of your Most Obeigiant &c.,  
JOHN CALVES.

P.S.—Mr. SUGARS will be Delited to had a Cockaid to my Uniform if Peeple don't larf at im.

LANSDOWNE'S gone to Canada;  
Him for LORNE we barter;  
And our wise well-manner'd AR-  
-GYLL has got the Garter.

MILLINER'S MAXIM.—A bad Workwoman quarrels with her tulle.

"He was a man," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "of Herculeaneum strength."

## COMMON SENSE AND LICENCE.

WHERE LUSBY'S Music Hall, managed by a Mr. CROWDER, may be we haven't the smallest idea. We know nothing more about it than what we gathered from the full report of Licensing Day's Proceedings, given in the *Times* of last Saturday; but we are delighted to see that the Middlesex Magistrates, acting, on this occasion, in accordance with the weight of evidence and the dictates of common sense, renewed Mr. CROWDER'S (of LUSBY'S) licence by a "vast majority." Because a Mister CHARRINGTON chooses to be a virtuous Blue Ribbonman, "Hot Gospeller," and Tract-distributor, are there to be no more Oakes and Ale and Comic Songs at LUSBY'S? The majority of the Middlesex Magistrates have shown themselves opposed to bigotry as irrational as it is uncharitable, and in favour of amusement within reasonable limits. We trust that Mr. CROWDER'S establishment will be crowded nightly, and that Mr. CHARRINGTON may be there to assist in the harmony at LUSBY'S,—we mean LUSBY'S.

Also the Middlesex Magistrates decided well in renewing the licence for Mr. PURKISS'S Royal (College of) Music-Hall, therein following their Chairman Mr. POWNALL'S sensible advice, who himself spoke to the respectability of the entertainment.

The people who object to such a song as "*Tidings of Comfort and Joy*" as "injurious to religion," must have a queer idea of the sort of religion which could suffer any injury from a song sung by a comic-singer got up after the style of DICKENS'S *Stiggins*, a type rendered so familiar to us all by PHIZ'S pictures. Over-enthusiastic Salvation-Army soldiers, very moody Moody-and-Sankeyites, and such like, may recognise in the form of *Stiggins* some satire on their own proceedings. But if they are wise, they would take the hint, and reform.

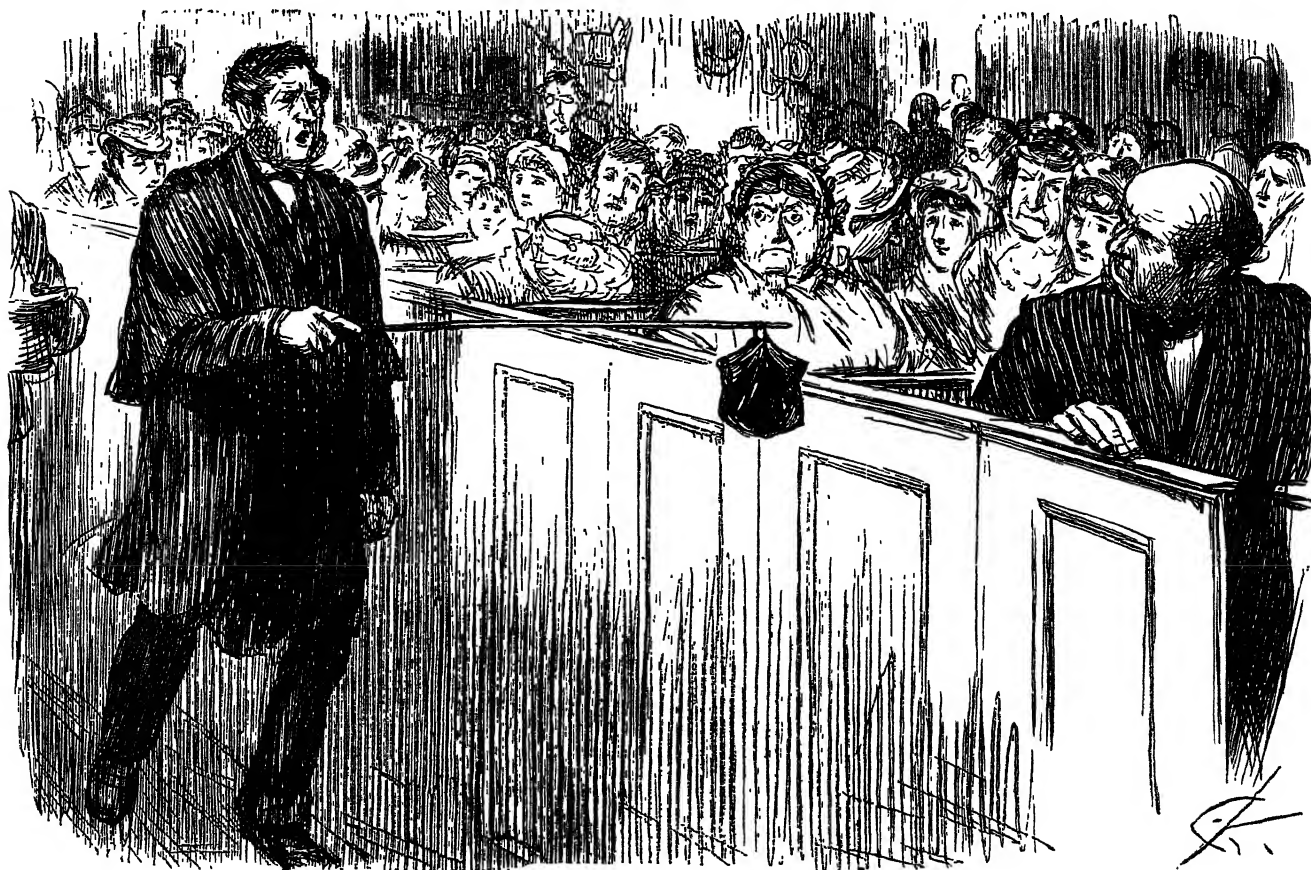
"How HOT IT HAS BEEN—ABROAD."—*Latest Reading from Port-au-Prince.*—"Hayti in the Shade."

## AS CLEAR AS (EASTEND-ON-) MUD.

THE Southend Local Board of Health, a few days ago, "considered" a letter that had been written to them from a gentleman dating from Maidenhead, who apparently had discovered that the "chief port at the mouth of the Thames in futuro" was uncommonly like a place described in these columns under the title of "Eastend-on-Mud." The Chairman, Mr. BRIGHTEN, who very appropriately took a rather cheerful view of the subject, observed, "I am sure we laughed heartily at it." But a Mr. GOSSETT apparently found it difficult to discover an answer to the question, "Who reads *Punch*?" Well, we will try and find a solution to the conundrum. We will tell our querist that *all* sensible people do who *can* read, and perhaps Mr. GOSSETT may be able to do so—in time. Evidently he doesn't at present, or his manners would be better. *Punch emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

GENERAL THIBAUDIN, *their* "only General"—at least the only one who could be found to deal in a communistic, or rough and red-dy fashion, with the Orleans Princes, and whose title to respect was his having broken his *parole d'honneur* given to the Germans, has been compelled, by M. FERRY'S determination, to resign. Who is to go next. The PRESIDENT? Probably; in which case he and the truculent THIBAUDIN will become two Red Heroes. What is on the bill of fare to follow? Another hash, and the French, not stewed in their own *jus*, will be done brown in their own GRÉVY. This will be a pretty dish to set before a King! And all because of the wretched Parisian Geese hissing at their Guest on Michaelmas Day!

SCIENCE AND FAITH.—In comparison with belief in the direct origin of the human species, to believe in the evolution of Man and Woman from a sort of sea-slugs through a race of apes, wouldn't it require, if no faith whatever, at least very much credulity?



### "FORCE OF HABIT!"

*Our Railway Porter (the first time he acted as Deputy in the absence of the Beadle). "T'KETS R'DY! ALL TICK-ETS READY!"*

### ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*From Oban to Tobermory.*—Beautiful sail. Arrive here earlier than we had expected: we did this also at Oban. Fortunate, as scarcely are we in than a hurricane commences outside in the Atlantic. The Atlantic is scarcely two steps round the corner.

Rain downpouring in buckets. Next day much the same, with lucid intervals of sun. Walk on shore in morning, ditto in afternoon. Haven't done so much walking for a long time as I have within the last few days since I came out sailing. We walked at Larne, we walked at Oban, we walk here. The Waterfalls are in Mr. ALEXANDER's private grounds—from the extent of his property I should call him ALEXANDER THE GREAT—and there is no charge for admission as there is at some places where they've only got a two-penny waterfall to show for sixpence. CRAYLEY, with his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his head more on one side than ever, examines the grand Waterfall critically, as though to detect some flaw in it. MELLEVILLE regards it judicially, as if, with a perfectly unbiassed mind, he were ready to hear both sides of any question that may arise respecting the merits of the fall. (This sounds theological.) I—such is the philosophic attitude of my mind towards it—somehow seem to have seen it all before, and, not being overpowered by it, begin, after a few seconds, to discover faces in stones, and forms, more or less grotesque, in everything. CRAYLEY, having gradually given up criticism, is now lost in admiration.

"And, like Niagara,  
Finds it a staggerer,"

says KILLICK, favouring us with an impromptu, for which he is instantly reproved by CRAYLEY, who tells him that "really he (KILLICK) has no sort of reverence for the beauties of Nature."

"It's nothing extraordinary," retorts KILLICK. "I've seen better in Wales."

"Never!" returns CRAYLEY, warmly. "This is distinctively Scotch. You'll seldom see anything like it in Wales, and never in the South of England."

"Not in the South!" exclaims KILLICK, as if he were aghast at what might be a daring imputation on his native place, which it

isn't, and I very much doubt whether he has ever been there. "Why, in Devonshire and Cornwall the Waterfalls are magnificent, and twice as fine as this."

This is flatly contradicted by CRAYLEY. If they were alone, I fancy it would end in a Sensation Scene, which could be thus described in the bill:—"The Howling Cataract—View of the Devil's Bridge—Moonlight—KILLICK meets CRAYLEY—The Assertion!—The Contradiction!!—The Altercation!!!—FEARFUL STRUGGLE!!!!—Awful Fate of the Victim—(either KILLICK or CRAYLEY)—Flight of the Assassin—The Brand of Cain!!!!" &c.

As it is, however, this melodramatic termination to a pleasant outing does not come off, as MELLEVILLE interferes in his gentlest and most soothing tones. It is (reporting it legally) *Killick v. Crayley, Melleville* intervening. I am watching the case in the interests of the general public.

"There are," observes MELLEVILLE in a marginal-reference sort of manner, but speaking as an authority,—"There are some fine Waterfalls in Devonshire and Cornwall, not unlike this, but perhaps there are finer in the North of England, and we"—(this brings us all into it)—"must remember we are seeing this on an exceptional day, after a very heavy rain, and, indeed, while it is still raining. I think we'd better get on." Both parties are silent before this timely rebuke. It reminds me of the effect of one of Mr. Barlow's lectures to Sandford and Merton. KILLICK is Sandford, and CRAYLEY, Merton. So we move onwards, as the rain is falling heavily, and we should soon be under shelter, but for the irrepressible impulse which seizes upon every one of us to throw something into the torrent (we are now standing at the highest point of the fall) merely to see what becomes of it. If nothing else were obtainable, I believe we should recklessly throw in our sticks and umbrellas, and even our coats and hats, then laugh at them, and cheer idiotically. It strikes me (philosophically and reflectively) that on occasions like the present the savage nature of man has a fierce but momentary struggle with his civilisation, and that if the savage nature once got the upper hand, the result might take the form of the dreadful practical joke of pushing the man nearest to the Waterfall suddenly over, not exactly to procure his untimely end, but simply to take him by surprise, to see how he liked it, and what the torrent





### MORE BLOODLESS SPORT.

"HULLO, BAGSTER! WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE, EH?"

"WELL, MY LORD, IT'S THIS WAY. THE CHILDREN THEY'VE BROUGHT UP THE PHEASANTS BY HAND, AND THEY'RE THAT DISTRESSED ABOUT THE SHOOTIN', THAT MY MISSUS SHE'VE BROUGHT HER BEST CHANEY TEA SET, WHICH SHE'LL LET TOMMY HERE CRUCK 'EM UP FOR YOUR HONOURS TO SHOOT AT, IF SO BE THAT 'LL DO INSTEAD OF THE BIRDS!"

would do with him. I can perfectly imagine the Untutored Savage trying this sort of thing on another Untutored Savage not belonging to a hostile tribe, but one of his own set, with whom he might really be on such friendly terms as would warrant him in taking an occasional liberty. The Untutored Savage has, of course, a sense of humour; and if he is in the full enjoyment of the highest possible animal spirits, what shape would his practical joke take except one involving some sort of cruelty? The butter-slide, the treatment of a baby, and the red-hot poker in a pantomime, come into the Untutored Savage Practical Joke Category. (Note.—Reserve this subject for Philosophical Treatise; pamphlet form; sixpence.)

*Still at Tobermory.*—We are here to-day, and not gone to-morrow. We have buoyed one another up with the cheeriest hopes as to being able to sail to-morrow. MILLEVILLE, as an experienced yachtsman, has pointed out to us that when there are bigish waves in the bay, the wind is expending itself, and that probably there'll be a comparatively calm sea, with the wind directly in our favour, all ready for us to-morrow morning, as if it had been carefully ordered overnight. We fish at intervals.

*Note.*—There is all the difference between "fishing" and "catching." The men at the bows, when they let down their lines, "catch," but we at the stern only "fish."

Wind worse than ever in the night; rain also. Outside, i.e., round the corner in the Atlantic, it is now "blowing a gale"—so the Captain says, and so also is the opinion of the Pilot. It must be, as even in Tobermory Bay we are rocking as if we were in a roughish sea. No chance of getting away. Books, the day before yesterday's papers, the piano, and writing materials, are in requisition. We write telegrams and letters, and then wait to see when there is a chance of taking them to shore ourselves. About this time we try to think of any person to whom we owe a letter, or a list of persons to whom we haven't written for years, and who have almost cut us on account of our apparent neglect. Now is the moment to make up for lost time.

Blessings on the clan MCINTOSH! We are waterproofed from head to foot, and get a little exercise on deck.

Blessings on the proprietors, editors, and contributors to *The Scotsman*. We can get no London papers here except those of the day before yesterday; but *The Scotsman* is brought on the evening of the day of its publication, by steamer, here at 5 P.M.—(but ordinarily half-an-hour or so late; no matter, blessings on the steamer also)—and is equal to three London newspapers rolled into one. Herein we read last night's debate—(last night's!).

Wind and rain continuing. In the night other vessels have dragged their anchors. We are swaying as if at sea. Wind roaring always "round the corner," like *Mr. Chevy Chase* in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and imitating the sound of several steamers all working their engines simultaneously. Yesterday's paper finished. I am working hard at *Clarissa Harlowe*. What a tediously told story, and how utterly improbable are the incidents and the method adopted

for relating them. *Lovelace* is a tremendous cad and snob. He is, thank goodness, as impossible a creature as one of *OUTDA's* burlesque heroes. BOSWELL'S *Tour of the Hebrides* with Dr. JOHNSON in requisition. Just the same sort of weather—continuous rain and wind a hundred years ago in these parts. Another instance of History repeating itself.

Locked up together in a yacht, we expend our temper—though there isn't much of it among us—on Dr. JOHNSON and BOSWELL.

CRAYLEY says "he really doesn't see that JOHNSON said such very clever things." I observe that he did "sometimes." KILLICK asks, "When, he should like to know." I try to remember an instance of a very clever saying of the Doctor's, which will settle the point in dispute at once, but I can only think of—"Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, "let us walk down Fleet Street"—which he couldn't have been always saying, at all events not in Scotland.

On quietly, with a view to future discussion, searching the *Tour of the Hebrides*, I find that, *à propos* of such weather as we are now having, Dr. JOHNSON did reply to BOSWELL, who had been complaining of it—"Sir, we have no one to blame but ourselves for starting to go from island to island under the impression that wherever we were it must be summer."

And in spite of any protestations I might at different times have made to the contrary, either out of compassion for my host's evident annoyance, or to show with what philosophic equanimity all variations of temperature and weather can be endured, I must say that I certainly held Dr. JOHNSON'S conviction implicitly, if not explicitly, or I should never have been where I now am, i.e., on board, in harbour within easy sight but difficult reach of land, being rocked to and fro with a motion which is conducive neither to reading, writing, nor thinking, while the wind is blowing great guns, the rain absolutely cascading, and the vessel's timbers are literally shivering and creaking and cracking like old furniture in a bedroom in the small hours of the night.

Our host is quite distressed. He feels inclined to apologise to his guests for the inclemency of the weather. Still, I would far rather be here than in one of those isolated whitewashed cottages on one of the deserted-looking islands which we have passed en route. At all events, we have society, provisions, food, warm clothing, excellent drinks, are well furnished with cigars, tobacco, and pipes, have plenty of books, writing materials, sofas, rugs and wraps, games, cards, piano, and a sufficient supply of music.

We actually are getting out our *Bradshaws*, our *Murrays*, our Scotch Railway Guides, with pencil and paper, to see what is the best and shortest way back again to London!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM WITH A COLD.—"I always like a man to utter his political and moral sediments boldly."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.





## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

*Lawyer.* "I COULDN'T GET THE DEEDS READY, SO, AS BROWN WANTED THE MONEY, I ADVANCED HIM FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS ON HIS I.O.U. HE 'LL EXECUTE ASSIGNMENT WHEN READY. IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT."

*Northern Farmer.* "ALL RIGHT! IT'S ALL WRONG! I.O.U. NOWGHT! IT'S E.O.I.!"

## ARTICLES DE PARIS.

It is a capital idea, that occasional column one sees in the daily papers headed "Guide to Visitors to Paris," and furnishing the unsophisticated Briton, as it professes to do, with a "list of some first-class Houses, Hotels, and Establishments" where he can, with confidence, respectively refresh and renew the inner and the outer man; still it is possible to have too much of, or, rather, make too much of even a good idea. For instance, it is all right enough to send M. JOHN BULL, when decoyed from *Son Isle* by that attractive form of a little social break-out, the desire for a "few days in Paris," either to the *Hotel Continental* for his board and lodging, or to the "Grand Magazins du Printemps," for Madame JOHN's latest Paris "Confections;" but there are some things submitted to his insular notice that scarcely come within the category of "*nécessaires de voyage*." Take the following:—

**MIRRORS and FRAMES.** Artistic. — LEVENS, Manufacturer, 9, Rue de l'Echelle. First-class assortment. No drawings sent.

Here is a distinct appeal to him to purchase off-hand a large looking-glass, a piece of goods that must prove, by the way, highly embarrassing in anything like a rough Channel passage; while, again, this simple but wholesale domestic allusion—

**BIBERON-ROBERT.** Does not exhaust the children. Manufactory, Place Daumesnil. Export.

s almost gloomy in its suggestion of perpetual home cares.

Take, too, the subjoined rather disquieting medical reminders:—

**A LOOOL de MENTHE of RICQLES,** superior for all stomach, head, heart, and nerve diseases, &c. Forty-three years' success. Eight golden medals, 25 rewards.—41, Rue Richer.

**PURIFIER of the BLOOD, Ringworm.** 36, Rue Vivienne.

## A LAY OF THE LAW.

[The Incorporated Law Society has just held a very successful meeting at Bath.]

SOLICITORS met down at Bath, the Demurrer

Was there, Affidavits as fair as could be,  
The merry Cognovits and gay Writs in Error,  
Were found to be chatting of Felo-de-Se;  
They talked of Commissions, of Bails, of Acquittals,  
Justice DAY also said what he felt as a Judge,  
And thought very likely that many acquittals  
And speeches deserved Mr. Burchell's word "Fudge."

There came Surrebutter, and eke the Demises,  
The Feoffees waltzed with the Tenants in Tail;  
Men spoke of the Sessions, and also Assizes,  
To make malefactors turn terribly pale.  
Replevin was there, with Escheats and Surrenders,  
Ejectments, and Rolls in Exchequer of Pleas,  
With Habeas Corpus, with Emblements, Tenders—  
Oh, who would not revel in pleasures like these!

The Mortgage was there, and the Certiorari,  
With three months' imprisonments, others for life,  
And Breaches of Promise, where THOMAS and MARY  
Declined, amid laughter, to be man and wife.  
The Lawyers wrangled of Plaintiff and Defendant,  
Of fierce Interpleadings and Equity "jaw,"  
And thought without doubt that all people dependent  
On Justice, had better keep clear of the Law!

"THE ADMIRATION ARMY."—This new body, consisting of selected Regiments from various tributary Mutual-Admiration Societies, will be solidly compacted on the return of Mr. HENRY IRVING, Generalissimo of the Forces, and Miss ELLEN TERRY, *Vivandière*, from America. Lord COLERIDGE, Lord WOLSELEY, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Canon FARRAR, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and Miss BOOTH will probably be offered places in the Orchestra, when they will join in "*Sound the Loud Trumpets*." Editors, Critics, and Reporters will hold honorary rank. A few carefully-selected Dramatic Authors (limited probably to one) will be invited to assist.

"It was nearly fatal, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "The poor man swallowed poison by mistake, but fortunately the Doctor came in time, gave him a powerful anecdote, and he got all right again."

**TRUSSMAKER.**—HENRI BONDETTI, 48, Rue Vivienne.

It may be fairly assumed that the blithesome traveller who cannot get along without indulging in an outlay for one or more of these useful but significantly penitential adjuncts to a holiday excursion, had far better have never come abroad at all.

But it becomes clear from the nature of some of the Advertisements that the proclivities of the British tourist are often regarded as verging on the eccentric. Here are two selected at random:—

**BROQUET, Pumps, 121, Rue Oberkampf.**

**MACHINES for TILE and BRICK MANUFACTORY.**—BOULET, LACROIX, et Cie., 28, Rue des Ecluses St. Martin. Catalogues sent.

Why an Englishman who has innocently been doing the "Louver" should suddenly wish to purchase a pump or "the machinery for a brick and tile manufactory," unless it be supposed that having a tile of his own off, he might possibly desire to supply the place of the latter, and then put himself under the former, it is difficult to conceive.

Summing up the list, however, it is pleasing to note the following concluding compliment to the cosmopolitan character of British taste:—

**JARDIN ZOOLOGIQUE d'ACCLIMATATION au BOIS de BOULOGNE.**—Open every day. Live animals on sale. Catalogues forwarded.

That after a few days in Paris, M. JOHN BULL should be *en route pour Son Isle* with a van-load or two of furniture, materials for constructing a Water-Work Company and a second-hand Wild Beast Show, Catalogue and all, evidently strikes the careful compiler of the "Guide to Visitors to Paris" as "*O yes—alright!*"



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"WHAT A PRETHUTH NOOTHENTH IT ITH! JUTH BECAUTH MA THIRNAME HAPPENTH TO BE ABRAMTH, AND MA PARENTH CHRITHENTHED ME MOTHETH, LOTH O' PEOPLE THEEM TO THUTHPECT I MUTHT BE O' HEBREW EOTHTRATHION? WHEREATH A THWEAR-A HAVEN'T GOT A THINGLE DROP O' HEBREW BLOOD IN ALL MA VEINTH, 'THELPEME!"

## THE ALL-AT-SEA SERPENT.

(Stray Leaf from a Deep Sea Diary.)

AFRAID I'm too late for that "Fisheries" concern. Still, I'll have a shy. "Giant Octopus, I know," says a distant relative of his, "has just got a medal." Too bad to leave me out of it, and I'm so fond of coloured lights, music, and cheap fish-dinners. Will make inquiries.

Heard this morning from a friendly Whale, who is always picking up the latest reliable gossip under the keels of the American liners, that the Fisheries concern was nearly over. Said, though, that if I wanted to go ashore, there was still money to be made by "starring." Suggested Aquarium as best place to begin. If you're a success, you're put on posters, go round provinces, then cross to the States. They all do it. *Jumbo* did it. COLERIDGE is at it. IRVING'S doing it now. If I had only known that, would have turned up in the middle of the Atlantic, had a good look at him, and got out of him all about terms. However, here goes for the shore for a little business on my own account.

Ugh! Here I am—close in. Horridly warm and shrimpy. Don't like this shallow fresh water tomfoolery after eight and thirty thousand fathoms of the real deep briny. Never mind, business is business. Can't see a soul on shore, though. Better show a bit.

Given a gambol or two on the surface, and displayed to 'em about eighty yards or so of me at a time—(afraid to show more for fear of

## THE MILLIONNAIRE ON THE MOORS.

MY 'art's in the 'Ighlands, my 'art it ain't 'ere,  
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, along of the deer;  
Along of the wild deer, the buck and the doe:  
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands, I'd 'ave you to know.

I bought bare estates up of lairds proud and poor,  
As they 'adn't the money to live on a moor,  
Now like any Duke I my deer-forest keep,  
And grouse-shootins also—don't care much for sheep.

I now and agin leave my ware'ouse be'ind,  
Go North for refreshment of 'ealth and of mind,  
Where solitude reigns on the 'eath all around,  
On the 'ole of my propputty I don't 'ear a sound.

There's no eagles now in the mountains to scream,  
And as for the gos'awk, 'is whistle's a dream.  
There's never no falcons a flyin' about,  
Shot down by the keepers to them I bought out.

Poor beggars, and therefore you 'll own they was free,  
Theirselves, from romance, quite as much so as me,  
In Town whilst attendin' to bisinis, although  
My 'art's in the 'Ighlands wherever I go.

## "HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES."

SIR,—Last Monday there was a Concert whereat Abbé FRANZ LISZT's compositions were performed. The Abbé is, I believe, alive and well; but on referring to HAYDN's *Dictionary of Dates* (for 1870) I find this entry:—

"LISZT, FRANZ, Hungarian Abbé and Pianist. Born, 22 Oct. 1811; died, Oct. 1868."

HAYDN's Compiler ought to have known, of course, specially as in this very year 1870 Abbé FRANZ LISZT was granted "by Government" a pension of five or six hundred a year for life. Artful Government this, if HAYDN's *Dictionary of Dates* (1870) is right; and the great Pianist and Composer had died (without communicating the fact to anybody except the compiler of this work) just two years before. Why, this is quite a little "Haydn's Surprise!" Yours, A. SHARP.

[To "A. SHARP."—Haden't you better buy a new *Dictionary*? Eh? In that old edition for 1870 they were killing 'em all off, so as to start afresh next year.—Ed.]

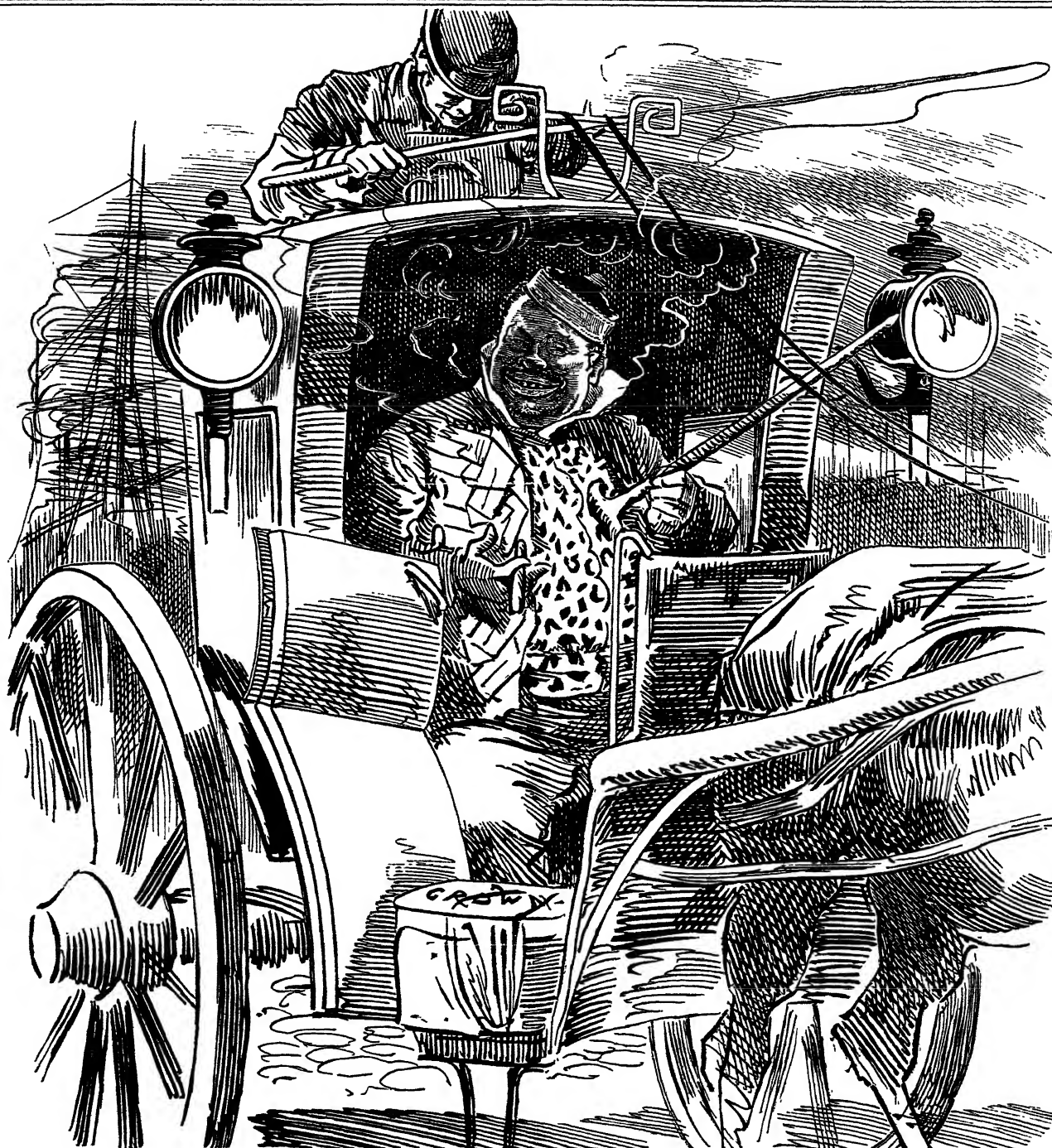
SPECULATION AT HAWARDEN.—The G. O. M. "bearing down Grand Trunks."

frightening 'em)—and finished with a playful splash of my tail, that must have been seen easily from five counties. Thought so. Quite successful. Brought out a Vicar with a telescope. Ask him if he's FARINI. Says "No," but that he'll "write to the *Times*." Goes in and gets under the table. Bah! He's no good! I wonder which is the way to Westminster Bridge.

Bless me, what a job I've had to get here! And the Thames water—ugh!—but, never mind! Have seen FARINI, after dark, off Lambeth Pier. Told him I had nearly carried away Waterloo Bridge coming through, and as I'm speaking reach as far as Erith, and am at this moment tickling the Pier with my tail. Says I ought to be a "big thing." Say I am. Asks me if I think I could show 'em "a bit of deep sea life" in a nice comfortable tank, forty-two feet by six. Terms, one per cent. on gross receipts, to be put to my credit in any sand bank I like to name, including one-o'clock dinner on first-class condemned Billingsgate fish, and, in case of death, right to my own skin. Sundays out. Tell him I'll let him know next week—take a turn up to Battersea, come down sharp, and pass the evening thinking it over in Pegwell Bay.

No—after turning it well over—can't say I see it. Anyhow—not at present. Here! what's this I hear? Someone written to the *Times* to say I'm only "a line of soot." Pooh! I may not be as black as I'm painted, but I'm not soot. So off to the bottom of the Pacific again, for a year or two, to consult a Solicitor.

"I CALL such conduct niggerly!" whispered Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to her niece, as she saw a *Millionaire* put sixpence in the plate at Church.



## BACK AGAIN!

*Cabby.* "WHERE TO, SIR?"

*Ceterwayo.* "SAME OLE PLACE. MELBURY ROAD. YAH! YAH! YAH!"

WHAT! am 'sprised, Massa BULL, jist to see 'im again?—  
 'Im ole boss KETCHEWAYO come back.  
 Yes, 'im 'ere! Berry sorry, 'im come to complain  
 Ob dem niggers down dar, who say 'im shan't reign  
 'Cos 'im come quite the Masher—in black;  
 So 'im thinks as they 'spise 'im in togs *à la mode*,  
 'Im would like to c. me back to Ole Melbury Road!

When 'im first com to England, 'im slide down the stair,  
 Dance 'im war-dance in big 'Olland Park;  
 Round 'im head a cloth muffin of gold, too, 'im wear,  
 And learn to drink rum while 'im sit on a chair,  
 As 'im sing nigger song in the dark.  
 Dem dar people each side wish 'im change 'is abode,—  
 But, yah, yah! 'im still stiek to Ole Melbury Road!

But he stay dar, and jump dar—till GLADSTONE one day  
 Say to 'im, "Dear Brer Nigger—go back:  
 'Cos for thirty-nine pounds of beefsteak ebery day,  
 'Im ole Government, yah! yah! 'im no like to pay!"  
 "Take 'im crown, dar,—Brer Nigger, and pack."  
 And den dat dar Brer Nigger, with joy 'im explode,  
 And 'im stand on 'im 'ead, in Ole Melbury Road!

But, O golly, when back dar 'im 'rives in gay trim,  
 Dem Niggers say, "Whom set 'im free?"  
 And as soon as 'im put on 'im crown with 'im brim,  
 And jist say, "Massa GLADSTONE," dem say, "Whom is im?"  
 And dis Nigger, 'im get up a tree!  
 So 'im wait for 'im chance, and 'im kick off 'im load,  
 And so 'ere 'im come back to Ole Melbury Road!





## A DRIVE ON THE MOORS.

THE REVOLUTION OF THE 'CYCLES HAS BROUGHT MANY STRANGE THINGS TO PASS—WHY NOT THIS?

## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

(On to Loch Seavaig.)

*Evening of Third Day at Tobermory.*—MELLEVILLE, our Commadore, says that the glass is rising, the wind abating, and that we shall sail to-morrow. General excitement. "The wind," he explains, "will be freshish. I expect," he adds, "that Madame *Creusa* will jump a bit outside." We all say, "Oh, never mind that," and determine that we are ready for all risks rather than remain inactive in harbour. We are advised to "belay," and make everything "taut" in our cabins. Ominous, but exciting. KILLICK says he hopes he'll be all right. I join KILLICK; but somehow, though I wouldn't on any account remain in harbour any longer, yet, to adapt the line from SIR JOHN MOORE'S burial, I "doubtfully think of the morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

¶ The morrow. Wake early with headache. The Merry Young Steward, entering with early coffee, says, "We're under weigh"—on shore he is a young London valet, but here he is more nautical than any of the sailors—so that I have slept through all the preparatory noises. "Scarcely any movement," I observe, hopefully. "Not at present, Sir," replies the Merry Young Steward, "but she'll jump a bit outside." I make up my mind to get up at once, before she does "jump a bit outside," and complete my toilette while a perpendicular position is possible. I do so, as far as I can, but in a few minutes I am forming, with the floor of my cabin, an angle of seventy-five. Getting hungrier and hungrier. I foresee my fate. "Jump a bit outside!" O dear!

*Breakfast.*—To my surprise I can eat a hearty breakfast, and feel much better, in spite of the table being one minute up to my chin, and the next touching my knees. In waterproofs ("Dressed ac-Cording-ly," the Commadore says,—hate jokes to-day) I struggle on deck. Here I manfully take my stand, holding on by a rope, and becoming more and more uncertain every quarter-of-an-hour.

KILLICK has disappeared. CRAYLEY, who is a frail creature, and generally suffering from headaches, is exceptionally well, and sits in a chair perfectly calm and happy, his head on one side, critically examining the waves (such waves!) through his eye-glass. I envy him. I envy MELLEVILLE, who has a chart before him. I could no more examine that chart now than I could leave my rope, or take my gaze (I feel it is a glassy stare) off the sea. I am becoming fixed in one position, like one of Madame Tussaud's effigies. I should like a label up with, "Please don't touch the figure." Also, "Don't speak to the figure." In general, I don't want any notice taken of me. KILLICK, after an hour's seclusion, comes up on deck as fresh as a lark—though I doubt whether a lark would find himself so very fresh when a yacht is "jumping a bit outside" in the Atlantic.

Who said he was "disappointed with the Atlantic"? I think it was Mr. OSCAR WILDE when he was crossing over to America. I don't care, as far as the sea-voyage goes, to be any nearer America than I am at present; but I certainly am not disappointed with as much as I have at present seen of the Atlantic. Its waves are mag-

nificent. They may be bigger and grander elsewhere, but these will do for me. Yes, they will emphatically "do for me." I am only disappointed with myself. For two hours I stand expecting the worst, and hoping for the best. "To be, or not to be," that is the question. By twelve o'clock it is solved: it is "to be." With a sudden rush to leeward—which makes them think I am bent on suicide—I surrender myself, cheerfully, to the consequences. I comfort myself by saying, "It will do me good." And I devoutly hope it will, as it does me awfully bad at the moment.

Then I retire. With difficulty I reach my cabin, with difficulty I lie down. And then—then! it feels as if someone were taking me up by the heels, and jobbing my head downwards against the pillow. For the remainder of the day I lie here, vainly trying to sleep, and sincerely wishing I could gag KILLICK (whose getting well so quickly I secretly resent), whose speaking voice I hear every minute laughing, talking, asking inane questions, and preventing my going to sleep. If I could get at KILLICK, and strangle him, I might be better. But I can't shout, I can't get off my berth, and there is no bell. The Merry Young Steward has looked in once, has fastened the blind across the skylight to keep out the sun, and has not returned. At 5'30 I hear the welcome grating of the anchor-chains, and "the movement in sea" ceases.

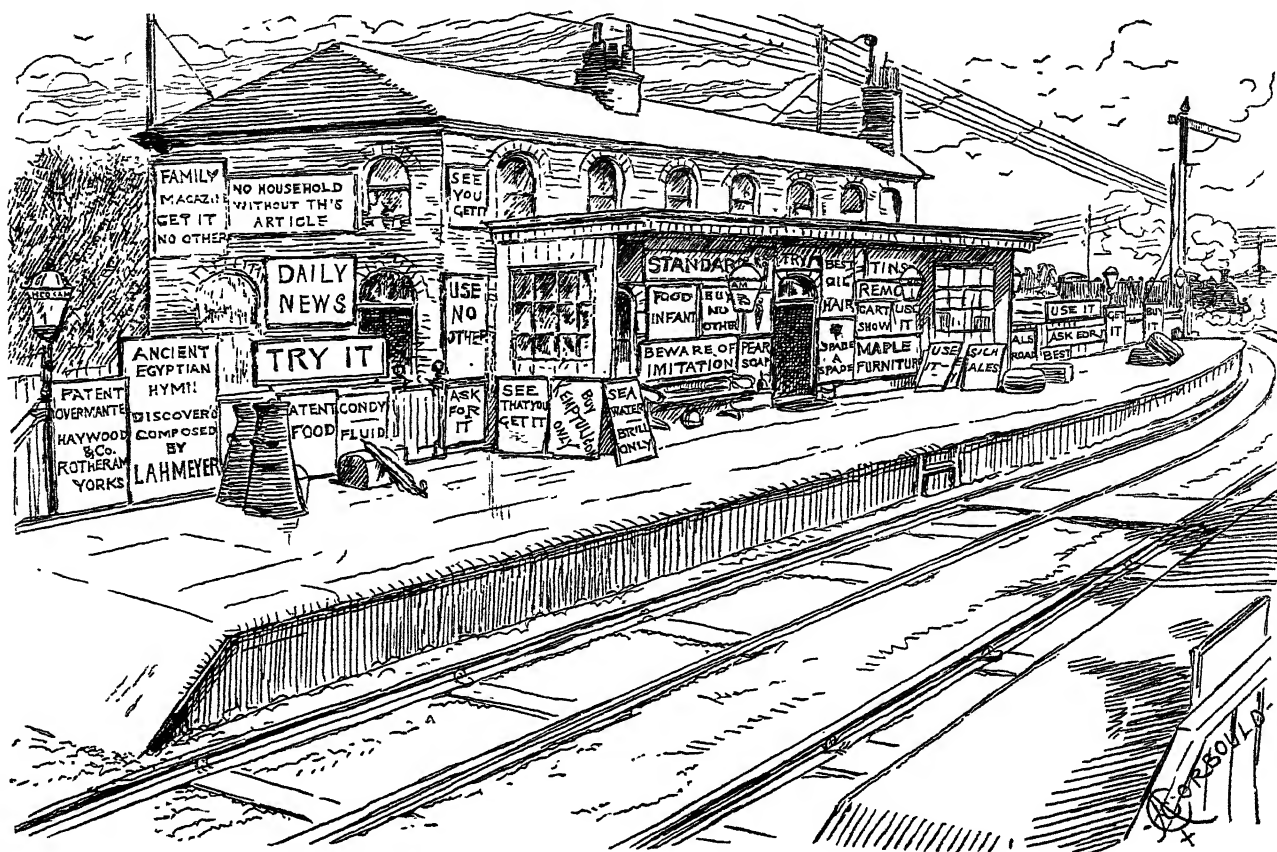
I prepare for dinner, by trying to part my hair and making myself look less "glazy." I appear as a convalescent. We are moored in Loch Seavaig, Isle of Skye, a fearfully wild spot, which might have been the country residence of the Three Witches in *Macbeth*. Just the place for their meeting here to-night, now that the "hurly-burly's done." The guide-book writers exhaust the vocabulary of abusive admiration for Loch Seavaig, until one of them, unable to hit on any more appropriate simile, calls it "The Avernus of the North."

To-morrow we are to make a "*facilis descensus*" on the Avernus "*sed revocare gradum*"—and how tired I shall be! How tired I am! Like the lover in LOVER'S Irish ballad, "I am not myself at all;" though it would be difficult to say who I am.

I can't smoke: my favourite drinks are abhorrent to me: my diet has been of the plainest. Messmates, good-night! And so at an early hour I retire to my berth; and as I undress, commune with myself somewhat to this effect:—"Would I buy a yacht if I had the money? Would I hire one for a couple of months' holiday trip? Would it be the most satisfactory way of spending a vacation? If fine, it is delightful—I mean if fine and fairly calm, and going before the breeze; but if not, if blowy, if "jumping a bit," or with a head-wind, or at sea quite out of reach of land, and unable to put in anywhere and come to an anchor for dinner—how would that be for a holiday? Supposing, too, that all my companions were to suffer as I (evidently) should, why, it would be merely a floating hospital." However, before arriving at our destination, I am likely to be sorely tried again, and so I will snatch a "fearful joy" to-morrow on shore by "doing" Avernus, "and after"—Now, bed.

*Off Avernus Loch Seavaig, Isle of Skye.*—Merry Young Steward enters cabin at 6'45. Fine morning. I am better, but only conva-





## RAILWAY PUZZLE.

TO FIND THE NAME OF THE STATION.

lescent. Very cautious at breakfast, Roughish, wet on deck, and cold: bathing not enticing, "on account," the Merry Steward says, "of the dog-fish." The dog-fish, it appears, are of the Shark family,—young Scotch or Hebridean sharks—and if you bathe,—but, in fact, nobody does bathe where the dog-fish are.

No one feels better for yesterday's gale.

With waterproofs on, we put off in gig. Avernus looks more Avernus than ever as we get nearer and nearer. Not a living soul to be seen; not a sign of habitation. The tops of the mountains are enveloped in mist, which is slowly rising. This part of Skye can only be inhabited by ghosts of departed Scotchmen who have come "bock agen." I should not be in the least surprised were LOCKE'S *Witches' Chorus* in *Macbeth* to be heard behind those heavy mists, or were we actually to come upon the Weird Sisters out for a holiday—a Witches' Sabbath—picnicking around their cauldron, and rising to dance to a tune played by *Tam O'Shanter's* goblin piper! In fact, nothing supernatural would astonish me here. I should be prepared for anything—except seeing Skye-terriers in Skye! Don't believe there are any. Should say that they had all turned into dog-fish.

It is not easy walking. Big black boulders, sometimes enormous, presenting the appearance of buried elephants, their backs only being visible, petrified by time and exposure; the devious tracks between the buried elephants' backs—which it would be flattery to call sheep-walks—are composed of bits of rock, shifty sand, heather-moss, and peat-bog of a very deceptive character. The Sun suddenly comes out, and, when it does so, it comes out very strong, so that we take off our waterproof-coats and caps, and breathe more freely. We have scarcely experienced this relief for three minutes, than down pours the rain, and on have to go our coverings again. There is no faith to be placed in the climate of Scotland. CRAYLEY, generally rather an invalid, and short-sighted, skips from rock to rock,—like a mountain-goat with a glass in its eye. KILLICK is in the height of good-humour because everyone else—even CRAYLEY occasionally—is more or less in difficulties; and he has managed to get well in front, and then asks the others "why we don't come on?" Sun shining. Very hot as we re-embark in the gig.

*Happy Thought.*—Bathe before lunch. No dog-fish close to shore. Not deep enough for them, and they're too deep for it.

For once, all agree to this. Yes, just the very time! No sooner is this settled, than the wind begins to blow, the waves to rise, the spray to attack us, so that we have to resume our mackintoshes—and in another second we are all complaining of cold, and decide, *nem. con.*, that we can't bathe with any sort of comfort to-day. Lunch. Directly the eating and drinking is finished, we are off.

I am still cautious, and do not rush up on deck in too great a hurry. They tell me the wind will be with us the whole time. "Now we sail *with* the gale"—only, it is not, thank goodness! a gale, merely a breeze.

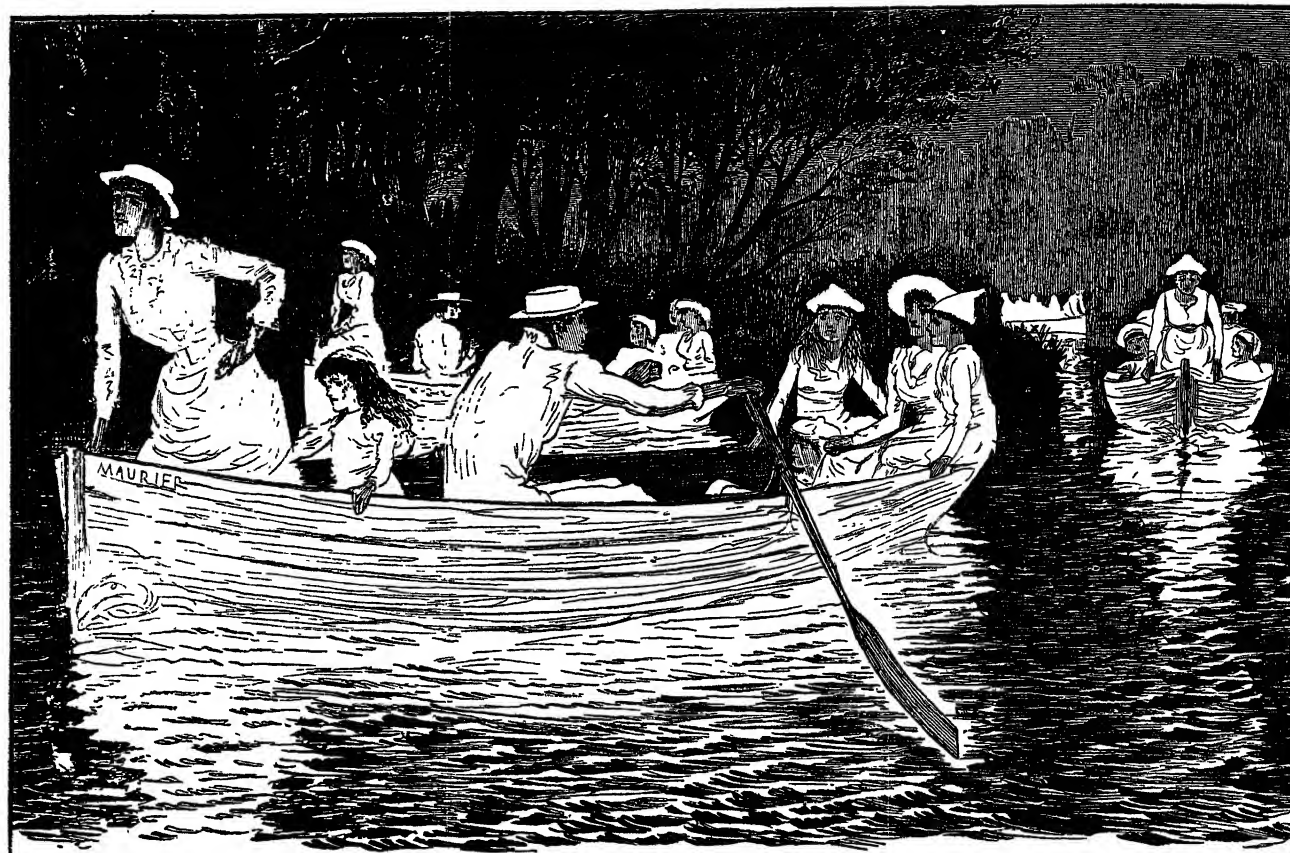
## It's All Ova!

[Artificial eggs are now manufactured in America of corn-flour, starch, albumen, gelatine, and plaster of Paris.]

"As sure as eggs are eggs." Alas! the bases Of Faith cold Science one by one effaces. Bang goes another axiom!—black disaster! Eggs are *not* eggs, but corn-flour, starch, and plaster,— "Keep good for years, and are not easily broken." Quite likely. But this is another token That Faith and Nature are on their last legs. Art has but one last *crux*—to hatch her eggs.

HIGH JINKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—On Wednesday, last week, in a heavy downpour of rain upon a large crowd of people, the Observatory erected on Ben Nevis was formally opened with ceremonies performed by a Lady who defied the deluge. *Note.*—Ben Nevis, the Scotch Big Ben. Eh, Mr. AULDJO?

SOME disappointment is felt in certain circles at Trinity College, Cambridge, having been chosen for the young Prince. An aggrieved one was reminded that Trinity is the Prince of WALES's own College. "No, it isn't!" was the immediate retort. "The Royal College of Music is the Prince of WALES's. Why couldn't he send his boy there?" After this, explanation was useless.



THOSE BROWNS AND THEIR LUMINOUS PAINT AGAIN.

## "DISINTEGRATION!"

"Like Achilles emerging from his tent, he is evidently determined that his followers as well as his adversaries shall be reminded, by contrast, of his prolonged absence from the field . . . His attack is damaging enough, but it overthrows his own friends almost as completely as his opponents."—*The Times*.

*EN AVANT!* Ah, Sir Knight, a redoubtable cry,  
Calculated, you think, scattered forces to rally.  
The time for tent-dwelling you deem is gone by,  
And so arm cap-a-pie for a desperate sally.  
Unequaled at onset, a Rupert at least,  
With a dash of Murat and a touch of Achilles.  
And then what a charger! A thoroughbred beast,  
Who pules about prudence then? Out on such sillies!

The foes? Sore discouragement reigns in their hosts,  
The Radical ruck will not fight long together.  
And as to the Whigs, poor lost wandering ghosts,  
They would only too gladly escape GLADSTONE's tether.  
Their low imprecations have greeted your ears,—  
How sad is their lot whose sole solace is cursing!  
The country, heart-sick of the barren three years,  
Its fiat but waits a fair chance of reversing.

*En avant*, then! Of course! A *beau sabreur* like you  
Is the very commander for such an occasion.  
For quieter times gentle STAFFY may do,  
With his love of fair fence and fine chivalrous suasion.  
He and SMITH and that queer Red Cross Knight and the rest,  
Very stodgy old-stagers, want rallying slightly;  
Their usage of you has been none of the best,  
You will show what it means to be dashing and knightly.

*En avant!* And a War Cry! That's ready, of course,  
One quite *à la Dizzy*,—'tis "Disintegration!"  
Sounds awe-striking, doesn't it? Vagueness has force,  
And, like Chinamen's bogey-shields, wakes trepidation  
In well, *that's* the question. To frighten your foes  
By war-whoops is possible—when they are savages;  
But *cui bono* chargers and fine swashing blows,  
If in your own ranks they are found making ravages?

'Ware heels! How he backs and buck-jumps, your brave steed!

What a shower of splashes behind him he spatters!  
SMITH doesn't half like it, and STAFF must take heed.

Rather rum Rosinante who *followers* scatters!

The cool *Standard*-bearer looks flurried and cross,

The gig-lamps of CROSS gleam "so savage and Tartarly,"

And grandmother NORTHCOTE exclaims, "Drat that 'oss!"

Call this a Review? It must be the *hind-Quarterly*!"

Ah! RUPERT-CUM-QUIXOTE, deliberate dash

Is a capital thing, when well-timed and well-measured.

But the leader who leads to surrender or smash,

Though he charge like a torrent, not long will be treasured.

You've tried the Thor-hammer tornado-like style

Once or twice, and its end has been—capitulation.

The foe at your charger and war-whoop will smile,

If amidst your own ranks they bring "Disintegration."

A REVIEWER REVIEWED:—But for G. A. S.'s reference to it in his "Echoes," only a select few would have known anything about the *Saturday Review* article on our hearty condemnation of RABELAIS. The Reviewer, after agreeing with us on our two essential points, firstly, that RABELAIS requires a thorough cleansing before he can be introduced into the polite society of to-day, and secondly, that, perhaps, after all, Professor MORLEY had better have left the "dirty old black-guard" and all his works alone,—attempts to represent him as a highly moral and kindly old cleric, on the strength of a few passages in his writings, gems which, to our thinking, are not worth wading through the intolerable muck to pick up. But as the writer has evidently only selected this congenial subject in order to use it as a stalking-horse for a malicious attack on ourselves, *Mr. Punch* leaves him to splash about to his heart's content in his own ink-pool, from which he may emerge as clean as RABELAIS himself could wish to see him.

## SONG OF THE CONSERVATIVE WORKING-MAN.

I LIKE a House o' good Peers, I do,  
I'm particular partial to Peers;  
Confound them there Rads, the cantankerous Cads,  
Who would rob the poor man of his Peers!



“DISINTEGRATION!”







### TRIBUTE DEW TO BEN NEVIS.

JUST NOW THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS. MRS. CAMERON CAMPBELL  
CROWNS THE EDIFICE.

### THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

#### PART I.—LOYAL TOASTS.

ALMOST everybody can manage to propose the health of Royalty. The subject carries with it regulation applause and conventional enthusiasm. The proposer of "The Queen" should adopt an official tone, as if for the nonce he were Premier or Lord Chancellor. He should convey the idea that he was on terms of respectful familiarity with Her MAJESTY—that it was no unusual thing for him to drop in to five o'clock tea at Balmoral, or lunch at Windsor. That in spite of this friendly feeling he yet could be an impartial critic, and in that character had come to the conclusion that Monarchy was a decidedly sensible and useful institution. But perhaps to show exactly what is meant, the Handbook may drop for a little time into a theatrical form.

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall. Principal guests on a raised platform. Remainder seated at long tables. The grace has been said or sung. There is much noise, and then a silence as a Gentleman with a double eyeglass—ought to have a double eyeglass when you want to propose "The Queen"—rises slowly and with much dignity. Rather intoxicated applause, which is checked by Toast Master, who begs all present to "charge their glasses."

Toast Proposer (looking at a list before him through his glasses, and then bowing to a Feeble Youth on his right). My Lord—(abruptly)—and Gentlemen—(applause)—when an assembly of Englishmen—(pause)—I repeat, Englishmen—(applause)—meet together anywhere, it is at once their duty and their pleasure to drink the health of their Sovereign. (Cheers.) It is unnecessary for me to say that—(Here follows what it is unnecessary for him to say about the love of the Briton for the Throne, &c., &c.) But why should I detain you longer? (A conundrum which is given up by all present.) The toast will be drunk by you all with enthusiasm. (Seeing that the interest is waning,—to arouse attention.) But, before I conclude, I think I may venture to say, with Lord GOOSEBERRY'S permission—(Feeble Youth smiles vaguely)—that had Her MAJESTY known that this gathering—but perhaps I weary you—(Cries of "No, no!" and "Go on!")—that had Her MAJESTY known that this gathering—but there—(with a diplomatic smile, and beating time with his double eyeglass)—this is scarcely the moment for explanation. All I would say, and I say it with the utmost hearti-

ness, my Lord and Gentlemen—the Queen! (Sits down with the air of an Archbishop who, having just delivered an episcopal charge, is now bent upon retiring into private life with as much humility as his high position admits.)

If the Chairman is able to give an anecdote about Royalty, a great chance is opened, to those who listen to him, of confirming his statement by a loud "hear, hear!" that argues that they (the utterers of the "hear, hear!") know as much about the matter as the Speaker himself. This "hear, hear!" is very useful when members of the Royal Family are mentioned. Thus a pushing Physician or a "Society Barrister" can convey a world of information in a cheer, confirmatory of the platitudes that "the Princess is beautiful," "the Prince is as good-natured as he is conscientious to perform his public duties," and that "the Duke is a most able seaman." A certain Doctor has been known to bring tears into the eyes of all present by the deeply sympathetic tone in which he has applauded the remark that "the Duke of CONNAUGHT has ever preferred duty to pleasure." The learned healer on hearing this statement is wont to look up sharply at the speaker, shake his head slowly, sigh, and observe, "Hear, hear!" in a voice suggestive of a response in church.

In proposing the members of the Royal Family, it is as well to bear in mind their chief characteristics. The Prince and Princess may be left out of the collection, as everyone knows their excellent qualities. Here follows a list:—

*Duke of Edinburgh.*—Sailor. Plays the fiddle like an angel. Married to rich Russian Princess. Friend of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Name of His Royal Highness can be easily introduced *à propos* of the Fisheries Exhibition, Diamonds, Coastguard Service, Nihilism, and H.M.S. *Pinafore*.

*Duke of Connaught.*—First-class Soldier, covered with Egyptian medals. Married to daughter of "the Red Prince." Has served in Artillery, Rifle Brigade, and Hussars. Is now a Colonel in the Guards. Useful ornament to dissertation upon the toast, "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers." His Royal Highness may be called "the heroic and beloved son of our revered Sovereign"—by a provincial Mayor. Name may be introduced anent Ireland, the Franco-German War, Foreign Stocks—"Prefs" and "Unified" the late Duke of WELLINGTON, and "the Patent Camp Equipage Hold-All."

*Duke of Albany.*—Scientific. Called after the old King of the Belgians. Was at Oxford. Connected more or less with South Kensington: Upton Park Road, Bedford Park; the Kyrle Society; and Cremona violins. Is walking in the steps of the late greatly lamented Prince Consort, &c., &c.

*Prince Teck.*—Served with distinction as a letter-carrier on the field of Tel-el-Kebir, sold furniture of Kensington Palace by auction, and retired abroad. Name of no great value to anyone. Is a "Serene Highness." Semi-royal joke to be used rather late in the evening, "As the Duke takes adversity and prosperity with equal equanimity, in years gone by he would have been called an 'All Serene Highness.'"

A Royalty returning thanks will speak of the "Duchess and himself" as being greatly gratified at "the very kind manner" in which the toast has been received. He will be also pleased (when receiving a deputation for instance on landing after a particularly rough passage), "at the expression of loyalty to the QUEEN," to which the Mayor and Corporation will give vent. At a few moments' notice he will learn the name of the town and its chief product, and introduce both into his reply, and suggest that, as he was not lucky enough to be born there, "he should be very pleased to be associated with so interesting a part of Her Majesty's dominions." But even this is scarcely necessary. Should the Royalty be heard, so much the better; but should his voice be weak, it will be drowned by the cheers, and nothing of the speech will catch the populace. And—once again—sometimes so much the better!

### Poetry for the Porte.

(Dufferin's Version.)

EUROPE had an old *Islam*,  
Uncivilised and slow,  
And every way that Europe went,  
*Islam* refused to go.

SONGS OF THE  
STREETS.

A ROUNDEL IN THE RAIN.  
Hr! we shout with voice  
ecstatic,  
As the coming 'bus we  
spy;  
In the wet we get rheu-  
matic—  
Hi!

Stop! we fain would  
travel dry,  
O conductor acrobatic,  
Why not stop a moment,  
why?

"Full inside!" the auto-  
cratic  
Driver yells as he goes  
by!  
Still we shout with voice  
emphatic,  
Hi!

ONE of the Musical  
Correspondents—a very  
learned person, of course—  
at Leeds asked when the  
"English pitch" was going  
to be touched by the Legis-  
lature? The present Minis-  
try has quite enough on its  
hands without meddling  
with this, which, remem-  
bering the proverb about  
pitch generally, they will  
be very careful to avoid.

"Ah! it was a gale!"  
said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM;  
"it shook our house by  
the sea-side, and I couldn't  
help murmuring to myself,  
as I lay awake, the words  
of the old song you know,  
my dear, 'Cease, rude  
Borax'!"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 159.



"GENERAL" BOOTH.

HIS OWN TRUMPETER.

SHAKSPEARE AT  
PADDINGTON.

I KNOW a bank whereon  
foul road-slush flows,  
Where passing one hath  
need to hold one's nose;  
Where the familiar slop-  
carts do combine  
To store malodorous muck  
in fetid line.  
There drowns heavy  
BUMBLE day and night,  
Lulled into stupor to his  
soul's delight.  
He, with his pompous Pad-  
dingtonian kin,  
With well-plumped pocket  
and with well-filled skin,  
Allows the fetid foul fer-  
menting mass  
To nauseate the souls of  
all who pass.

Addendum by Mr. Punch.  
BUMBLE's our "Bottom"!  
—written down an Ass!

AN eminent tenor of  
everybody's acquaintance  
is always dreadfully ner-  
vous when he has to sing  
a new song. He shivers  
from head to heel. One of  
the audience seeing this  
effect, and ignorant of the  
cause, supposed that the  
poor man had caught a  
severe chill. "Not a bit of  
it," explained a friend, "it  
is only because it's the  
first night of a new song."  
"Ah, I see," was the reply,  
"he feels cold because he  
is in a state of new ditty."

MR. GLADSTONE'S PATRON  
SAINT.—St. Mary Axe.

## MEMS. OF A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

WONDERFUL how people got along in the old empirical rule-of-  
thumb times, when *de minimis non curat lex* was indeed a verity.  
Why, *de minimis* is the theme and care of the Minute Philosopher, and  
*lex* is every day dealing more closely and rigorously with what are  
erroneously called the "small things" of life. Our only difficulty  
is to get Law to move fast enough. Law ought to fit in like a second  
skin. And it doesn't—yet. Look at Breathing, for instance! The  
most important action of Life, and Law hardly touches it. Fools  
have a frantic notion that they may respire just as they please,  
*breathe freely*, as they would say. What can be more absurd? I have  
been thinking a deal about Breathing lately. It is a sadly neglected  
subject. Doctors, indeed, have written books about "The Air we  
Breathe," but how about the way in which we breathe it? A virgin  
subject, which I, JOHN PARTLET, M.U.B.S., have made my own.  
Shall not write to the papers about it this time, or read a "Paper."  
No. I shall write a Handbook! It has long been the ambition of  
my life to write a Handbook, and here's my chance. Such a subject!  
*Who knows just how many respirations per minute he ought to allow  
himself in all given circumstances?* Why, nobody. My Handbook  
will tell all about it. It will be called *The Rationale of Respiration*;  
or, *How to Breathe, When to Breathe, and Where to Breathe*. If it  
doesn't create an Epoch, I'm a—FUSTILUG!

An important section of my Handbook will be devoted to demon-  
strating that the mode and rate of the respiration of the Individual  
should, in the interests of the Community, be regulated by Law. Free  
Breathing has doubtless been the curse of the world. I'm astonished  
—but glad—that no one ever thought of this before. Breathe freely!  
—which means capriciously and unscientifically—indeed! Monstrous!!  
In view of the Lung-Furnace Theory and the awful unplumbed pos-

sibilities of GERMS, I do not hesitate to say that empirical, lawless  
respiration is *High Treason to the Race!* My Handbook will  
prove it.

And to think of the horrors of a World without Handbooks! Sur-  
vival of the Fittest, indeed! The wonder is that there were any fit  
to survive!!!

And yet what a lot of people there are still left! The Survival of  
the Unfit! There's a promising subject! I must think it over, and  
perhaps prepare a paper on it for the coming Pancosmical Congress.

## Lines for a "Leader."

BETWEEN China and France there exist "complications,"  
Which have "strained" to the utmost their "mutual relations,"  
Till they now have arrived at a state of such "tension"  
As to furnish occasion for "grave apprehension,"  
And, because they are quite the reverse of "elastic,"  
They are likely to snap. But a remedy "drastic,"  
As the safest and surest of friendly advice is,  
Would but sharply "accentuate" this present "crisis."

"CLIFFORD LLOYD in Agypt," read out TIM MURPHY. "Is it  
that same CLIFFORD!" exclaimed PAR FEENY the Fenian. "Loy'd in  
Agypt, did he? Faix, he'd loy annywhere."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing that a young lady friend was about  
to be married, remarked, "Of course she'll buy all her wedding  
things at Madame TROUSSEAU'S."



## CONCLUSIVE!

Volunteer Colonel (Swell Brewer). "I'M AFRAID, MR. JENKINS, YOU HAD BEEN INDULGING IN POTATIONS THAT WERE TOO STRONG FOR YOU!"

[Private J. was being "called over the coals" for insubordination at the Inspection.

Private Jenkins (who is still wearing his Bayonet on the wrong side). "OH, I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DRUNK, SIR, FOR I NEVER HAD NO MORE THAN ONE PINT O' YOUR ALE ALL THE BLESSED DAY!"

## THE OLD VENETIAN BLIND.

"Life would be tolerable were it not for its—Venetians."  
The Swinging Philosopher.

VENETIAN Blinds? I hate 'em, yet they always seem to me  
Fit emblems, in a mansion, of re-spec-ta-bil-i-tee;  
And memories their greenery will doubtless ever bring,  
Of stocks, and stays, and curly hats, when GEORGE THE FOURTH was  
King:

Connected with that period they all appear to be,  
With port and polished tables made of dark ma-hog-a-nee.  
In spite of all these memories, I think you'll feel inclined  
To speak in terms disparaging the old Venetian Blind!

Though boasting many virtues, it is not possessed of one;  
It keeps your room as dark as night or dazzles you with sun;  
It has a cord of many knots, not one of them is right,  
And halyards which will never work to turn it "dark" or "light."  
'Tis noisy, too, and cumbersome—you pull it up with dread,  
It comes down with a clatter on your shoulder or your head!  
'Tis a fearful nuisance, and you very soon will find  
A terrible impostor is the old Venetian Blind!

Its pulleys never glibly run, its laths are seldom strong,  
Its webbing ever giving way, its lines are always wrong;  
They often break quite suddenly, and, as the blind you scan,  
It gives an imitation of an epileptic fan!  
You may storm and you may bluster, may objurgate and frown,  
When down, you cannot get it up; when up, can't get it down!  
Though workmen come and workmen go—you'll have to be resigned,  
And spend a little fortune on the old Venetian Blind!

I wonder who invented it, and was he known to fame?  
I feel so very certain that it ne'er from Venice came;  
It never sheltered Doges from the ardent solar rays,  
Nor screened Venetian beauties from their lovers' longing gaze!

It must have been invented by some fiend in human shape,  
To give the world a trouble that it never could escape—  
For health and wealth and happiness, and ease and peace of mind,  
All perish in the worry of the old Venetian Blind!

## A TUNNEL TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT!

(Extract from a Submarine Conversation-Book.)

SHALL I be able to enjoy a view of the Royal Yacht Squadron when I am under the Solent?

Ah! So Ryde and Cowes have now become one town, have they? And how like Margate the place looks, with all these excursionists having donkey-rides on the beach!

Those swings and merry-go-rounds in the neighbourhood especially add greatly to the appearance of Osborne from the sea.

As Ventnor now has an Aquarium, three Music-Halls, and a branch of the Salvation Army, we already see the advantages of the "Isle of Wight and Mainland National Tunnel."

Did you say that the new Company formed to make a branch submarine line to the Channel Islands is in liquidation?

How pleasant it is to see all that crowd of cheap-trippers gathering cockles at the foot of Shanklin Chine!

Freshwater has certainly improved in appearance since the five new hotels and the race-course were completed.

No, it is not true that the Poet-Laureate has consented to read "Morte D'Arthur" from a bathing-machine on Bonchurch beach, in return for a per-centage paid by the Railway Company on every excursionist brought down by the "Tennyson Express."

Is it possible that the South-Western really does the distance to Ryde now in twelve hours?

The invalids in the hospital seem quite to enjoy the sound of the five rival brass bands on the Pier.

And, finally, it is perfectly correct that the hotel-proprietors, lodging-house keepers, and owners of house property and land in "The Island" generally are delighted with the new state of things.



## LABOR OMNIA VINCIT:

OR, HOW SOME OF 'EM TRY TO LIVE NOW.

*(Petite Comédie Sociale, as performed daily, with the greatest success, at several leading West-End Houses.)*

The Scene represents the fashionable boudoir of a well-known Mansion in Mayfair. Lady SKRIBELER discovered, seated at a dainty little Early English writing-table, amid a heap of highly-perfumed official and other stationery. On the right, a spreading pile of crumpled Society Journals; left, a bijou gold-edged "Johnson's Dictionary." As the Curtain rises, the Hon. Mrs. HARDUP is announced, and enters.

Lady Skrib. *(putting down her pen)*. Why, my dear TIZZIE, where have you come from? What has brought you up? Why,—I thought you were all down at Scrapings, economising, till November?

Mrs. Hardup. I've no doubt you did: and so did I. But *homme propose*, or, rather, HARRY does,—and disposes, too, of everything. He took away my carriage all the Season, and now he has cut down my allowance, dear, to a sum that I'm positively ashamed to mention. You would scarcely believe that—

*[Enters into thrilling, but painful, particulars of domestic retrenchment for fifteen minutes.]*

Lady Skrib. *(pleasantly)*. Dear me! But how do you manage! You should make him do what everybody else does; go into trade, or keep a shop, or something, you know. Why doesn't he sell wine?

Mrs. Hardup. Oh, he has done that. He was Chairman of that Thuringian Claret Company; and we got ever so many people about us, to take a quantity. But it fermented—or did something stupid; and they do say it killed the poor Duke, who was very kind to HARRY, you know, and took a hundred dozen at once. And now, of course, there's no sale—whatever they call it; and HARRY says if it can't be got rid of to a firm of Blue Ink Makers, who are inquiring about it, it will have to go out to the Colonies as *Château Margaux*—at a dreadful loss. *(Summing up.)* I don't believe the men understand trade a bit, dear. So I'm going to do something for myself.

Lady Skrib. *(interested)*. What? Are you going on the Stage?

Mrs. Hardup. No chance, my dear! The Stage is quite full; overstocked in fact. Not a place for a Chambermaid even! Though Mr. SAWDER, the "Stage-coach," you know, of whom I was taking lessons, and who never compliments anybody, said I should have made the best *Juliet* since Miss O'NEIL. But with all his influence with the Managers, he could only promise me a week's engagement at the Fancy as *Mrs. Bouncer*. So I've taken to china painting, and I've done a lot of plates; and I want you, dear, to get rid of all of them for me to your friends, at seven guineas a-piece.

*[Hotly presses her for another fifteen minutes to take five-and-twenty decorated flat wash-hand basins on sale or return.]*

Lady Skrib. *(kindly but firmly)*. Impossible, my dear. Everybody does them, you know. Why, there's Lady CLYNTHORPE, and the GREVILLE girls, and the PONSONBY TEMPLARS, and, oh, I could tell you a dozen others, really very clever, who are doing nothing but painting butterflies and sprigs on over-sized soup-plates from morning till night; but they can get nobody to take one of them. *Entre nous*, I myself did a lovely vegetable-dish cover, and sent it to HOWELL and JAMES. But it has been there quite eighteen months, and they tell me there's no sort of demand for it. No, believe me, *this*—*(holding up her pen)*—is the only thing that pays, dear. Nothing else. *(Smiles with significant triumph at the confusion on her dainty writing-table.)* This is what you should do.

*[Hands her a back number of the "Peacock."]*

Mrs. Hardup. Why, I didn't know you wrote, dear! How clever you must be! *[Runs her eye vaguely over a two-page feuilleton.]*

*Enter Lord SKRIBELER, an elderly Nobleman, hurriedly.*

Lord Skrib. Ha! How do, Mrs. HARDUP? How's HARDUP? I thought you were down at Scrapings. *(Making for the bijou JOHNSON'S Dictionary.)* Only a moment, my dear. How do you spell "development"? Always bothered about development. Is there an "e" in the middle or not? *(Looks it out.)* One's head gets quite puzzled trying to turn these things out nicely. At least, mine does. Ha! here we are!

Mrs. Hardup. What! do you write your speeches out first?

Lord Skrib. *(cheerily)*. Speeches! Why, I haven't even seen the Woolsack for the last three years. *(Chuckling.)* No, I'm literary. Ha! ha! ha! *(Laughs long and loud, and looks out another word in the Dictionary.)*

Mrs. Hardup *(with increasing interest)*. And do you write, too?

Lord Skrib. Rather! Look at that!

*[Points with beaming pride to occasional paragraph in the "Peacock," commenting on the form of a second favourite at a recent race meeting, and furnishing important details as to the character of the champagne and truffle-pie on a distinguished Earl's drag, together with some neat allusions to the toilettes of the Ladies of the party.]*

Mrs. Hardup *(feeling herself in face of a revelation)*. What? And is it really you who send this sort of thing?

Lord Skrib. I should rather think it was! Don't get anything out of my tenants, not even after returning them seventy-five per cent. of what I haven't received. Why, I got seventeen and sixpence for this "par"—that's short for "paragraph"—alone. And, look at this. Who says my Lady can't write, too? Look here. *(Reads.)* "The dance of the evening, on Friday, was at Mrs. POPINJAY JACKSON'S, and as there was no lack of supper, everybody was in the best of tempers. The arrangement, too, of hired mignonette on the covered balcony was delightful, and though the heavy rain poured steadily through in several places, one or two *renommé* couples were lingering there till half-past five. POLLAKY'S private band was in attendance, but the cheap character of the damask made dancing dangerous. Nobody, however, was seriously hurt. There were several *belles en evidence*, and the palm of beauty was, by universal consent, accorded to pretty little Mrs. HOPRON FLYPP, who wore a briek-dust frock and sack (*charbon-de-terre*), and who, spite of a tiresome and facute influenza, showed no lack of spirit in the refreshment-room. I ought to add that the linkmen were particularly civil, which is not usually the case at this house. The electro-plate was from FOGELS."

*Enter the Youthful Heir to a Peerage.*

Youthful Heir. Ha! I've seen it! Capital, my dear Lady SKRIBELER; I congratulate you. You beat me out of the field. Look at mine! *(Takes paper, and reads with fitting emphasis, three lines and a half about the new breakfast-tariff of an unimportant Cavalry Regiment.)* It ain't long, is it? But the Chappies will like it, won't they? I should think I ought to get three-and-six for that? Eh? It's every word of it true, you know. And they gave me five for that bit about Old CHAMPNEYS sending down his mutton-chop at the Megatherium. You saw it?

Lady Skrib. Oh yes! It was just the sort of thing to interest them.

Youthful Heir. And I've sent two good stories—after-dinner sort, you know—*(Lady SKRIB. intimates that she understands)*—to the *Action*, and three jokes to *Momus*; hope to see 'em again, in print. Why I'm putting by quite a small fund for my bootmaker.

*Enter Youthful Heir's Uncle, the Dean of PLUMBOROUGH.*

Dean *(overhearing his Nephew's last observation)*. Delighted, my dear ALGEY, with your excellent resolution. "In books and works and healthful play"—we can all go to one of the theatres now, thank goodness!—"let my first years be past."

Lord Skrib. Dr. WATTS, eh?

Dean. I believe so. Nothing like a determination to succeed in whatever you undertake. As *Momus* hasn't sent back my last, which was charmingly illustrated by MATILDA—she's only seven, you know, and it's quite wonderful—I dare say it will appear this week. In the meantime you will be glad to hear that I have just gained the prize of two guineas for guessing the Acrostic in the *Sphinx*.

All. Bravo!

*[Mrs. HARDUP hopes that she may one day guess an Acrostic.]*

Dean. Yes; there is work for all nowadays. No one need be idle—"for Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Lord Skrib. Dr. WATTS again?

Dean. I think so. But how true! Journalism is not nowadays a close borough; it is open to all. It is—*(They look at their watches.)* It is, I was about to say—*(Exit the Youthful Heir with "copy" to send off to the "Rumbler," &c.)* It is—*(Exit Lord SKRIBELER to finish his paragraph.)* It is—

Lady Skrib. You'll excuse me, Uncle, but I'm very busy; I've several "pars" to finish, and they go to press earlier this week.

*[Makes a sign aside to Mrs. HARDUP that she is not to go.]*

The Dean *(blandly)*. Quite so. I'm busy myself. I'm in for three Acrostic Competitions, and—*(smiling sweetly)*—I give a fourth of my earnings to a local charity, a fourth to my wife, and the remainder—Good evening, my dear Madam. *[Bows, and exit.]*

Lady Skrib. And now, my dear, where were you last night?

Mrs. Hardup. I was at the MANHATTANS' dinner, Lady SQUARUM'S At Home, and the MOTHER'N' ball.

Lady Skrib. Very well. Now, as I wasn't at any of them, just try your hand at a description of all three,—the leading points, you know—something after this style—*(hands her a model paragraph of her own composition)*,—and let me see it when you've done. *(Gives her pen, ink, and paper, and sets her to work.)* You'll soon get into it.

*[And she does. Profiting by the morning's conversation, she, too, relegating her five-and-twenty flat wash-hand basins to chaos, besieges unprotected Editors, contributes to the literature of her country most interesting weekly accounts of the doings of her friends and acquaintances, and, it is to be hoped, practically solves, to her own satisfaction, the secret of the way in which a good many of us manage to live now.]*



## THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

## PART II.—POLITICAL STUMP SPEECHES.

THE Parliamentary Debater who is permitted by his party to perambulate the country for the purpose of indulging in "out-of-Session utterances" is invariably a practised Speaker. At Westminster he has been tried before all sorts of audiences, from the full House of a "big fight" right down to the "two men and a Speaker" of a "nothing-serious-on" dinner-hour. Consequently it would be an act of supererogation, not to add impertinence, to teach such an orator what to say and how to say it. For all that the Stump Speaker may be benefited by a few practical hints. It will be as well for his Private Secretary, having obtained a chart of his Chief's projected tour, to go over the ground beforehand, either in person or in spirit, as "an agent in advance." The Secretary should ascertain the characteristics of the people who live in the various places through which his master will have to travel, and then should proceed to draw up a sort of tabular report. For instance, say the Right Hon. Sir MAYPOLE WAISTCOAT intends a little trip to the West. He is going from England to Ireland, and returns by Wales. The following might be an extract from the Private Secretary's memorandum-book:—

NAME OF TOWN.	GENERAL IDEA.	SAFE SUBJECTS.	UNSAFE SUBJECTS.	USEFUL FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED.
Blunderton.	English Seaport, with Fishermen Voters.	The beauty of the Town Hall. The repeal of the Spirit Duties. Advocacy of increased pay to the Crew of the Lifeboat.	The Corrupt Practices at Elections Act, and the success of the International Fisheries Exhibition.	That the borough was disfranchised for bribery. That for many years the more respectable of the inhabitants have been attempting to accomplish a Post-Office Mail job.
Castle Shillelagh.	Irish Home-Rule centre.	Only one quite safe—Whiskey. When sober enough to understand the purport of a speaker's remarks the inhabitants will cheer the name of CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.	Every other subject save the consumption of alcohol.	That the last Member was shot at four times, and only saved by local unsteadiness of aim. That they always try to kill strangers.
Glenbyggygy.	Welsh Boro', owing everything to the beauty of adjacent scenery, which attracts wealthy tourists.	The increase of Excursion Trains. The Eisteddfod.	The veracity of Welshmen. The charms of North Llyn-dyppyd, a rival beauty spot.	That ninety-nine hundredths of the audience don't understand English, and that the remainder speak nothing but Welsh.

Of course the above is merely the roughest of rough guides. A good Private Secretary will find out whether a political speaker has ever been killed by a brickbat or pelted with rotten eggs. He will see that his Chief is properly dressed to meet any emergency. In Blunderton the Right Hon. MAYPOLE might wear a yachting costume to suggest that his heart is in the proper place, and sympathises with the toilers of the sea. In Castle Shillelagh a complete suit of steel armour, worn under the cloth clothes, would be imperatively necessary to prevent accidents. For Glenbyggygy, a dress suggesting intimate acquaintanceship with the more respectable of the Music Hall agents would seem advisable. There are a number of "Bards" wandering about Wales who would feel impressed at meeting a gentleman who appeared likely to be able to get them "a turn" at some Metropolitan "Palace of Varieties." As to the subject-matter of the speech, that is an affair of no great importance. Of course the oration should be written out beforehand, and "communicated" to the Press, for transmission to London. What is actually spoken on the spot is seldom heard by anyone save the reporter, who, however, having a "corrected slip," listens with very little attention. The stumper must do his best to keep his temper. He must remember that although his words are intended for the whole world, upon his personal demeanour will depend the party retention of a seat. He consequently will do his best to be all smiles and affability. If he happen to have rather a quick temper, it will be as well for him to

rehearse the part he will have to play, with his Private Secretary, who should be an accomplished Amateur Actor. To more fully explain the meaning of the above, the Guide drops for the nonce into a dramatic form:—

SCENE—Interior of the Right Hon. Gentleman's Study. Mr. TENTERFORE (the Private Secretary) discovered awaiting his Chief's appearance. Enter Sir MAYPOLE. Mr. TENTERFORE rushes up to him, and seizes him by the hand.

Sir Maypole. This is the proudest—

Mr. Tenterfore (interrupting). Stop, Sir MAYPOLE! I am impersonating the Mayor, and in that character must shake hands with you for ten minutes, and talk rubbish to you for three-quarters of an hour.

Sir Maypole. All right! Go on! [His Secretary goes on.

Mr. Tenterfore. Stop, stop, Sir MAYPOLE! You are actually going to sleep!

Sir Maypole. Only closing my eyes, my dear fellow—only closing my eyes.

Mr. Tenterfore. But you mustn't close your eyes. And that speech-receiving smile of yours is scarcely natural enough.

Sir Maypole (annoyed). Tut, tut! And yet I have practised it every day for the last six months, in the looking-glass, while I was shaving!

Mr. Tenterfore (encouragingly). Oh, it will come in time. And now, Sir MAYPOLE, will you please mount this table?

[The Right Hon. Gentleman obeys, and immediately comes a "cropper."

Sir Maypole (getting up). I say, this is beyond a joke! I have hurt myself!

Mr. Tenterfore. I got a weak table purposely. Sorry to inconvenience you, Sir MAYPOLE, but you must accustom yourself to these little contretemps. And now, if you will make your speech, I will interrupt you in the customary places, and pelt you at the points where I think it is most probable you will receive a hot reception.

Sir Maypole (doubtfully). I say, you have no stones or dirty water?

Mr. Tenterfore (appeasingly). Oh, dear no! Only a few harmless cabbages! I promise not to throw them too hard.

[Scene closes in upon the Right Hon. Gentleman learning his lesson.

It will be seen from the above that the speeches of a first-class political Stump Orator require considerable rehearsal before they can be considered ready for the public ear. If the Speaker is very popular, and selects his resting places, or rather non-resting places, with care, no doubt he will escape the pelting and interruptions. But he can never feel thoroughly safe from the other inflictions. He must always put up with the fussy garrulity of provincial nobodies, and will scarcely ever be able to quite rely upon the stability of his platform. It will be as well for him to glance at the table or chair he is invited to occupy before mounting. Some furniture will not stand fervid eloquence. He should avoid hurling messages of defiance at anyone unless he is standing in a waggon or a railway carriage. If he wishes to be unusually emphatic, he should carry his own platform with him. But this should be only done in an acute crisis, as the local upholsterer might consider himself defrauded of his just perquisites.

To sum up. A political Stump Orator should attend chiefly to the necessities of the outer man. He must look after his voice, and be careful not to catch cold. He should go to bed with his head swathed in flannel, and live chiefly upon rump steak and cough lozenges. If he obeys these rules, he will return to the bosom of his family but little the worse for wear. As for his speeches, they can shift for themselves. And it is a notable fact that the speeches of some stumping Parliamentarians are particularly shifty.

## "FALSELY TRUE."

(Dedicated, without respect, to Lord Rossmore.)

DISLOYAL loyalty that breaks the law  
In Law's own name! Contending crows that caw  
Mutual defiance harsh, from field to field,  
As well might shelter spite 'neath Law's broad shield.  
This loyal service of the Sovereign State?  
Not so, egregious Lord, but Party hate,  
Sectarian fury. Genuine loyalty  
Needs covert none of the fanatic lie.

THE book singled out by the Times Reviewer as the successful novel for this Fisheries Exhibition year is called, most appropriately, *John Herring*. Probably some relation to John Dory.

"YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS."—A Pantomime version of this will probably be given at Christmas, called *The Other Fokes' Ways*.



## A RAINY DAY.

"MAMMA, MAY I RING THE BELL?"  
 "WHAT FOR, DARLING?"  
 "OH—FOR SOMEBODY TO COME UP!"

## IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LAW COURTS.

As they have already fitted up one of the Lord Chief Justice's Courts with sliding desks, useful for the barristers in very cold weather when they can take exercise and "keep the pot a bilin'" at luncheon-time, or previous to the Judge's arrival, why not try the following suggestions?—

1. Contrive the floor of the Court like a stage—traps with trap-doors, and all the appliances of wheels, pulleys, cranks, slots, and windlasses. In the Criminal Court the prisoner, guarded, should be brought up, slowly and solemnly, a great effect, on a lift. If music could be added to this, so much the better. A soothing "voluntary" on a concealed organ would put everyone in proper dispositions.

2. The jury-box should also be "worked" from below; not in two long "grave traps," as they are called on the Stage, but each Juryman should have his own square trap fitting into its proper place in the box above, and when his cue came,—that is, when his name was called,—he should be taken up on the trap sharply, so as to say, "Here!"

3. The presiding Judge, or Judges, should always enter through a "vampire" trap, that is, a spring panel in the wall just behind the judicial bench. Or he might seat himself in full costume on a chair, and, on touching a spring, this could be wheeled forward through the panel doors, and come out exactly opposite his desk, all ready to begin.

Nothing can be more inconvenient than the old-fashioned pews for Counsel, but the above alterations should be first tried by a full Court and a Special Jury, and if the verdict is favourable,—of which there can be hardly a doubt,—the Court, so improved, will be at once acknowledged as the Superior Court, and we will then make further beneficial suggestions.

THEY were discussing the Tamatave affair. "Poor Mr. SHAW!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I am glad he is going to be identified by the French Government. But you know they owed his family a grudge ever since Waterloo."

APPROPRIATE STEAM BOAT SERVICE TO AMERICA.—The "Star" Line. Mr. BRIGHT is said to be the next Star for the trip.

## A CRITIC (VERY MUCH) ABROAD.

"After all, I think there is no place to live in like dear smoky old London."—*Matthew Arnold in New York.*

Oh, Culture's apostle, your notions must jostle,  
 Upset by that tossing Atlantic—Atlantic,  
 Or is it that travel cool reason can gravel,  
 And finical judgments drive frantic—drive frantic?  
 To think—oh, good gracious!—that *you*, saponaceous  
 Belander of Sweetness and Light, are so *undone*  
 As thus to go raising our danders by praising  
 That Bogey-hole "smoky old London"—old London!

Dear MATTHEW, remember we're close on November,  
 And fogs foul, pea-soupy, and sooty—and sooty,  
 Are gathering round us to choke and confound us,  
 And rob us of comfort and beauty—and beauty.  
 And 'tis at this season you, friend of pure reason,  
 To Yankee reporters go prating—go prating,  
 In terms eulogistic, but false and sophistic,  
 Of London! Pray stick to your slating—your slating.

Mellifluous MATTHEW, when on the war-path you  
 Are noted for slyness sardonic—sardonic;  
 But drollery cranky that "stuffs" the 'cute Yankee  
 In this wise is quite *too* ironic—ironic.

What *will* you be saying, your consciousness playing,  
 With freedom that distance enhances—enhances,  
 About the old City, in which—more's the pity,  
 We linger as winter advances—advances.

Wilt chuckle its slime at, and gush of its climate,  
 And chant its perfections of paving—of paving?  
 Or, laudably humble, sing peans to BUMBLE,  
 His prowess in sweeping and laving—and laving?  
 Wilt paint rosy pictures, unchequered by strictures,  
 Of Mud-Salad Market in August—in August;  
 Or pour song's oblations to bleak railway stations,  
 Saharas of dust cloud and raw gust—and raw gust?

Wilt say loving prank meant to *bless* the Embankment  
 With smoke-reek that savours of Tophet—of Tophet?  
 Nor launch satire's bolt on sleek STIFF and shrewd  
 DOULTON,

The potters who turn stink to profit—to profit?  
 Wilt deem him a pessimist who Lambeth's messy mist,  
 Streaming away o'er the river—the river,  
 Considers a scandal from which he'd command all  
 The Bigwigs JOHN BULL to deliver—deliver?

Oh, come, now you're joking! It's really provoking  
 To Cockneys half-choked, and neuralgic—neuralgic.  
 Why should *you* talk rot so? Or if it is not so,  
 You *must* be extremely nostalgic—nostalgic.  
 Discourser on "Dogma," a true London fog may  
 To one who is home-sick, or sea-ditto—sea-ditto,  
 Seem almost pleasant; yet were you here present  
 You'd vote it atrocious, and we ditto—we ditto.

It's just *aberglaube* you're diddled, I trow, by,  
 But sage though you be you shan't fiddle us—fiddle us.  
 Not you *plus* COLERIDGE! A home-sick mole her ridge  
 Might esteem worthy of Dædalus—Dædalus.  
 But we assure you one week here would cure you  
 Of bosh about Fogdom's deserving—deserving;  
 You'd soon cut your lucky to Maine or Kentucky,  
 Or star to far 'Frisco with IRVING—with IRVING!

"PHANTOM FORTUNE."—Miss BRADDON's latest novel has haunted us for the last week. It is a very substantial Phantom, without which "no Gentleman's library is complete." If some of the material is old,—and old materials must be used,—yet the *dramatis personæ* are new, the incidental sketches admirable, the humour of first quality, and the interest sustained to the end. The reader will see the plot at once—"it is too evident," he will say, and then he will go on reading and reading in order to prove his guess correct, and to congratulate himself on his uncommon sharpness. We venture to say that it is one of Miss BRADDON's best-written books, and our advice to everyone is "Read it."

"THE Lord Mayor Elect," we were informed by a City friend, "will decline to go to church on Sunday in State." "In what state?" we asked. "In the usual state that Mayors go in," replied our informant. We held it prudent not to inquire further. Of course, the "Elect" will be in a fit state for service.

## SIENTIFFIC STAGGERERS.

WHAT a trewly wunderfool Body is the grate Copperashun of the City of London! Not content with feesting of Princes and Dooks and Markesses and Barrens by the score and Hem Peas by the bushel, to speak allegollycally, they has akshally 'now took it into their wise eds to ask a lot of most imminent sientiffic swells and litterry men to cum and have a bit of dinner with 'em, aye, and not ony that, but they akshally give 'em evry think of the best, such as reel turtel and '74 port, just as if they 'd bin million-hares instead of poor fellers as as to work for their living just like an hed Waiter. They 'd all evidently put their best close on, and tried their werry best to look quite at their ees, as they sat all of a roe, tho' they was surrounded by Lord Mares and Sherryffs and Haldermen, which in course must ha' bin werry trying to their unaunstumd nerves. And to see the way in witch them distingwished dignerterries tried to make 'em feel cumferable by their condsendin afferbilerty amost drew teers to my eyes. They eviedently sukseedid, for wether it was the not being kwite used to our remarkably fine Port, I never seed a lot of gents, of their rayther low order, talk away at sitch a rate as they did. Fortnitly for them the Chairman was a sientiffic gent, as well as being a werry uncommon Councilman, so he kindly let 'em go a-ramblin' on, jest as if he bleaved they was in earnest, and if they didn't throw the long bow and draw the Achet to an extent as even I never eard ekwalld, no, not even after dinner, wen most folks seems to think as eating inkreeses the power of swallering, why, my name ain't ROBERT, but JON, or sum sitch low name.

Suppose as I gives jest one or two xampels of what I shoud call "Sientiffic Staggerers."

One reely quite respekabel looking Gent, who told 'em as he was imployd in the General Post Office, praps as a Sawter or summat of that grinding sort, akshally sed as he wunce stood in the middle of the Brord Hatlantick, witch I am told is a sort of fancy name for the American See, and sent a messidge to his masters in Sum Martens-leegran and got his anser back by return of post, without noboddy not going ashore! And the good nachered Chairman kindly looked as if he bleaved him! "Ah," as I sed to BROWN, "tell that to the Marines, even an ed waiter can't swoller that." And not ony an ed Waiter, but I seed the smile of pitiful contemp on the nobel countingance of more than one iminint corporater. Encurridged aperiently by the Chairman's mistaken kindness, the General Postman, whose name I lernt was PREECE, drank off a bumper of our best Port, jest as if he was quite used to it, and gave us another staggerer. He akshally said as he had once stood on the shore of Wales and talked to a friend in Dubling, witch I need scarcely add is in Ierlan, and asked him if he could tell his voice, and his friend, not to be outdone in staggerers, replied "Yes, I can, and I can smell your sigar!" Well this was just a little too much for the swoller even of a Common Councilman after dinner, so they all bust out into a loud larf, but he wasn't a bit ashamed of hisself, but finishd up by saying that it was not impossible but that we might some day be able to see all our ants and our sisters and our cozens at the other side of the world. Pretty well that for a General Postman when allowed to drink '47 Port "at indiscretion" as the French says.



## DETECTED!

*Mother-in-law (sternly).* "YOUNG MAN, YOU MAY DECEIVE YOUR GUILLESS LITTLE WIFE, BUT HER FATHER'S WIFE, NEVAR! YOU'VE BEEN DE—"  
[Tableau.]

Well, after this, Mr. NEWTUNG of the British Mewseeem in Bloomsberry was called upon to speak, and being werry ankshus not to be outdone by a mere G.P.O., told 'm all, inklewding the astonished LORD MARE, who I shoud ha' thought after a brilliant rain of eleven munse would ha' had enuff and ha' seen enuff not to be estounded at nuffin, that the propperest of all propper things for the LORD MARE and his great corporashun to do, was to alow him and his exkawaiters to dig up all Cheapside, and then taking the Poultry to Cornhill, on to Aldgate, and he would pledge himself, either at Mr. HATTON BORROW's or at any other of his ekilly obliging relashuns, never to leave the work by day or by night, until he had reelised the dream of his early youth, the object of his matured manhood, and the one fond ope of his advancing ears, namely the thrilling, the startling, the overwhelming discovery of the foot-print of an ancient Roman Soljer in the beautiful London Clay!

As I ventured to remark to BROWN, after I had suffishently recovered my breth, that would be about the most hingterestingest diskuvetry since *Robinson Crusoe's* discovery of *Fryday's* one foot-print without no feller to it.

ROBERT.



## THE DRURY LANE TEMPERANCE PLAY; OR, THE "DROP"-TOO-MUCH DRAMA.

"I've only got one night in town, and I want to see something that occupies the whole evening, with lots of sensation, murders,—murders, mind!" so said our Friend from the Country, and, consequently, we decided for Drury Lane.

Nothing is wanting. The lover of sensational melodrama cannot get more for his money, we should say, anywhere than he can at Drury Lane. *Harry Hastings* (Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS) is a young Sailor, whose every utterance is the quintessence of courageous virtue, except when he once bullies a policeman, though, by the



Every Inch a Sailor; or, De Gus-tibus non disputandum.  
(Trans.—"It's no good having a row with Gus Harris.")

way, the result even here proved that he was quite right in his estimate of this particular constable's character, as the official was so completely overawed by the bold Sailor's manner, that, in the most cowardly style, he turned on an unoffending person in the crowd, and "ran him in." An unwarrantable arrest that may furnish the subject for a new drama by Messrs. HARRIS and BUCHANAN.

In the First Act a very wicked Country Squire (Mr. HENRY GEORGE) induces a drunken Farmer to murder another but a younger and less wicked Country Squire (Mr. W. MORGAN), the cousin of the first Squire, who, thereby, obtains the murdered man's property, and makes love to a remarkably fine young woman, *Mary Morton* (Miss HARRIET JAY), on whom, I regret to say, the deceased young Squire had had ulterior designs the reverse of virtuous,—but let bygones be bygones, poor younger and less wicked Squire! *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!* When Mr. FERNANDEZ, with a fine display of anatomical knowledge, gave him that one stab, with a clasp-knife, which settled the young Squire's hash in less than two seconds, we pitied him sincerely, and anxiously looked forward to the last Act, when,—unless he wasn't really killed, which was quite on the cards,—we knew retribution must overtake the Very Very Wicked Squire and Farmer FERNANDEZ, the latter of whom would by that time have (as in fact he did when Act V. came) repented of the sins of his



THE FLUTTERED "JAY."

*Mary Morton* (a timid and evidently helpless Maiden). Unhand me, Sir! or I'll—ask Papa!

farmer life. In this Act we are introduced to the Comic Villain and a tender-hearted Cabman, capably played by Mr. H. NICHOLLS and Mr. H. JACKSON,—Mr. HARRIS's two HARRIES,—respectively.

"The murder in the First Act isn't bad for a beginning, but I hope they'll keep it up," says our Friend from the Country, rubbing his hands and smacking his lips.

The Kind Cabman takes under his protection his black-eyed Fare *Esther* (Miss EYRE) with her little child, her "small and early,"—(son or daughter, we did not hear the sex mentioned, and the costume at this early age is much the same for both sexes.)—who is the pledge of the Very Very Wicked Squire's heartless attachment.

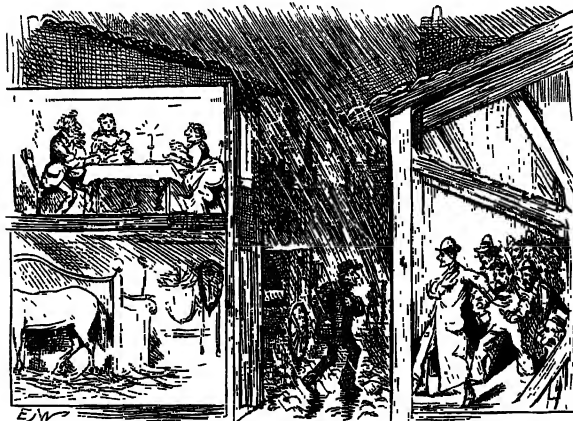
Act II.—Ingeniously-contrived scene. Dynamite factory on one side, and Cabman's lodging for man and beast on the other. Real rain descends in buckets. The bold Sailor is caught in it. "Any port in a storm!" and, having mastered the pass-word, he goes right in among all the "Black-looking pirates, ugly swabs," and so forth,

who form the club of Dynamite Conspirators, of whom the chief villain is the Gny Faux, always offering to blow up everything and everybody. (The bold Sailor is more truthful than complimentary—that is one side of his character which he never loses an opportunity of exhibiting, while giving the audience his full front as often as possible—and abuses these ruffians to their dirty faces. They let him escape *pro tem.*, for the sake, not of their dynamite plot, but for the plot of the Drama, which, at this point, couldn't dispense with either the services of the bold young Sailor, or with those of the double-dyed villains.) It is in this Act that we get the first intimation of its being a temperance drama. Here we have the first drop,—of rain. The next "drop" comes between the Acts; and, last of all, is the "drop too much"—so much too much that the Sailor, who has been condemned (what a hard life he has had!) for the murder of which he is innocent, does not take it, but is restored, by means of the Kind Cabby and his black-eyed Fare, to the arms of his Lass, the "doosid fine gal," *Mary Morton*, who might have floored that whipper-snapper young Squire in the First Act, had she only known how to give him one-two pugilistically, and finish him. Had she done this, the second title of the piece might have been, "*Mary the Maid of the Mill.*" This Act ends by Mr. FERNANDEZ putting dynamite somewhere near a Police-station (being driven to it—the deed, not the station—by the Very Very Wicked Squire, not by the Cabman), and partially blowing up his own daughter, who had done nothing to deserve it.

Bob Downsy and Ill-treated Esther with a couple of Black Eyes; or, The Cabby and his Dark Fare."



"No murder in that Act," says our Country Friend, who has tasted blood in Act the First, and whose bloodthirstiness is not to be quenched by a mere dynamite explosion which only shatters glass, and injures, but doesn't kill, the very fine young woman. "Besides," he adds, discontentedly, "where was the Sailor? he ought to have come in and rescued somebody, or fought one of the villains, or have been arrested for the 'diabolical attempt.'" No; our Friend didn't think it was horrible enough, and we too fancied that a chance had



No Umbrella! or, Drury Lane in the Rain of Augustus.

been chucked away for the sake of forestalling other authors who might be disposed to meddle with dynamite.

Act III.—The ship at sea. Our Friend from the Country delighted. Great chance of the whole *dramatis personae* being swept off at one blow of the wind. Wrecks and Jacks,—Miss JACKS, we, should say, who plays the poor little Stowaway, and saves the principal performers. The inoffensive Captain, with whom, as he had only appeared in two short scenes before, we had scarcely time to scrape an acquaintance, or appreciate his exact worth, is murdered—"That's two!" says my bloodthirsty Friend from the Country, checking 'em off on his fingers. "Hooray!"—and about six of the crew, all dynamite villains, are drowned—"That's eight!" says my sanguinary-minded Friend, delighted—then the chief dynamiter is



chucked into the sea from the top of the mast of the sinking ship—"Nine!" exclaims my gore-craving companion. "Capital!"—and with the saving of the Cabman's black-eyed Fare, her child, and the Sailor, the Act ends triumphantly.

ACT IV.—A falling off—this sounds like a sensation—but it means that my bloodthirsty Friend finds the interest falling off, for there is no murder: only an innocent man condemned to death.

"I know he won't be executed," says my friend, who has become quite a vampire, despondingly, and that's what they mean by a 'condemned sell.'"

Our Country Friend's thoughts are running on sanguinary deeds; and when the heavy rich crimson-plush curtains fall and hide the scene from the view, he exclaims, "How many unhappy Footmen must have been sacrificed to make that drapery!"

ACT V.—No more murders. The Sailor is in Newgate. This gives us time to reflect on the appropriateness of the

Sailor's name, *Harry Hastings*. Who gave him that name? His god-fathers, Messrs. BUCHANAN and HARRIS. It suggests a whole group of such family connections, as Bill Brighton, Richard Rams-gate, Mat Margate, Benjamin Broadstairs, Sam Scarborough, &c.

The Very Very Vicked One, in Scene 3 of Act V., turns out to be that "Terrible Puzzle 15"—or "No. 13" the Dynamiter and Fenian, and is arrested by the Detective, who is also witness to the old Farmer's last dying speech

and confession. The old Farmer laughs best, because he laughs last, and then expires like *Mathias* in the *Bells*.

The last scene of all where the Sailor is "bound" for his last long voyage, and being unable to do the Davenport Brothers' trick, is consequently taken off to be, like "repairs," "neatly executed," finishes this thrilling drama. The last scene might be described as "Tied and Time." Of course the innocent Sailor is restored to his Lass, and all ends happily.

Our bloodthirsty Friend was pleased, but not quite satisfied, as there had been one splendid opportunity for another murder, which the Authors had most unaccountably missed. This was when the Wicked Squire, in the Fourth Act, went about with a gun in his hand and shot nobody! and then when he left it most temptingly in a corner for anybody to take it up and shoot him, not even Miss EYRE, though she had lots of chances, ever thought of availing

The Tee-to-tum at Sea: a Reelistic Sensation.

herself of any one of them. This oversight may still be rectified, and if the Wicked Squire can be shot by his victim before eleven, there can be no further cause of complaint.

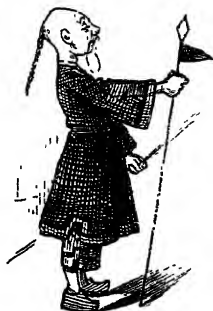
SARTORIAL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.—MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD (*à la mode d'Oscar*) has ordered a "lecturing-suit" of the new grey colour called "London Smoke." Sootable.



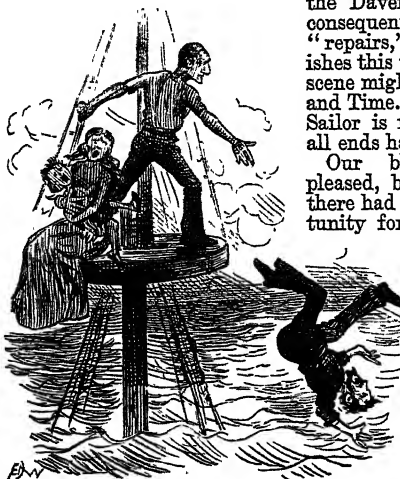
Harry Nicholls on board the Craft,—A Dele-gate-looking Creature.



Trussed Mr. Harris!



The Condemned Sell; or, a Real "Black Flag" in Waiting.



## THE SIGH OF THE STOCKBROKER.

[Business is very dull on the Stock Exchange.]

It was a weary Stockbroker who stood in Capel Court, That's just outside the Stock Exchange, where brokers most resort; Quoth he, "In speculation there's a most disastrous lull, And business in the City is indubitably dull.

"There's nothing doing in the 'House' in any stocks or shares, And very silent are the 'Bulls,' and angry are the 'Bears'; 'Tis no use dealing with ourselves, endeavouring to 'best' Each other, when the public won't be tempted to invest.

"I've tried my hand at Mexicans, and sold them in a funk, And often I've been in and out of Canada's Grand Trunk; I've dabbled in Egyptians,—you don't catch me there again,— I've lost in rails American, and burnt my hands with Spain.

"It's no good going on like this, for all men know, I ween, The proverb says it's bad for Crows to 'pick out Corbies' een'; We pray upon each other, since the public shows no 'best, And very soon must emulate the famed Kilkenny Cats."

So moaned that poor young Stockbroker in accents sad and sour, He scarce could cock his glossy hat, he sported ne'er a flower; And as he wandered West upon his melancholy way, He hadn't tasted dry champagne through all the weary day.

Philanthropists of England, ye who go to the LORD MAYOR, And ask him to get up new funds presiding in the Chair, Now surely in the Mansion House a meeting ye should hold, To give the hapless Stockbroker once more a glimpse of gold.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE!

RULES FOR A MUDDLE LODGING-HOUSE.

No Herrings must be cooked without an order from the Head-Porter.

All Resident Workmen must leave their tools at their workshops.

All Persons must be in before eleven P.M.

Everybody to be in bed and asleep by 11:30 P.M.

No Pictures must be hung or pasted on the walls.

No Cats or Dogs allowed.

All Children beyond three in number must be chained up.

Music strictly forbidden. No whistling on Sundays.

Visitors not admitted without an order from the Head-Porter.

No Sweeps, Dustmen, or Music-Hall Singers to be admitted with or without an order.

All gaudy apparel strictly forbidden.

No Beer to be brought in, on any pretence, after nine P.M., and no Brandy, except as a certified medicine.

Rent to be punctually paid every Saturday in advance before noon, or Tenant will receive notice.

## LATIN "ALL GREEK."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I am only a Fifth Form boy, but I want to know what all this new rubbish is about pronouncing the Latin C like the Greek K. I sent up some verses this week trying to give HOUGHTON (that's our Head-master) a hint. Here they are, Mr. Punch:—

Si K vis pro C substituere, quare Kukumber

Non invenire debes semper at Kassar's Hotel?

Aut pro ludibrio Cicero si querit Avernum,

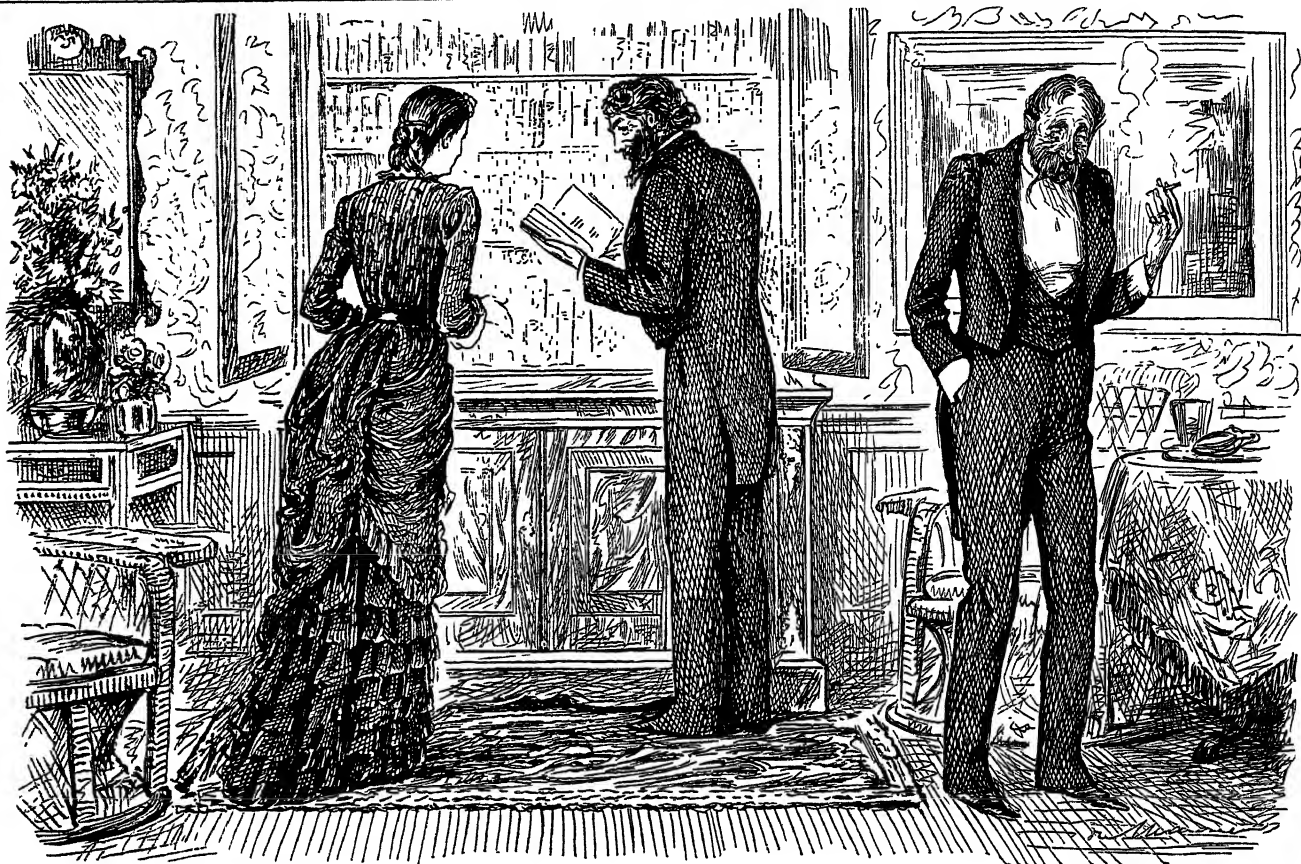
Dic mihi si Kickero non game at football habet!

Now, would you believe, Mr. Punch, that for this, which took me half-an-hour with a gradus, I had to go into the library with a rod, because the Doctor said that "my verses had neither quality nor quantity to recommend them!" And so I'm in for it, but remain, Mr. Punch, your sincere friend,

THE BOY WHO CAN'T SCAN.

## Bumbledom on Theatres.

At the recent proceedings in the Bow Street Police Court against the Messrs. GATTI for not doing something at the Adelphi Theatre which had been ordered by the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Architect to the Board recommended the covering of the roof with lead. As this is a material not at all likely to melt in the heat of a fire, or to pour down upon the heads of an excited crowd, the wisdom of Bumbledom was once more made apparent.



## CATCHING A WEASEL ASLEEP.

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (pointing to her books), "THEY ARE NOT MANY, LORD ADOLPHUS, BUT THEY ARE ALL FRIENDS—DEAR OLD FRIENDS!"*

*Noble Post (taking down a Volume of his own Poems and finding the leaves uncut), "AH! HUM! I'M GLAD TO FIND THAT YOU DON'T CUT ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS, MRS. DE TOMKYNs!"*

*[Mrs. P. de T. is at a loss for once.]*

## "NET" RESULTS.

*First West-End Fishmonger.* Hah! Closing at last! Been a reg'lar "Big Boom,"

As the Yankees would say, this high paternised "Fisheries"! *Second Ditto.* Jest so! (*Meditatively.*) Do you think that it threatens our doom?

*First Ditto (chortling).* You wag! Every 'monger its jolly well-wisher is.

It's done lots o' good to a lot has this Show;  
The Princes and Paper-chaps there made no error;  
But as to it's frightening us, Sir! Ho! ho!

You don't seem perticular staggered with terror.

*Second Ditto (wagging his head with facetious gravity).* Ah, BUGGINS, you are such a beggar for jokes,

Born grinning, you must ha' bin, got jest the mug for it.

It's writ up our lkybod,—so say some folks.

*First Ditto (winking cheerily).* Oh, has it? Well, I'll have a bit of a tug for it,

Blest if I don't, before I go to smash  
Along of brass bands, lectric lights, and the rest of it.  
Soles are still two bob a pound, ready cash.  
Some comfort in that, hay?

*Second Ditto (portentously).* Ah! don't make a jest of it, BUGGINS, my boy. Think o' stuffed sharks, and squids,  
And—eugh! them there devilish long-armed Hoctopuses!

*First Ditto.* Yah! tickle the Public and frighten the kids,  
But what's that to us, so's we pull in the "Mopusses."

*Second Ditto (in a ghostly whisper behind his hand).* Sixpenny Dinners!!!

*First Ditto (exploding).* Now, SKINNEM, old man,  
Tisn't pantermine-time. Tell you what, Sir, "the Garden"  
Had better engage you.

*Second Ditto (thoughtfully).* Ah! not a bad plan,  
When salmon is down to, we'll say tuppence farden,

And all us poor Fishmongers out in the cold.

Thanks, BUGGINS, I'll think of it.

*First Ditto (admirably).* Lor! what a feller!  
You should start a "Comic." Snakes! how 'twould be sold  
In the Trade! 'Twould make some of them scribblers look  
yeller.

They've writ up "the Fisheries" proper, no doubt,  
But for larks they're not in it with tradesmen like we are.

*Second Ditto.* Not likely. The Public bamfoozled about  
Betwixt Nobs, Scribes, and Salesmen like fish in the sea are  
Fair game for the hook and the net, and that's fun,  
That's a good bit beyond scribbling wits and joke-jobbers.

*First Ditto.* They said we was bottled up sure as a gun,

And the public well rid o' such sharks and sea-robbers.

*Second Ditto.* Ah, yes, that's their lay; heard the whole lot before;  
But we're head uppers yet.

*First Ditto (judicially).* Well, this 'ere Exhibition,  
Has been good for Trade and the Railways. Done more  
For amusements than plays. Then those Gardens Elysian,  
As ink-spillers call 'em, with Japanese lanterns,  
Weren't bad; and the Public seemed happy to wander,  
With nets and sea-horrors wherever a man turns.

But as for cheap fish!!!

*Second Ditto (scornfully).* Why he must be a gander  
Whoever expected it.

*First Ditto.* Here's its good health!

The wide 'uns as started it made a good purse from it.

As to the poor and their share in the wealth

Of the sea-harvest,—Walker!

*Second Ditto (genially).* Well, we're none the worse for it!  
[Left hob-nobbing in its honour.]

To our Correspondent CURRANT JELLY's question, What in Sport  
is equivalent to "chopping a Fox"? we reply, Probably, jugging a  
Hare.



### “NET” RESULTS.

FIRST WEST-END FISHMONGER. “WELL—THEIR ‘FISHERIES EXHIBITION’ HAS BEEN A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS!”  
SECOND DITTO DITTO. “YES—AND NONE OF US THE WORSE FOR IT!!”





# TRICKS OF THE LANDING-STAGE.

(The whole Bag of 'em.)

Bogus Club, New York, 29th Oct., 1883.

MR. PUNCH, —SIR,—Having seen in your British papers the account, cabled off at the time to date, of the arrival of HENRY J. IRVING, ELLEN B. TERRY, and the rest of that distinguished intellectual footlight consignment, I am franking you these lines to tell you that, from a general desire freely expressed all round to avoid painful vulgar publicity, it was that delicately garbled, that though considerably on the spot myself that morning, I should not have recognised it in the afternoon sheets with a twenty-four-inch binocular. No, *Mr. Punch*, a two-cent slice of the truth, one-horse quality, is all that you have yet had of those remarkable proceedings; and under the circumstances you will, I guess, be glad and grateful to cast your eye over a few genuine straight-hand notes taken in the neighbourhood of that there ship *Britannic*, on that morning in question by Your watchful and reliable Correspondent,

THE FIRST MAN UP THE SIDE.

3 A.M.—Woke by heavy firing of harbour batteries. Jumped up and put my head out. Procession half a mile long, with three brass bands and five Circus elephants picked out in electric light, passing quietly along somewhere. Fancy it's COLERIDGE going to bed. Wrong. IRVING's in *sight*. Fly into my clothes, and off to wharf like a tickled rocket.

Seventy-five launches starting together. Pushing smart. Water full of interviewers. The most cursedest crush to get on board, but manage it, and am off first. Note rival screw creeping up fast. Explain to Captain that "he may as well bust as get me up alongside in a back row." That does him. He's on the safety-valve like a piece of hot butter. Pace improved. Cannot see the other craft. Hope he's run on to a torpedo. Ha! here's the *Britannic*! Now, then. Hullo! what's this? Funnel—spars—bits of the Captain flying all over the place, and nothing to sit on but five tons of steam! I do believe she's bust!

Yes, she has! Most convenient. Here I am come down on board. Right in the very midst of all the bosses on the bridge. Shake hands all round and ask for HENRY K. IRVING and ELLEN J. TERRY. Captain, a thin, long, gentlemanly looking cuss, with flowing hair and glasses fixed up on his nose, says something with a white smile, and beckons a short and stout party, well mustachioed with a dark beard, to come up and join us. This, then, is the great British tragedian! Looks like it. Don't see though how he's to collar *King Lear* without a clean shave. Owing to the seventeen warships in attendance all playing "*Hail, Columbia*!" together, can't catch plainly what the pale Captain says, but think he calls him "JOSEPH." Proper style then, HENRY JOSEPH IRVING. Make a note of it. Interview him rapidly. Denies that he has come to the States solely to buy up tinned oysters. Has never tried to knock BOOTH down flat with a left-hander, but thinks he could. Wears merino hose in summer months. Likes artichokes. Believes VANDERBILT could stand a week's "bearing," and toss the Duke of WESTMINSTER five-dollar bits to cents with 'vantage coin any time he likes to name afterwards. Has never tasted devilled walrus. Hopes to take some home with him. Would go back by land if he could. Thinks SHAKESPEARE could give the Editor of *Tribune* five laps in a mile and lick him into apple shavings. Says the reason he isn't like the published *cartes* of HENRY IRVING is because his name is JOSEPH HATTON. Use bad language and leave him at a bound, in search of ELLEN TERRY.

Owing to that slipped-in interview with JOSEPH B. HATTON, chance gone. Every blessed one of the seventy-five launches alongside now. Interviewers, cheers, guns, Military bands, and floating triumphal arches—loose for miles in every direction. Read on one, "*May Heaven bless BRAM STOKER*." Must find him out at any pace. Safe to be in the engine-room. Down we go.

Hullo, here's luck! Miss ELLEN P. TERRY at last! She seems to be taking tongue sandwiches and porter freely in front of the coal-bunkers, finding it cold aloft. Looks a fine well-grown woman of about five-and-forty by the glare. Go at her straight, and ask her which she finds her biggest part, *Beatrice* or *Juliet*. Tells me "to get along with my nonsense." Turn to a cuss, with a smut-set face, sniggering by the furnace, for information. Says "she's a *Stewardess*." Ask him if he's BRAM STOKER. Says he's stoker, "but as to BRAM,—not if he knows it." Out of that as quick as I can, and up the shaft as slick as lubricated lightning.

After a free fight, and a little handling of my six-shooter, got near HENRY W. IRVING and ELLEN A. TERRY at last. Take the Lady first. Cries bitterly when I talk of the rough weather she had after

she got off from Liverpool. When asked whether she thinks she'll take the shine out of COLERIDGE, says she "rather hopes she will." Is fond, too, of PEAR'S soap, and thinks if GOULD is put up for the next Presidency it ought to be more than even betting. Takes molasses with her tea, and believes BOOTH could play *Macbeth* on a bicycle if he tried hard. Was continuing my questions neatly, but was here handed backwards through a skylight.

A little damaged, but soon up again, with the assistance of the saloon-poker. Get hold of HENRY Y. IRVING at last. Went for him like a cobra on the drink. Here is his examination in full:—

1. Says he thinks he has gained a good deal of flesh on this trip.
2. Is a better sailor in quiet water than most men. (This includes COLERIDGE.)
3. Says BRAM STOKER is BRAM STOKER, and that's all he's got to say about him.
4. Speaks with a good deal of kindly feeling of JOSEPH B. HATTON. Says, when he and ABBEY, and a cuss from the *Lotus*, and a lot more he didn't know from ADAM, all came on board together, and fell on his neck with tears of welcome, all of 'em, "so broke down like a child," that you could have heard the sobbing right away at Sandy Hook.
5. Hopes they won't pelt him with dead cats because he wouldn't play First Gravedigger to BOOTH's *Hamlet* down in the London Strand.
6. Doesn't think if the British Ministry come over, with the Speaker and other properties, that they'll spoil his business—unless they get at BRAM STOKER—which is a moral, *they won't*, not even with travelling expenses and a per-centage on the National Debt.
7. Finds the interviewing business "a nice, pleasant, modest, retiring high-class sort of work," and perfect top-boots as cheap advertising.
8. Admits he has brought a pile of sets with him, but not the Lyceum Stage and the Gaiety Restaurant—as maliciously reported by COLERIDGE.

—was about to ask him his opinion on Sea Bathing and Hop Bitters when at this point I was again handed backwards down through a skylight, and badly figured with splinters.

8 P.M.—On shore again. Just got the glass out in time to take a stroll, and pick up a bit more news. Such a crush in Broadway that I got fixed up in a gutter on top of some cuss who said he was a bit of a poet, and wanted "sweetness and light." Gave him five cents of green corn-candy and a fusee.

9 P.M.—Here they are! Skyrockets, firemen, banners, balloons, Bengal lights, deputations, brass bands, and the whole select scum out on the full swing! Here they come! HENRY K. IRVING and ELLEN J. TERRY just landed! Ask the poet if he'll let me just step on his head for five minutes for fifteen dollars. Says he's never let on his head at such a low figure." Ask the cuss his name. "MATTHEW ARNOLD." Well, I am blest! Pick him up, and get him quietly to an hotel in a back street, with the help of a few friends. Says, feebly, he likes "smoky London best." Promise to come and hear all about it to-morrow. Guess I will, too. Hullo! Here they come! Down I go. Up again, and behind BRAM STOKER on a fire-engine.

More about what I've got out of him by next cable.

## A Real Cold Place.

"NEGRETTE and ZAMBRA!" exclaimed a Gentleman up from his charming marine residence at Beachington. "NEGRETTE and ZAMBRA! how cold it has been!"

"Dear me!" observed a friend, "I'm sorry to hear that. I was thinking of trying Beachington in the winter."

"Beachington is more likely to try you," was the encouraging reply.

"But," said the friend, "when you have a West wind it must be delicious."

"West wind!" exclaimed the chilly person. "By ZAMBRA! we never have a West wind. With us at Beachington what you call the West wind is only the East wind coming back again! Ugh!"

MOTTO FOR OUR FANCY PORTRAIT ARTIST.

"NOR be it ever of my Portraits told—

'Here the strong lines of malice we behold,'"

CRABBE *didit, sedit, inventedit, rimedit, and rotit*, 1810.

O IMMORTAL punster TOM HOOD! We refer to the notice in last Saturday's *Times* of hitherto unpublished CHARLES DICKENS' correspondence, in which there is a quotation from a letter of HOOD's to the great novelist, explaining why he had objected at first to the *Pickwick Papers*, on account of their supposed "Pickwickedness." What a splendid sample of "HOOD's Own"!



### CONSOLATION!

Widow (with a sigh). "AH, WELL—'MOURNING' ALWAYS WAS BECOMING TO ME!"

### MINISTERS IN COUNCIL.

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne* (after preliminary conversation). Yes, I assure you, a delightful trip. TENNYSON in capital form: promised to write a new *Idyll of the Czar*, and I'm going to help him!

*Sir C. D-lke*. I object, on principle, to Czars, of course. Still, excellent move that, hob-nobbing with Emperors and Kings. Pleased British Public immensely. *Pandora* can't hold a candle to *Pembroke Castle*; can it, H-RT-NGT-N?

*Lord H-rt-ngt-n*. Not a Lucifer! But, I say, how about business?

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. Ah! quite so. Here beginneth the Fifteenth Chap—I beg pardon! What I meant to say was, that the first subject for our consideration to-day is, the work for Parliament in the approaching Session. What shall it be? Now, don't all speak at once!

*Sir W-l-m H-rc-rt*. I should be sorry to obtrude my personal views, but I should like just to remind all you fellows that I spent no end of time last Session in working up that London Municipal Reform Bill, and—

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. Don't distress yourself. The Bill's sure to come in useful. "Worked up" a trifle more, with glue, it would make capital pellets for the new police revolvers. Not safe to trust 'em with real bullets, you know, H-RC-RT.

*Mr. Tr-v-l-n*. Talking of bullets reminds me of Ireland. Don't know why it should, but it does. Should be sorry to press my own views on the Council, but no doubt we must look for more agitation, as F-RN-LL won't put his thirty-five thousand in an old stocking, and consequently some fresh Irish measures—

*All* (very heartily). Bother Irish measures!

*Sir C. D-lke*. And I am quite as sorry as anybody else to interrupt the course of business, but I must say that I rather agree with H-RC-RT about that London Bill. F-RTH is making life quite unendurable to me about it. Threatens to denounce me to my constituents (and his) as "An Alderman in Disguise." If London Bill isn't brought in next Session, I anticipate that F-RTH will shoot me in the back from behind a street-hoarding.

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. Dear me! what a dangerous person! Quite a Nihilist! Wonder if he would accept the Chief Justiceship of Sierra Leone? Talking of Nihilists, the CZAR told me that—

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. Oh, hang the CZAR! Excuse the expression; but really, how about business? There's the County Franchise Bill. Shall we take that next Session, or not?

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. Why, of course! Imagine the natural indignation of the agricultural labourer if this great and glorious privilege is delayed much longer! Patriotism demands—

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. So it does, but the question rather is, what did the Leeds Conference demand?

*Lord H-rt-ngt-n*. Don't wish to say anything unpleasant to CH-MB-RL-N, but surely we oughtn't to yield to a Caucus Parliament.

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. And I should be sorry to hurt H-RT-NGT-N's feelings in any way, but I must remark that government by a Caucus Parliament would be preferable to government by a Whig Oligarchy!

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. Come, come! You're both quite right, as I have frequently explained, and would now, only I haven't time. I confess I should like to tackle the Corporation at once. You see they've cleared for action, and stationed old FOWLER on quarter-deck, with his glass up to his blind eye, to shout that England expects every Alderman to do his duty. Should feel real pleasure in blowing up his magazines for him.

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. Then why not take London and County Franchise for next Session? Nothing like deciding quick. I want to go off to bed, as I've been sitting up till four in the morning all through the Recess, appointing Bankruptcy Receivers. Thousands of applications. Didn't know how to choose. Tried it by algebra at first, but have taken now to shuffling up names in an old hat. Saves no end of time. Then shall we say it's all settled?

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne* (thoughtfully). It has been suggested that a Redistribution of Seats Bill would easily wait till 1885. The Electoral Balance of Power must not be too rashly disturbed. Talking of the Balance of Power, the opinion of the CZAR—

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n* (rudely interrupting). Who cares a screw for the CZAR? Not I. Tell you what it is, GL-DST-NE; you've forgotten the chief argument for taking Redistribution of Seats at once.

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. What's that?

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n*. Why, how about Woodstock and Eye? They'd be disfranchised, and then, "ezeunt" RANDOLPH and ASHMEAD!

*Mr. Gl-dst-ne*. Why, it's the Millennium! But I almost hesitate. We are Patriots first, and Liberals afterwards, and what would the British Empire do without ASHMEAD? The CZAR told me—

*All*. Quite so—but suppose we adjourn the discussion for a week? [Council adjourned accordingly.]

### BISMARCK'S WHITE ELEPHANTS.

(Being a List of Presents to be offered by His Highness to the Royalties of Europe.)

*For the Duke of Edinburgh*.—A complete set of Nihilist Works, in which the system of "removing" despots is defended and explained. To be taken, as a travelling library, to St. Petersburg by His Royal Highness the next time he pays his brother-in-law, the CZAR, a visit.

*For the Prince of Wales*.—A collection of Danish Military Trophies, bearing the German Government mark, being a memento of the Austro-German invasion of Schleswig-Holstein. To be put in His Royal Highness's portmanteau on the eve of his visit to Copenhagen.

*For the Sultan*.—Fac-similes of a Turkish Bond and the Treaty of Stefano, handsomely framed. To be sent to His Majesty under cover to Lord DUFFERIN, who will be courteously invited to present them.

*For the Emperor of Russia*.—Neatly-executed Map of Russian Encroachments on the North of India. The Prince of WALES will be respectfully charged with the delivery of this gift.

*For the President of the French Republic*.—Large and handsomely-bound Scrap-Book, containing extracts from French newspapers, supporting the pretensions of DON CARLOS, or suggesting the immediate re-establishment of a Spanish Republic, King ALFONSO having, with good-natured condescension, promised to carry out His Highness's commission, has kindly consented to read the volume before personally presenting it to M. GRÉVY.

*For the Rest of the European Potentates*.—Handsome Uhlan Uniforms, to be worn on future State occasions when visiting France.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was puzzled what book to give her youngest Nephew as a birthday present. LAVINIA suggested "Fairy Tales." "No, my dear, I know," said her Aunt; "I can't do better than give him a nice edition of ALISOPP'S Fables."

"THE ONLY ONE."

WE tremble when we read the following in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

**AS GENERAL.**—Neat in dress, respectful manners, willing and obliging. Seven years' personal character. Disengaged end of present month.

Is he tired of fame and honour? Does he sigh for other worlds to conquer? Is he bored with the adulation of the Press? Will our Only General desert us after all we have done for him? Will he leave the *Soldier's Pocketbook* to command our Army? Let us weep, let us howl, let us—hope it is not true!

**DISTANT RELATIONS.**—Members of the Alpine Club may have been interested by the information recently telegraphed from Calcutta that Mr. GRAHAM and his Swiss guides had returned to Darjeeling from a survey whereof the conclusion is, that he pronounces the ascent of Kinchinjunga from the South impossible. The Kinchinjunga seems to be no very small child. Are the Kinchinjunga and Jungfrau to be regarded as mountain-cousins only some degrees removed?

**NEW LATIN SPELLING.**—The Dean of Bangor would substitute for "*Te Duce*" the following "*Tea Duce, eh?*" The Dean says that, as far as he is concerned, tea should remain in its own chest, and be "*Unurned Increment.*"

**LATEST FROM DOVER.**—They no longer talk of fool-hardiness—they now call it Drevarication.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 160.



ABBÉ FRANZ LIZST.

ABBÉ THOUGHT (OF COURSE).—"LIZST, LIZST, O LIZST!"

A NEW PROFESSION.

THOSE who run—their eyes over the advertisement columns of the papers—may read, strange things. The following appears in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

**A BACHELOR**, professional, would like to meet with cheerful and Christian society, where an hour in the evening could be spent in reading, conversational German, or otherwise. This is *bona fide*. Highest references.

Now we have heard of a "confirmed bachelor," but surely a "professional bachelor" is something new. Possibly he is artful, and, when he gets into "cheerful and Christian society," fails to practise what he professes, steals away the heart of some young maiden, and gets the promise of her hand, when the parents all the while thought him to be the most harmless of men. What, too, does "or otherwise" mean? It might comprise a great deal. Carpet dances, pleasant suppers, and flirtation in the conservatory. We are afraid this "professional bachelor" is a sly dog.

At the opening of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, Madame NILSSON was presented with a golden girdle. A lot of money was spent on it, but there was very little waist. But why a girdle? Was it to remind her of the brilliant dress circle that witnessed her performance on the occasion. The Ancient Mariner, with his glittering eye—Lord COLERIDGE, Our Only Lord Chief Justice, was present. Poor MAPLESON! he had a poor show that same night!

ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

*Away from Lake Scavaig—Practical Joke at Loch Hourn—On again—Crayley's Practice—Making for Kyle Aikin.*

One of CRAYLEY's idiosyncrasies—idiosyncrasies soon become palpable on board a yacht—is to be quite delighted at having bought anything cheap. He has purchased during the voyage (before our appearance on board) a box of Jersey cigars, one hundred for nine shillings. He says that they are really very good; in fact, he prefers them to anything he has ever smoked (he deals in superlatives) at five times their price. He is most open-hearted with these treasures, pressing his host and ourselves to "just try one," but somehow we all seem to shrink from availing ourselves of his lavish generosity. Our host, who is so courteously good-natured that he would rather risk an irreparable injury to his constitution than seem by his refusal to imply a slight on his friend's perfect taste and judgment as evinced in his predilection for these Jersey Favourites, pretends to change his mind, and asks CRAYLEY, in a way that makes it quite a favour on CRAYLEY's part, to give him one; which, of course, CRAYLEY does with the greatest possible pleasure. The Jersey Favourite is a trifle recalcitrant on being lighted, and shows an inclination for burning on one side, with a dirty-coloured crumbling ash. The conversation, whatever it was about (Dr. JOHNSON, I think), continues, but I notice that, within five minutes of the first lighting of that Jersey Favourite, our host has risen to look out of the port-hole to see what the weather is like, and has then, avowedly with the same object, gone up "the companion," and when he returns, with a hopeful report of the

weather,—which is immediately dissipated by a sudden downpour, and a derisive howling of the wind,—the Jersey Favourite (the cigar merchant ought to have labelled them the Lilies, or the L-gtries) is burnt down to a stump, which our host places in the ash-tray. "It is impossible to smoke in the wind," he says, and somehow or other he skilfully manages not to give any decided opinion on the cigar; at all events, he has committed himself to nothing which can hurt CRAYLEY's feelings (we are all so tetchy about wine, cigars, and horses), and as he has smoked it, CRAYLEY, if he asks no questions, can afterwards quote MELLEVILLE (who is really a good judge of most things) as having smoked one of these, and liked it;—the logical inference being from his having smoked it that he *did* like it. CRAYLEY regrets not having bought five or six boxes of the Jersey Favourites. KILLICK observes that he's deuced glad, for the sake of his friends, he didn't, but MELLEVILLE, who occasionally visits CRAYLEY at Crayley Court, Kent, only smiles, and saying dubiously, "Ah, well!" retires drowsily to the saloon sofa.

After a despairing glance upwards at the skylight on which the rain is still cascading and cataracting, we compose ourselves to sleep, with books in our hands, and our legs up on chairs. I take my scientific work to my own cabin, and retire till a cessation of rain may permit me to pace the deck; but, as this is most unlikely, I get *Clarissa Harlowe* (that fearful example of the *cacœthes scribendi*) by my side, with Dr. JOHNSON's *Tour of the Hebrides*, a few odd numbers of magazines, and a *Spectator* which I ought to have read a fortnight ago, but which, having been packed up by mistake, comes in quite fresh now, and with these and my note-books and my pencil all within my reach, so that I shall not have to disturb my-



self when I have once settled down comfortably, I prepare to spend so much of the afternoon as may remain between now and dinner-time.

We give the weather another chance, which is returning good for evil, and determine to leave the "Avernus of the North," whatever happens, to-morrow morning.

The weather takes our courteous treatment into consideration, and limiting itself to a Scotch mist to begin with, but a real fine day and a pleasant breeze to finish with, away we go, "a-sailing, a-sailing"—and thoroughly enjoying the poetry of motion.

We sail by Loch Nevis, Armadale, and arrive at Loch Hourn, where, after a consultation between the Commodore, the Pilot, and the Captain, we anchor. In this part, at the entrance of the Loch, there is a good practical joke played by some one who has placed a stick with a square piece of something on it (which may be a notice-board when you get close enough to it), on the top of a submerged rock. The humour of this is, that in broad daylight it is scarcely visible, in twilight it may be just discerned with a strong glass when you are unpleasantly near it, and at night it can't be seen at all. Of course, the practical fun of this is evident.

KILLICK and CRAYLEY, who has developed a wonderful faculty for flat contradiction, have a lively argument as to the meaning of "Seavaig." It commences by CRAYLEY informing the company generally that Loch Nevis is Lake Heaven.

KILLICK says he knew this, and caps it by telling us that Loch Hourn is just the opposite.

Then I ask, if the guide-books call Loch Seavaig the Avernus of the North, what is the meaning of Seavaig?

KILLICK thinks that it must mean something gloomy.

MELLEVILLE observes, marginally, "probably."

CRAYLEY thinks it is the old Scotch for "Witch."

"Gaelic," says KILLICK, majestically.

"No; not Gaelic," returns CRAYLEY. "They don't speak Gaelic here."

"They did!" retorts KILLICK, shortly.

"They did nothing of the sort," answers CRAYLEY, with his head well on one side, his glass screwed in his eye, his face turned away from KILLICK, and towards Loch Nevis.

"Oh, certainly!" remarks our Commodore, intervening with persuasive gentleness. "They certainly spoke Gaelic in these parts. Seavaig, Nevis, and Hourn are all Gaelic names."

"Armadale isn't," says CRAYLEY, not thoroughly convinced.

This is my opportunity. I am not well up in Gaelic, but now I feel my feet. "Armadale," I say, cleverly, "was a novel. Was it a story about this locality?"

Nobody is positive on this point; ergo, I suppose no one has read it. I haven't.

KILLICK remembers it in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "By WILKIE COLLINS," he adds, as if he had only read the title, and stopped there. There are some people with great reputations for reading everything who never do more than this, and manage to pick up the chief points in the course of conversation.

"It wasn't written by WILKIE COLLINS!" replies CRAYLEY, curtly.

He evidently owes KILLICK one for the latter's recent victory on the Gaelic dispute.

"It was!" retorts KILLICK, sharply.

"Nonsense," says CRAYLEY. "It was Mrs. Wood."

"Oh! I don't think it was Mrs. Wood," I say, "because she has a magazine of her own, and why should she write in the *Cornhill*?" Having given this piece of logical reasoning, it occurs to me that Mrs. Wood hasn't a magazine of her own; but keep the doubt to myself.

"Armadale was by Mrs. Wood or Miss BRADDON," says CRAYLEY, returning to the subject. "Wasn't it?" he asks, appealing to our Commodore.

But MELLEVILLE will not commit himself to an opinion. He remembers that *Armadale* was the name of a novel; nothing more.

This neutrality decides CRAYLEY, and he bears down on KILLICK with all his guns.

"Of course," he says, decidedly, as if he had just that instant received private and positive intelligence from indisputable authority. "Of course *Armadale* was by Mrs. Wood or Miss BROUGHTON, and, at all events, it certainly was not by WILKIE COLLINS."

"I'll bet you anything you like," says KILLICK, warmly, "that *Armadale* was by WILKIE COLLINS. I'll bet you five pounds. Come!"

But CRAYLEY won't "come." He simply replies, with a superb contempt for KILLICK's offer, "I never bet," which provokes KILLICK into extravagant offers to back his own opinion, at twenty to one, thirty to one, fifty to one, anything, in fact, to one, that WILKIE COLLINS did write *Armadale*. But CRAYLEY preserves a disdainful silence, which so irritates KILLICK that he says, "My dear fellow,"—he is only affectionate when he means quite the contrary, for if his "My dear fellow" were translated, it would be literally, "You d—

(not dear) fool (not fellow),"—"My dear fellow, you can't be certain, or you would back your opinion."

"I never bet," repeats the imperturbable CRAYLEY, still with his head on one side, his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his gaze fiercely fixed on the opposite coast. He reminds me of EDGAR ALLAN POE's wearying Raven, with its constant "Never more!" KILLICK would have thrown his boots at that raven, and broken the bust of Pallas Athene over the Poet's door. As it is, if he could chuck CRAYLEY quietly into the water, he would do so, and, as the latter was sinking, he would ask him savagely, "Now, did WILKIE COLLINS write *Armadale* or not?" to which CRAYLEY, rising for the third time, with the glass in his eye, and his head on one side gazing upwards, would serenely reply, "I never bet," and disappear for ever.

Our Commodore goes below; so do I; and KILLICK crosses over to the other side of the vessel.

Now, though at the commencement of this discussion I knew perfectly well, without having read the novel in question, who was the Author of *Armadale*, yet now I own to being a bit shaken by the decided tone and positive manner of CRAYLEY. Positiveness is nine points of the law, if you happen to be "laying it down."

"Dinner is under weigh, Sir," cries the Merry Young Steward, and we descend silently.

We all meet at dinner as happily as possible, and hear no more of *Armadale*.

CRAYLEY and KILLICK avoid discussion. It is a truce between them; but when they recommence, the contest will be frightful.

As neither MELLEVILLE nor myself will dispute with him, CRAYLEY starts a new method and argues with himself. He contradicts himself flatly, and finally brings himself as holding Opinion No. 1, over to the side of himself as representing Opinion No. 2, or he tries to bring one of us into this dual discussion. But as to cut in on such delicate ground would be like interfering between man and wife, we wisely hold aloof, and express no opinion either way.

For example, he takes up a telescope, and, after a careful survey of the distant shores, he says, "There's a castle there. A splendid ruin." Then he hands the glass to me, and I agree with him, in much the same spirit as the old courtier *Polonius* did with *Hamlet* as to the camel-shaped cloud which was backed like a weasel and very like a whale. But this does not content HAMLET-CRAYLEY. He looks at the object again, and then, in a voice which is quite loud enough for any bystander to catch and reply to (it is a bait thrown out to KILLICK, who won't bite,—or bark either, now), he says to himself, "No, it isn't a castle; it's a rock."

He turns to offer me the glass, but as I am with *Clarissa Harlowe* in Bloomsbury, and cannot be disturbed, and as MELLEVILLE and KILLICK have gone below, he applies the telescope once more to his eye, and continues the argument entirely with himself. "Yes," he says, "it is a castle"—then, the next minute, he meets this statement with the flat and rude contradiction, "No, it isn't." Then he treats himself in the most cavalier manner, and quite turns up his nose at the idea of anyone ever having been so absurd as to think that eccentric-looking rock a castle. And here it would end, but that he takes one more look through the glass, which results in his saying positively, "Yes, it is a castle: I thought so from the first"—which concludes the controversy. It is a harmless amusement, and, so to speak, keeps his hand in for when he shall have a real opponent to contradict.

We are now making for Kyle Aikin, and that is my last point before Strome Ferry.

### Gold Leaf from Goldsmith.

HERE is a cap to fit some of 'em nowadays:—

"To be known in this town was almost synonymous with being on the road to fortune. How many little things do we see, without merit or without friends, push themselves forward into public notice, and by self-advertising attract the attention of the day: the wise despise them, but the public are not all wise. Thus they succeed, rise upon the wing of folly or of fashion, and by their success give a new sanction to effrontery."

This is from OLIVER GOLDSMITH's *Life of Beau Nash*. O sweet OLIVER! O brave OLIVER! Who would have thought that Beau broke one hundred and twenty years ago. Some of the advertisers of our day might take this to heart, that "all is not GOLD[SMITH] that glitters!"

A CONSERVATIVE Solicitor in the country refused to subscribe to a Luther Commemoration Fund on the ground that, first of all, Luther started a Reform Bill, and, secondly, that had he been alive now he would have come under the Corrupt Practices Act for allowing two wives at the same time to an Elector. [Surely this "Permissive Bill" of Dr. MARTIN's was a questionable blessing to the Elector, specially if there were two Mothers-in-law. Eh?]





**"CERTIFICATION FROM LORD R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL IS PRAISE INDEED."**

*"A Cure for the Heartache" (adapted).*

Lord R. C. (to Scotch University Voter). "ALLOW ME, MY DEAR MCBAGPIPES, TO INTRODUCE SIR ST-FF-RD. YOU'LL FIND HIM NOT AT ALL A BAD SORT OF OLD CHAPPIE; AND IF HE DOESN'T ADEQUATELY REPRESENT THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE PARTY,—WHY, YOU KNOW WHO DOES. *EN ATTENDANT*, HE'LL SUIE YOU VERY WELL FOR ANYTHING LIKE REAL WORK. PLAY UP! YOUTH MUST HAVE ITS FLING, AND SIR ST-FF-RD WILL PAY THE PIPER."

*[Rectorial Dance, and Excursus.]*

**THE MARCH OF THE SALVATIONISTS.**

SOUND the loud banjo before and behind us,  
Grace to the Rough, and a fig for the Smooth!  
Gentle Religion's sweet modesties bind us  
All to sing, Hey for the Family BOOTH!

Cornets and Generals, Ensigns, Lieutenants,  
Captains and Admirals, Colonels and all,  
Blowing our trumpets and waving our pennants,  
Shout for Humility—keep up the bawl.

All the world knows we're so blessedly 'umble—  
(How like the Master we follow so well!)—  
That for a BOOTH there's no chance of a tumble,  
Though e'en the Temple of Solomon fell.

Hey for our CATHERINE, blushing so feminine,  
Rousing the Swiss to conviction of sin;  
Out on their Beak, who, the tide o' grace stemmin', in-  
sisted on brutally "running her in"!

List to dear CATHERINE's fervent beseeching,  
Even for Prefects, policemen, and all:  
Poor old St. Paul rated women for preaching,  
CATHERINE knows rather more than St. Paul.

Ancient ideas of effete Christianity  
Rot in the modern advertisement age;  
Modesty now is the merest of vanity,  
Prophets and Players must all be the rage.

Bishops have petted and Parsons have owned us,  
Shares are all rising, and souls above par;  
When on the Eagle we fitly enthroned us,  
Were we in debt? And who cares if we are?

Happy transgressor, forget your transgression;  
Come and subscribe—we'll confess you and soothe:  
Ours is the true Apostolic Succession,  
Born in a cradle, but crowned—in a BOOTH!

New drink at "the American Bar." "The Cole-  
ridge." It is a soothing beverage, containing one  
portion of spirit to three of syrup.

**A BROWNE STUDY IN NEW BOND STREET.**

A CHILL-BLOODED, youth-forgetting creature must be he who can walk round the collection of "PHIZ's" Pictures now on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Rooms in New Bond Street, in a simply critical Lessing's-Laocöon-like spirit.

"I am nothing if not uncritical!" one is tempted to exclaim as soon as the familiar scrawly signature and unmistakable "touch" bring back memories of bygone boyish enthusiasms, school-day side-splittings, the happy periodical anticipations of significant "announcements," and the pleasant monthly promise of graphic green covers. Naturalistic elaboration? What did we care about it then, in the presence of sketchy, but infinitely suggestive, "go"? "Technique"? Who bothered about technique in boyhood's breezy hour, when fun and fancy and careless grace were the charms we chiefly cared for—and always found—in our favourite? These were pictures, our pictures, the pictures. MICHAEL ANGELO might be more massive, Mr. BURNE-JONES may be more intense; but this is "PHIZ." Not HABLÖT KNIGHT BROWNE! That might do for visiting-card, catalogue, or biographical dictionary—not for us. To us he was "PHIZ" tout court, or, more affectionately, "dear old PHIZ." He drew *Pickwick*, and *Pecksniff*, and *Sam Weller*, and *Micawber*, and *Dick Swiveller*, and *Quilp*, and *Little Nell*, and these were sufficient Art Credentials for the youth of pre-Rossettian Philistia.

And now? Well "PHIZ" is "PHIZ" still—a "PHIZ" that has not lost sparkle. We see him here in the old familiar shapes, and in some new and unsuspected ones. We find that the old charm remains. We find, too, that he will stand the test of a genial and unpedantic criticism, if we care to apply it. He may not "draw" as accurately as some heavily conscientious modern Artists. But he can "design" better. His abounding wealth of humorous fanciful invention are a good set-off against their careful finish. What fine free fun! What sharp characterisation! What spontaneous grace! What frolic phantasy! What weird impressiveness!

Sketchy? Of course. But do the self-belauded "Impressionistes" hit a character, or suggest a landscape with such rapid felicity? Limited range? Equally, of course. Every Artist's range is limited. "PHIZ" could not draw Venuses and Cupids, perhaps. Neither could FLAXMAN draw *Cutlises* and *Quilps*. But "PHIZ" could do

more than sketch light comicalities and laughable caricatures. He was fertile of symbolical fancy, and had a feeling for the graceful, the dramatically impressive in composition, the grotesque in incongruity, the tragic in antithesis, the whimsical and weird in landscape. A lightly-sketched crowd of fine fantastic Ariel-and-Puck-like creations show more power and fertility than one correctly modelled and carefully stippled, but woodenly lifeless Cherub.

Some of "PHIZ's" wonder-witched scenes were, in conception, almost worthy of EDGAR ALLAN POE, if in execution many a duller draughtsman might have surpassed him. That he had powers of imaginative and dramatic design only partially developed seems to be indicated by such pictures as "*Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts*" (No. 81), "*Sintram and Death descending into the Dark Valley*" (No. 128), "*Death's Revel*" (No. 121), and many a smaller subject. Look at the humorous pathos in "*Labour in Vain*" (No. 64), the honest rollicking fun in the set of *Hunting Bits* (Nos. 99 to 111), belonging to Major JAY—lucky Major!—the comical suggestiveness of "*Mourning in all Ages*" (Nos. 148 to 160), and "*A Hint to Schoolboys with a Birchy Master*" (No. 112), the quaint feeling of "*Gone*" (No. 46), the "go" of the Irish and sporting subjects, the fluent grace of many a light figure or landscape *croquis*, and admit that our old favourite had range as well as raciness. Often thin and skimpy, sometimes simpering and conventional, when out of his element amidst fine Society figments or pseudo-classic abstractions. Granted. But the man who could illustrate DICKENS and LEVER as he illustrated them, and paint the unelaborated, but harmonious and impressive "*Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts*," fetched a considerable compass in Art, and deserves more of the good things that partial fondness is eager to say for him than perhaps finical Critics may be ready to admit.

Anyhow, "Go and see the 'PHIZ' Gallery," is our advice to genial Middle-age with memories, and unpriggish Youth without hyperæsthetic prejudices. Mr. Punch rather pities the party, man or boy, who cannot spend a pleasant hour with the relics of "dear old 'PHIZ,'" at 148, New Bond Street.

WHY?—"Why should London wait?" asks the *Daily Telegraph*. "Why, indeed?" says Our ROBERT, "when there are lots of honest, hard-workin' perfeshnals ready to do all the waitin' that can possibly be rekward, for a considerashun."



### HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

*Modest Youth.* "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS LIGHTFOOT?"

*Miss Lightfoot (to her Mother's horror).* "THANKS—NO! MY WAISTBAND IS SO TIGHT I CAN'T MOVE, AND SO ARE MY SHOES!"

[*Modest Youth, who is, let us say, an Earl of Richard the First's creation, six foot eight in his pumps, with eight hundred thousand a year, and in every respect the ideal of a Young Girl's Dream—is so touched that he proposes on the spot!*]

### COUNTER CRITICISM.

REFERRING to the Annual Meeting of the Hogarth Club, held a few evenings since, a contemporary states that it has received the subjoined communication from a Correspondent present on the occasion:—

"I was standing," says the gentleman in question, "at the buffet, when I suddenly heard the voice of Mr. OSCAR WILDE discussing with Mr. WHISTLER and others the attributes of two well-known actresses. The criticism is at least expressive. "SARAH BERNHARDT," he said, "is all moonlight and sunlight combined, exceedingly terrible, magnificently glorious. Miss ANDERSON is pure and fearless as a mountain daisy. Full of change as a river. Tender, fresh, sparkling, brilliant, superb, placid.""

That such sort of criticism is, as the Correspondent truly observes, "at least expressive" cannot for a moment be denied, but in what intelligent manner, or with what distinct result, is perhaps not quite so evident.

Still, as there are some who acknowledge an indefinite sort of charm in the meaningless mash up of empty adjectives, and inconsequent antitheses, that is the leading characteristic of such "criticism" as the above, the process might with advantage be extended to other and equally deserving notabilities. Indeed, a species of brief hand-book to character might be essayed on such lines with much success. Take, for instance, a few names at random:—

Mr. BRIERLY might be said to be "solid and psychological as a Bath-bun. Diversified and full of surprises as a lobster-salad. Tasty, indigestible, elegant, peppery, fragrant, settling."

Or Lord SALISBURY might be disposed of as "all night-light and

### A CHEAP OUTING.

CAN you get freedom from care at Brighton? It would appear so, from the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Sussex Daily News*:—

MOTHER, requiring freedom from care, asks for fortnight near New Pier at Brighton; will someone kindly give it, advertiser being unable to afford it. All letters answered.

Beyond the railway fare, a fortnight near the New Pier could scarcely be very expensive; but possibly the police might object to "MOTHER" hanging about there for so long a period, and if she stopped out all night, she might possibly catch cold. Possibly she means comfortable apartments in the King's Road, first floor, big bow-window, hot luncheon at two, choice dinner at eight, and a smart Victoria and pair to go out a-driving.

Who longed so much for change of air,  
Who wished to be quite free from care,  
Who hadn't too much cash to spare?—  
Why, "MOTHER"!

Who'd like to spend a fortnight near  
The Bedford or the nice New Pier,  
In quarters free, with rare good cheer?—  
Why, "MOTHER"!

It is a pity that "MOTHER" did not give more elaborate details, then we should have known how to provide.

ANOTHER HADYN'S SURPRISE.—*A propos* of our note on HADYN's *Dictionary of Dates*, a Correspondent informs us that in the edition for 1878, ABBÉ FRANZ LISTZ is still mentioned as having died in 1868. Once having killed him, they stuck to it for ten years, at all events. We haven't seen the latest edition. The ABBÉ is alive and well; and the last number but one of the *Musical World* tells us where he is going to spend his winter, in spite of HADYN's *Dictionary of Dates*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—"Brass Work at Birmingham," in the new number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is not by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, but by Mr. BERNARD BECKER.

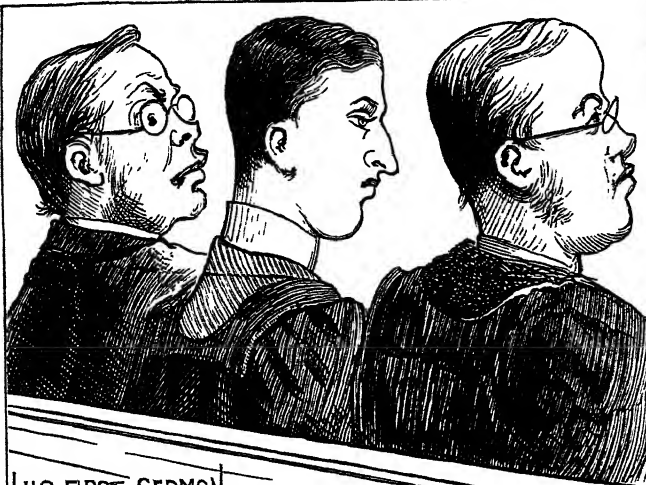
squib-light rolled into one, terribly humorous, magnificently unconscious." While

Mr. OSCAR WILDE himself could figure fairly enough under the involved image of "trembling as an apple-dumpling. Rash as cheap hair-oil, flaccid, futile, finished, scholastic, scented sixpence a bottle."

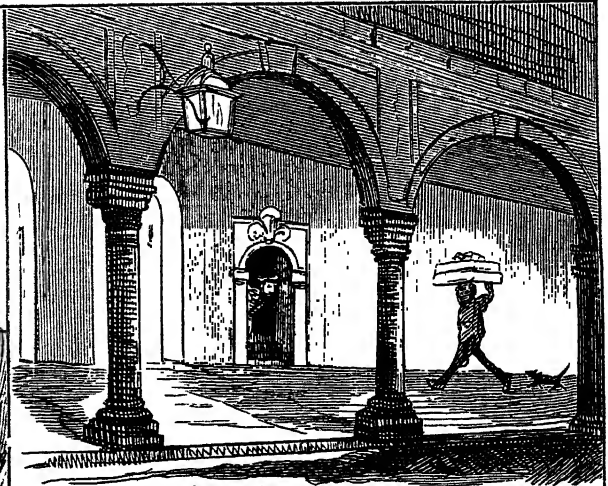
But there is no occasion to continue a list the value of which, if completed, would, as a psychological and social guide, be obvious. Mr. OSCAR WILDE and Mr. WHISTLER should lose no time, but meet again and again at buffet after buffet, accompanied by a shorthand-writer and an enterprising publisher or two, and, before the month was out at the refreshment-bar, the thing would be done.

THE "ORIENTAL EXPRESS" LUXURY.—The *Times* Correspondent, who seems to have been a nervous traveller for "A Special," records "that the motion (of the train) was so smooth, that the people could shave throughout the journey." What a cheerful, though after a time monotonous, amusement! He should have signed himself, "A YOUNG SHAVER." And then his description of the dinner! "Rubies of red wine, and topazes of ditto!" What sort of beverage is the latter? And is "topazes" a misprint for "Topers"? After many of these toperoses of dittos and red rubies, there couldn't be much more steady shaving except by a very old hand. We drink the Special Traveller's health in a glass of Double Ditto!

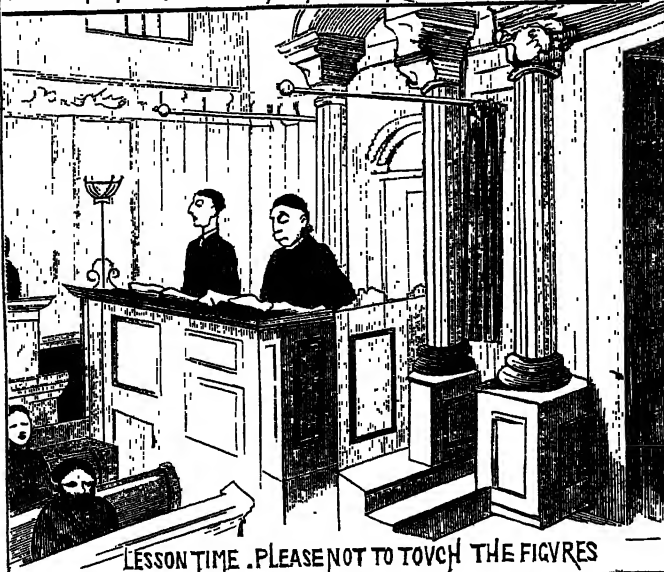
THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF AMERICAN MASHERY.—Masherchusetts.



HIS FIRST SERMON  
MUSTN'T LAUGH - GOT MY EYE ON YOU!



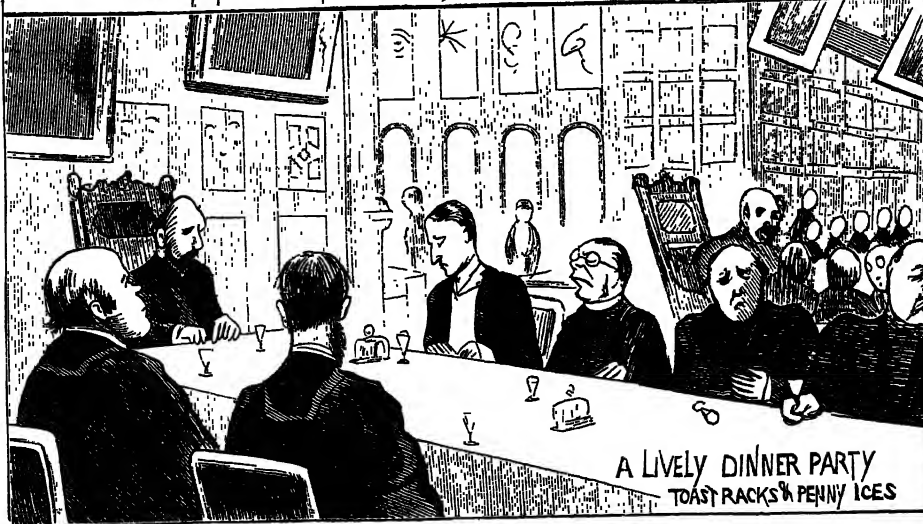
MESSAGE FROM THE 'COMMONS' GETTING IT HOT.



LESSON TIME. PLEASE NOT TO TOUCH THE FIGURES



TAKEN TO HIS ROOMS BY THE PROCTORS - BY LE-DOGS IN ADVANCE



A LIVELY DINNER PARTY  
TOAST RACKS & PENNY ICES



THE RESULT AFTER A WEEKS TERM

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES AT CAMBRIDGE; OR, HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.

(Suggested by a Page in the service of last Saturday's Ill-str-t & L-nd-n N-ws.)



## THE SPEAKER.

*(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)*

## PART III.—MUNICIPAL TOASTS.

THE position of a Provincial Mayor is less peculiar than that of "the Chief Magistrate of the City of London." As a rule, the country magnate has "been before his public" for many years as an Alderman before making his first appearance as the head of the Municipality. The transition from Alderman to Mayor is easy and gradual. It makes very little difference to anyone, save, perhaps, to the reporter of the local paper, who has to remember the distinction between the two grades. But in London the change is magical. Before the 9th of November the Lord Mayor Elect is scarcely known. He has been, and will, after three hundred and sixty-five days of office, become once more, a simple Alderman. Sometimes, a very simple Alderman. His name will be mentioned with an apologetic smile by the vast majority of those who know him when he is *not* residing at the Mansion House, but during his tenancy of that desirable residence, he will be accepted as a somebody—a rather ridiculous somebody—but still a somebody. For one whole year he will be Host in General to the Metropolis of the World. He will have to entertain Bishops, Statesmen, Scientists, and Royalties. Nay, it is possible that he may have to welcome to his honest but not humble house Sovereigns, and even the very Majesty of England itself. Any letter he addresses to the papers (especially during the earlier months of his reign) will be honoured with large type, and all his speeches will be given in full. His great object should be to defend the *raison d'être* of his office. It should be his task in proposing the health of such-and-such a celebrity, to trace the connection between the City and the City's guest, and to lead up to the reply. If not particularly interesting in itself, his speech should be the cause of interest in the speeches made by others. Much latitude is permitted him in pronunciation. He may take as a golden rule the line, "Look after the thoughts and sentiments, and allow the aspirates to look after themselves." He must mind his "ps" and "qs," but need not keep a severe watch over his "hs." No one expects the Lord Mayor of London to be a devoted student of the laws laid down by the late LINDLEY MURRAY. Occasionally a "Chief Magistrate" is found to be thoroughly well-educated. The present LORD MAYOR Elect, for instance, is an example of this exception to the general rule, and one of his colleagues, too, who has not passed the Chair, is actually a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge. But these cases must be regarded as rather startling innovations. And startling innovations are never very popular in the Guildhall.

The great occasion for Civic oratory is unquestionably the 9th of November, when the intellect of the nation is gathered together to eat turtle-soup, under the shadows of Gog and Magog, within a stone's throw of Cheapside. It is then that the ears of the Press and the eyes of the nation are most concerned with "his Lordship." He has a very difficult part to play, especially if he happens to be a Member of Parliament, and belongs to the party languishing on the Opposition Benches. The loyal toasts, of course, will give him no trouble. He will say the conventional things in the conventional manner, and receive the conventional applause. It is when he has to propose the Army and Navy, the Houses of Lords and Commons, and especially "Her Majesty's Ministers" that his real troubles will surround him. He must be dignified and conciliatory, and yet have the courage of his principles. He must not be frightened at the PREMIER's uniform, and when the costume of a more than usually gorgeous Ambassador attracts his attention, he must regain his composure by a glance at the magnificent toilette of the City Marshal. He must bear in mind that he is supported by the City Trumpeters, who, in case of need, will be able to put down opposition by clamour. Thus reassured, he should pass through the ordeal successfully. To assist "his Lordship," this Guide (which is nothing if not practical) contains a few suggestions for dealing with the various toasts that have to be given from the Chair on the 9th of November. It will be seen that the leading idea is to give the "local colouring" of the City to every proposition. Here then followeth—

*Hints for Speeches to be made by the Lord Mayor at his "Call Dinner."*

"*Army, Navy, and Volunteers.*"—Introduce allusion to the City Train Bands. Give briefly history of WAT TYLER, laying stress upon the incident of his death at the hands of a Lord Mayor of the Period. Refer to the love of past Chief Magistrates for excursions on the Thames. "Should the nation be really in danger, the City Barge would be manned by the Watermen, ready to expel the foreign intruder!" London Militia has for its Colonel Sir REGINALD HANSON, Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge. The Lady Mayoress is fond of giving away prizes to the City Volunteers. Conclude by saying that "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, referring to the great commercial interests of the City of London, called the English a 'nation of shopkeepers'—for all that the Battle of Waterloo was won by British pluck and British bayonets!"

"*House of Lords.*"—A Tory Lord Mayor will, of course, speak of this institution with much respect. Mr. ALDERMAN FOWLER no doubt will refer with approval to the suggestion of his predecessor that the Chamber of Peers and the Court of Aldermen are very much alike—especially the Court of Aldermen.

"*House of Commons.*"—His Lordship will apologise for the shortcomings of the popular assembly. "As a Member himself," he will probably furnish autobiographical reminiscences. Each reminiscence may commence with "I remember on one occasion in the House, when I was talking to a Statesman who before now has enjoyed the confidence of Her MAJESTY, that," and then will follow the story.

"*Her Majesty's Ministers.*"—He will say that "politics are not admissible at a gathering such as this." Having laid down this rule, he will proceed to break it. He will call attention to the rumours ("he hopes groundless") that the privileges of the City are about to be invaded. Then he will quote more history about WAT TYLER, GRESHAM, the City Train Bands, and the recent opening of Burnham Beeches to the People for ever. He will give a "nasty one" to the HOME SECRETARY. He will probably have something to say about the late Lord BEACONSFIELD and his foreign policy. The connection between the City and Ireland will possibly furnish a subject upon which to hang some pleasant saying about the Government and the present condition of the Emerald Isle. He will conclude by making the discovery that after all (in "spite of all temptations") Liberals and Conservatives, Whigs and Tories, are yet Englishmen, and may be expected "to behave as such." This last sentiment will be the concession that a host feels bound to yield to a guest. He will suggest that although the members of the present Government are rather partial to wallowing in blood and mud, they have one great redeeming point—they are fond of City turtle!

Having disposed of these toasts and received snubbings, more or less pronounced, from the FOREIGN SECRETARY, the MARQUIS of HARTINGTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE, he may "rest and be thankful." If necessity arises, he will patronise the Ambassadors, because the City is wealthy, the LORD CHANCELLOR, because he is himself "the Chief Magistrate of the First City of the Universe," and the ancient seats of learning, because "amongst the Aldermen is a Master of Arts of the University of Cambridge." During his year of office he will say something civil to the Judges, because he presides at the Central Criminal Court, to the Bishops, because the daughter of a Lord Mayor is occasionally married in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Fellows of the Royal Society, because telephones are now in general use in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House. When he attends the Royal Academy Banquet he will, of course, call attention to the fact that the City Authorities frequently purchase pictures. Before now, "Literature" has been entertained in the Mansion House. Should the Authors be asked to the Egyptian Hall in 1884, no doubt his Lordship will refer to the Free Library near the Mayor's Court, and say something really nice about the marketable value of brains in the Nineteenth Century. He may even admit (if in a very good humour) that brilliant thoughts are nearly as precious as grey shirtings. Again, there is a precedent for Actors going East of Temple Bar. If they make this journey during the next twelve months, the Lord Mayor will very likely express himself as quite pleased with some of the works of the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To sum up. For a year his Lordship will have the privilege of patronising everybody and everything. He will be listened to during this time with patience, if not respect. When, however, the regulation reign expires, he will disappear into the ranks, and become once more an ordinary individual, whose oratory will be most suitable to a local vestry.

## GUY FENIAN.

OH, PITY the poor Fenian who has tried to wreck a train,  
Or blow a public building up with dynamite in vain;  
He has wasted his materials, not created much alarm,  
Done anything or anyone but very little harm,

Except himself; for haply the Police are on the track;  
And then he's like to Reynard with the hounds behind his back.  
If a conspirer, Feeny stands within Law's long-armed reach;  
'Tis probable some one of his accomplices will peach.

No damage worth a button for his deed has he to show;  
And when he's caught, to prison like the pickpocket he'll go,  
Be sent his whole life long in penal servitude to pass,  
Having failed as an assassin, and but made himself an ass.

Oh, pity the poor Fenian who, for hate to England's Crown,  
Cares not how many people he blows up or houses down,  
Causes a mere explosion, and commits a bootless crime.  
Alas, that pity on himself he didn't take in time!

CHAMPION CHAMPAGNE SHOW.—If one is started, it should be called "Another Phiz Collection."



## WHAT I SAW AND HEARD AT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

I HEARD a magnificent-looking fellow, who stood about six feet in his stockings, and a little more without them, and who probably weighed about fifteen stone, state publicly that he was one of five-and-thirty Pilots of Swansea, of whom five-and-twenty, including himself, wore the blue ribbon of temperance. In the bitterest winter's night, in the wildest storm of hail, rain, or snow, they tasted nothing stronger than tea or coffee, giving greatly the preference to tea. They also highly appreciated the great staying powers—to use a sporting phrase—of cocoa, and wished it were more generally used on board ship.

I saw a member of the Court of Common Council (pointed out to me by ROBERT the Waiter), about lunch-time, pensively gazing upon four different specimens of Turtle, exhibited in the Spanish Court. There seemed a puzzled look in his concentrated gaze, as if he were saying, "Four kinds of Turtle? How can that be? Thick Turtle I know, and clear Turtle I know, but what are the others?"

I heard a weather-beaten Fisherman tell, in his own homely and unadorned fashion, how he had spent thirty successive winters at sea; how he had seen four vessels, out of the fishing-fleet of which he was in command, go down with every soul on board; how, in one fearful night in October, 1881, eleven smacks went down with all hands, numbering fifty-five souls, and, on another occasion, twelve smacks and ninety-six men went down into the pitiless deep, and not one escaped to tell the sad story; how, during his thirty years of sea-life, he had seen hundreds of men drowned, and why? because the boats were not big enough, and not strong enough, being only some 80 or 90 tons. He had never known a boat of 150 tons lost.

Fear is a word unknown to Fishermen! They never care how high the sea runs, or how fierce the wind blows, provided they have plenty of sea-room and—no company!

I saw the gracious Lady whom all Fishermen ought to, and probably do, regard with affectionate gratitude—considering what she has done for the poor Fishermen of Baltimore and Cape Clear, how she has raised them, by her wisely-directed liberality, from poverty and misery and occasional pauperism, to prosperity and independence—listening with eyes as well as ears to the graphic account given by an eager enthusiast, how he had settled down in a poverty-stricken district in Ireland, where, as he said, the young men were going about wearing half a shirt and half a pair of trousers, and how he established a pottery there, and brought over Englishmen to instruct them, and how they were now clothed in broadcloth and linen, and earning from fifty to sixty shillings a week each. I think, from the delighted look of Lady BURDETT-COURTIS, she would have liked to have shaken hands with that enthusiastic and successful worker in the good cause she has so much at heart.

I heard a fine intelligent fellow describe, without a word of boastfulness, how he had raised himself from being only a poor Fisherman to be Manager of a Fishing Fleet, and I heard him use these remarkable words, "My increased knowledge increases the knowledge of my own ignorance." What Fishermen want, he said, is more education, more intelligence, and less rashness; there will then be less loss of life. Nothing will induce them to wear life-belts. Why? Because, though fearless of danger, they dread anything like chaff. Ridicule is worse than rocks or wrecks, in their opinion. No man spoke at this wonderful meeting unless he had something to say; he said it as briefly, as earnestly, and yet as quietly as he could, and, having said it, he resumed his seat. Let anyone endeavour to picture to himself what our boasted House of Commons would be, if they would condescend to stoop from their high estate and imitate these poor, but earnest Fishermen. Fancy a debate in that honourable House without waste of time, or vain repetition, or denunciation, or boredom, or noise. The Chairman (MR. BIRKBECK, M.P.) must have been as much surprised as delighted at the unusual form of the discussion over which he so ably presided.

I afterwards saw a distinguished member of the Corporation taking a farewell sixpenny dinner on the closing day.

AN OUTSIDER.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is evidently working up the *Life of Luther*, so as to be up to the time of day for the Tercentenary. She says she saw a note from a Correspondent to ourselves, last week, stating that LUTHER gave permission to an Elector to have two wives anonymously, but her niece LAVINIA has been reading to her the correct version of the affair, and (she informs us) it wasn't an Elector at all, but a German Landmark to whom the permission was granted. (MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is very nearly right; so was our Correspondent.)

## MORE FROM THE GOLDSMITH BIRTHDAY-BOOK.

WE had just been reading once more in the *Times* its periodical dirge over the present extinction of novelists, dramatists, painters, when, feeling ourselves to be in something of the old rogue's vein of thought, we again took up our OLIVER GOLDSMITH, and—rubbing our eyes—read thus:—

"*The Bee*, Saturday, November 3, 1769:—Scarcely a day passes in which we do not hear compliments paid to DRYDEN, POPE, and other writers of the last age, while not a mouth comes forward that is not loaded with invectives against the writers of this. Strange, that our critics should be fond of giving their favours to those who are insensible of the obligation, and their dislike to those who, of all mankind, are most apt to retaliate the injury."

And again—for which we thank thee, OLIVER!—

"It has been so long the practice"—[please observe the date]—"to represent literature as declining, that every renewal of this complaint now comes with diminished influence. The public has been so often excited by a false alarm, that at present the nearer we approach the threatened period of decay, the more our security increases. . . . I am at a loss where to find an apology for persisting to arraign the merit of the age; for joining in a cry which the judicious have long since left to be kept up by the vulgar; and for adopting the sentiments of the multitude in a performance that at best can please only a few. . . . The dullest critic who strives at a reputation for delicacy by showing he cannot be pleased, may pathetically assure us that our taste is upon the decline; may consign every modern performance to oblivion, and bequeath nothing to posterity, except the labours of our ancestors or our own. Such general invective, however, conveys no instruction: all it teaches is, that the writer dislikes an age by which he is probably disregarded. The manner of being useful on the subject would be to point out the symptoms, to investigate the causes, and direct to the remedies, of the approaching decay."

And he is remembered as the Author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, who so complained of these judgments of his day. We fancy that we sometimes see him quoted as a model now; to say nothing of not a few who have written declining English since. *Times*' reporters and other "vulgar," please copy.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD ON "NUMBERS."\*

[The lecturer dwelt on the errors of majorities, especially in morals and politics.]

NOTHING so good as a merry minority,  
Very few people are sure to be right;  
Down with the power of the tyrant majority,  
Wanting in sweetness and lacking in light:  
This is the creed, in that far Western land,  
ARNOLD has preached, and they won't understand.

Though you belong to a feeble minority,  
You can look up and be bold with the best,  
Nor should a feeling of inferiority  
Ever arise in your militant breast;  
Take up an ARNOLD's ineffable song,  
Truly the multitude's sure to be wrong.

Who shall be sure that he's in this minority,  
So that he's truly among the elect.  
Let him dissent from all men in authority,  
Scoffing at everything others respect:  
That's how the ethical trick can be done—  
MATTHEW's minority's just Number One!

\* MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD's first lecture was listened to, in consequence of the Poet's ineffective delivery (according to the report), with the greatest attention; and he was occasionally asked to "Speak up!" He began by lecturing on "Numbers;" but, if he goes on like this, will he end by lecturing to Numbers? Some are asking if he is going through the entire Pentateuch.

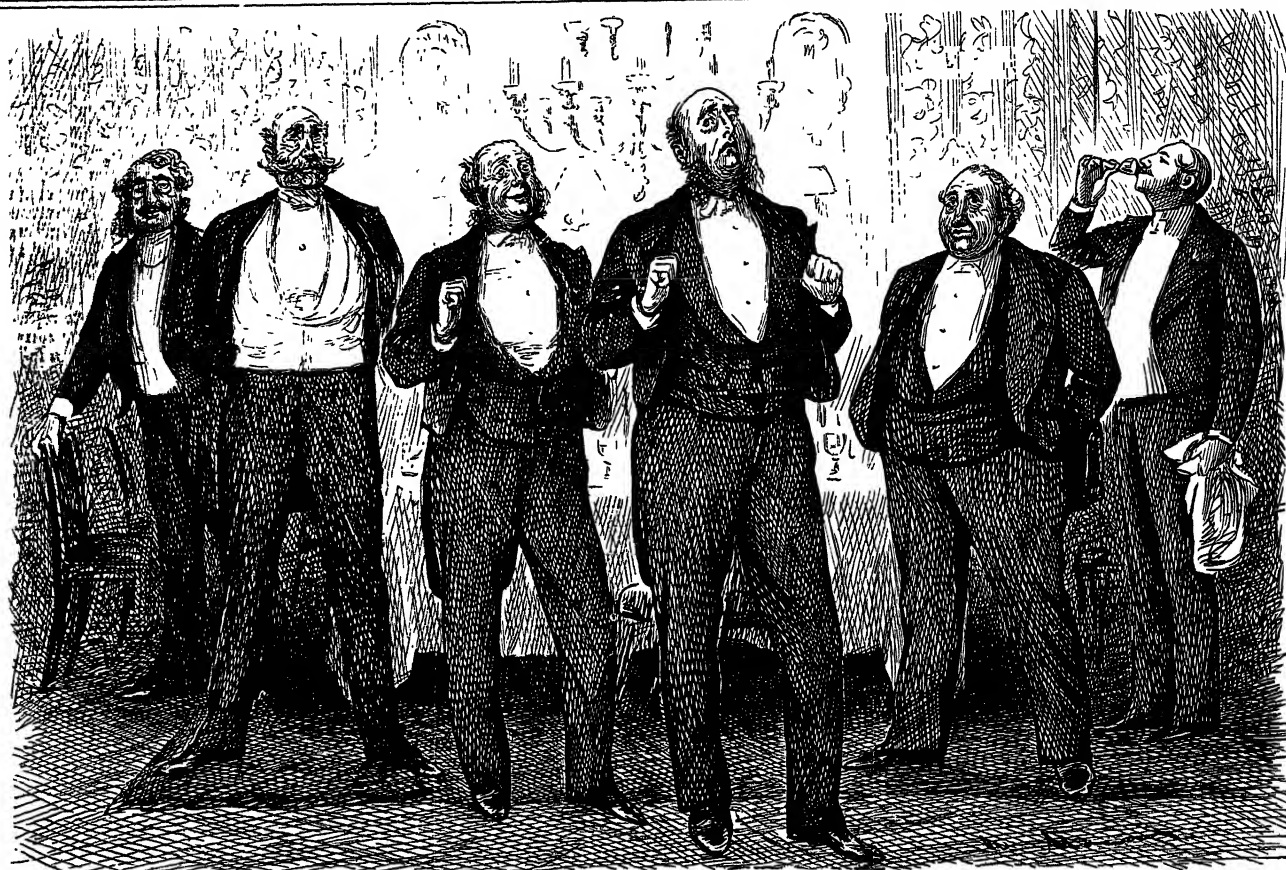
FROM a "NON-SPORTSMAN" we have received the following extract from the *Times*:—

"THE SOUTHDOWN HOUNDS.—The first meeting of the season took place yesterday, at Glynde Place, the seat of the Right Hon. Sir HENRY BRAND. There was the largest field which has been seen in Sussex for some years, over 250 being in the saddle."

"It must have been," says our Correspondent, "an enormous field; and what a weight-carrying horse! and what a gigantic saddle! But I don't believe it!"

HONOURABLY ACQUITTED.—A Contemporary says:—"In 1878 Lord LORNE was an untried man. He has so acquitted himself on trial as to justify the choice." "Next to bein' a untried man," remarks BILL BURGESS, "wot I should like is to be put upon trial so as I could acquit myself. Just wouldn't I!"

"AH!" exclaimed MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, "what an appropriate name for a Gentleman, who always lives in a state of gambling, the Prince of MONEYGO!"



### HISTORY OF A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

*Grigsby.* "BY THE WAY, THAT'S A NEW PICTURE, SIR POMPEY—THE KNIGHT IN ARMOUR, I MEAN!"

*Sir Pompey Bedell.* "ER—YES. IT CAME TO ME IN RATHER A CURIOUS WAY—ER—TOO LONG TO RELATE AT PRESENT. IT'S AN ANCESTOR OF MINE—A BEDELL OF RICHARD THE THIRD'S PERIOD!"

*Grigsby (who made an all but successful offer of three-seventeen-six for said Picture, last week, to old Moss Isaacs, in Wardour Street).* "BY JOVE, HE WAS PRECIOUS NEAR BEING AN ANCESTOR OF MINE TOO!"

[Proceeds to explain, but is interrupted by Sir P.'s proposing to join the Ladies.]

### SWEET HOME.

"DRIVES, the owner of property condemned as unfit for habitation, is getting from 50 to 60 per cent. upon his money."—*The Bitter Cry of Outcast London.*

SWEET Home! The briar-scented lane is sweet  
Some seven miles hence; exotic odours fleet  
Through the dull halls that DRIVES builds hard by  
The hidden bounds of this slime-cumbered street.

But sweetness *here*? Do blossoms blend their breath  
With Malebolge's fumes? What burdeneth  
The sluggish air of this rain-sodden slum  
Is disembodied horror, worse than death.

Infect with foulness palpable, unveiled,  
Miasma at whose breath rude health had paled,  
More than the pestilential tropic swamp,  
Where lurks the Slayer by bright blooms o'ertrailed.

Yet more with that, the deeper, deadlier taint,  
Impalpable, obscure, unshaped in plaint,  
In speech unworded, whose soul-palsying touch  
Unnerves the boldest, makes the stoutest faint.

Sweet Home! Sardonic as the Accuser's jeer  
Sound the heart-moving words when uttered here,  
Where life is a sin-poisoned agony,  
And even love a shape of leprous fear.

And Labour? Here the primal curse in sooth  
Falls unallayed by mirth, affection, ruth,  
Crushing beneath its unrelenting stress  
Age's last hope, and the first spring of youth.

Such labour! Heaven! to think of fingers thin  
Toiling in pain the grey hours round, to win  
From the swol'n hoards of wealth some scanty dole,  
Tithed by the triflers, who toil not, nor spin.

Tithed? Nay, much more than tithed, for Mammon's grip  
Snatches the morsel from the hungering lip:  
And Mammon's minions, wringing gold from pest,  
Penury's portioned mite shall not let slip.

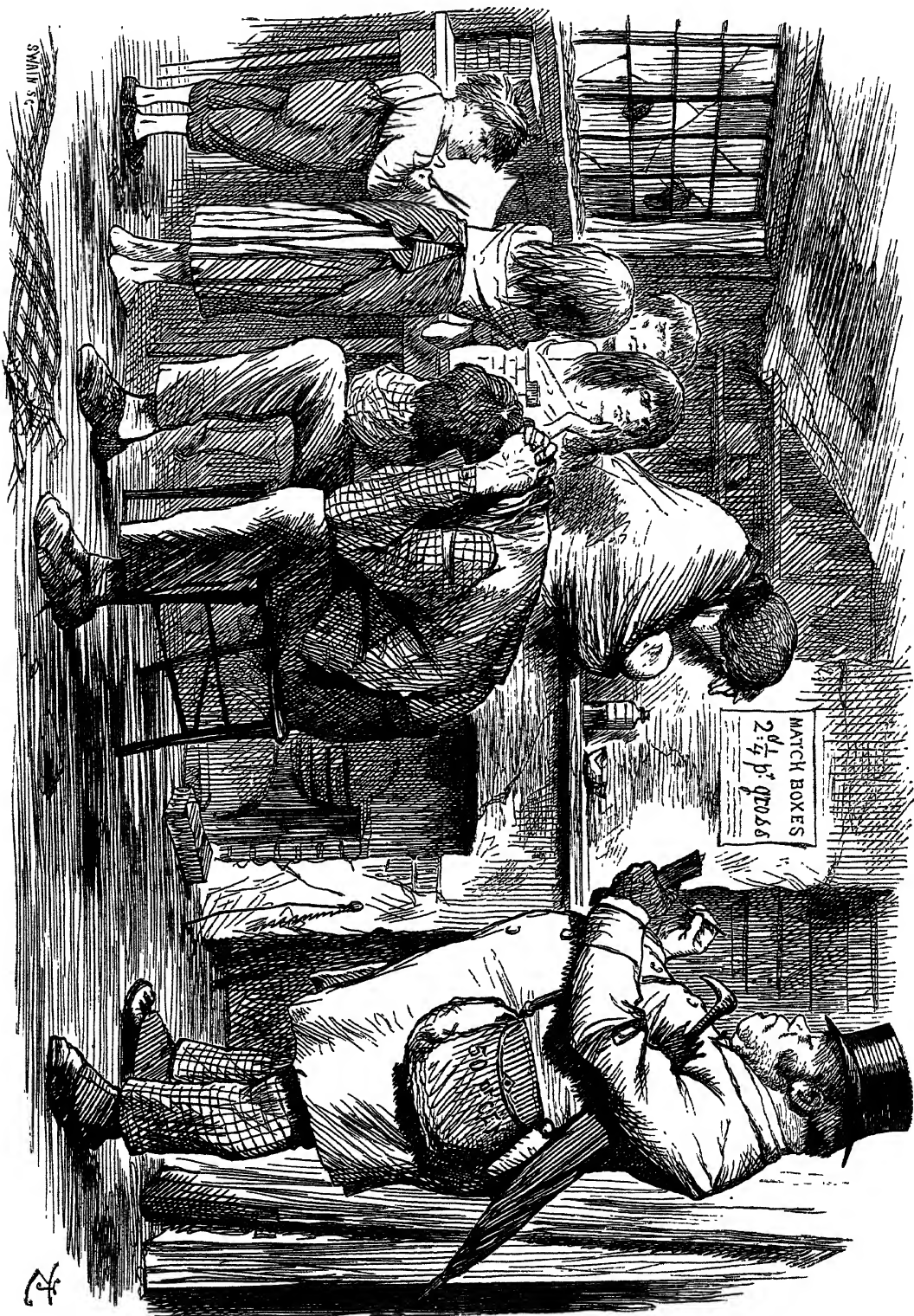
Property's gold-mine—*this*! How sweet to think  
That herded thralls of want, and crime, and drink,  
Though all too foul to touch the skirts of Wealth,  
Well-squeezed, make Mammon's guineas chink!

Not useless, no! Cold Competition's slaves,  
At least they swell Pactolus, whose broad waves  
With no whit less of eager swiftness flow,  
That they flow o'er slain victims, or 'midst graves.

Why should they? Whose the blame of that strange flood  
Drain down from fetid flats of marsh and mud?  
Or who will hold him guilty if the stream  
Like Egypt's plague-smit river show like blood?

Brave affluents verily! And Affluence, clean  
In show as its new-minted coin's bright sheen,  
Battens upon these pest-spots, sucks curst spoil  
From lazar-haunts of lust and labour lean.

Choked back from the huge City's thick-piled maze,  
Crowded aside from Comfort's cleaner ways,  
They slave and sin and multiply and die,  
These pariahs whose strange "Home" disgusts—but *pays*.



## “MAMMON’S RENTS”!!

HOUSE-JOBBER. “NOW, THEN, MY MAN; WEEK’S HUP! CAN’T AVE A ‘OME WITHOUT PAYIN’ FOR IT, YER KNOW!”  
[See the “Bitter Cry of Outcast London.”]





Pays whom? The smug House-jobber, hard of eye  
As heart, the Cit, the Peer, the Bishop. Why  
Portion too nicely? It pays careless greed  
And its blind incarnation—Property.

Sixty per cent.! That covers so much shame,  
Dulls too quick sensibility to blame.  
"Property" on these plague-spots fatly feeds.  
*What* shall awake it to the higher claim?

Shall it be Pestilence slow stealing hence,  
To strike through callous Comfort's vain defence?  
Or Misery's red revolt? or the late stir  
Of harrowed feeling and indignant sense?

Home? Ghetto plus Gehenna, reeking through  
With all abomination, stye, and stew,  
Alsatia, torture-house, slave-pen in one!  
Once more the cry breaks forth—*What* shall we do?

Wake wordy fuss, which, rising like the dust,  
So falls? Gregarious groan, then thrust  
The oft-glimpsed spectre back into its lair,  
Sight-banished, but unaid? Not so, we trust!

Vast problems, many-sided, maddening, wait  
Time's slow solution, but we may abate  
With Law's swift hand *this* wrong—that DIVES thrives  
Upon the woes of LAZARUS at his gate.

He shall not still, to swell his loved per-cents,  
Perpetuate these pest-breeding tenements,  
Nor use vile vice and slavish toil as tilth  
And pasturage of Wealth in "Mammon's Rents."

### FOOTLIGHT CONFIDENCES;

OR, WHAT THE CABLE MAY COME TO.

HERE we are at Slickville! As there was only a slight riot at the Station, and not more than five thousand firemen accompanied me to my hotel, joining in the new national serenade, "*Henry gets nicely along!*" I confess I was somewhat disappointed at the reception.

No; it has decidedly not been all I was led to expect, and it has therefore been a real consolation to me to receive here a batch of London papers, and peruse that glorious leader on my first appearance in New York, that somehow found its way into the *Times*. How excessively grotesque! I wonder, now, who on earth managed *that*? C. is civil, but he is certainly no fool. Could it have been H. P. or W. M.?—or dear old DONUTS perhaps? *N'importe!* whoever did it, it was excellent fooling, and I laughed heartily; and when I showed it to BRAM STOKER, it struck him as so exorcisingly funny that he nearly had a fit. He took the opportunity, however, of again impressing most earnestly upon me the necessity of not allowing myself to be carried away, as I am sometimes, in my after-dinner utterances. He pointed out, almost severely, to me that I had several times, with great indiscretion, added to what HATTON had set down for me to say,—much to the annoyance of HATTON, who does not like to see his carefully-prepared speeches spoilt by the introduction of bits of what he calls my "unbusiness-like and clumsy gag." I dare say he is right, for I fully admit that I do sometimes forget the ridiculous humbug underlying all this spouting and screaming and handkerchief-waving, and find myself compelled to gush tremendously. But is not the temptation strong? I am not an illustrious General, a world-renowned Philosopher, a distinguished Humanitarian, or even an ordinary Emperor. Why, then, should I be made the excuse for an unceasing and universal ovation? I ask BRAM STOKER this, and he only smiles significantly, and tells me to "mind my own business, and leave it to him." He is a wonderful fellow is BRAM STOKER. So is my tried and constant biographical friend and secretary, JOSEPH HATTON. Yes, I will endeavour to act on their advice! Ha! here come the Mayor and Municipal Authorities crowned in laurel, and ready to carry me on their shoulders to the "lunch" at the local Tantalus Club.

The lunch, though it began well, has been a noisy affair on the whole, and the little bit I interpolated into my speech about the growing glories of the rival township of Witlesburg has, so BRAM STOKER says, given great offence. I couldn't help telling them that, when at that rising Western city, after the Second Act of *Romeo and Juliet*, a large clothes-basket, full of mango jelly, fresh vegetables, and Bourbon whiskey, was let down from the proscenium by ropes of roses to my very feet, my heart went out to my audience; then and there, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting it back. I had scarcely uttered this, when HATTON was pelted with Blue-Point shell and salad-plates, it having got wind that he is responsible for my public sentiments. I am extremely sorry, and must really be careful. It appears that there is some feud between these rising

places, and that my reference has, therefore, been unfortunate. I am afraid this argues a doubtful reception to *The Bells* this evening. BRAM STOKER advises me strongly either to let HATTON play for me, or go through the Mesmerist Scene with a tinned umbrella. I will think this out.

As I hear the booking is excessively brisk, and have also been informed that all the people in the Western States have taken a hint from that clapping lesson I gave the New York Reporter the other day, I cannot but believe that the reception will be quite tremendous. I have, therefore, decided. I may wear a japanned tea-tray, up my back, but—I shall to-night play *Matthias* myself.

The ordeal is over. I am standing on the *débris* of the stage, surrounded by a crowd of excited literary interviewers. What can I say of what I thought of my reception, for they are asking me a thousand questions on all sides? I am trying to recall my impressions of the performance. I tell them that as soon as I came on in the First Act a shower of rotten eggs established in my mind beyond a doubt the conviction that I felt my audience. So it was all along; and when, on the appearance of the Polish Jew, a dead cat levelled at my head, fortunately hit his instead, my shriek of laughter was so hearty, so unexpected, and so wild, that it fairly brought down the house, and enabled the Second Act to be proceeded with without any immediate attempt to lynch the Manager, or tear up the benches. But when towards the close of the play I retired to my couch amidst a hail of footstools, I began to fear I should have tough work with the Mesmerist. For an American audience is keener, handier, stronger in the whistle, harderfisted, and takes better shots with an occasional chair than an English one. At the Lyceum if I stand on my head the Stalls receive it in silence, and not a coat-sleeve cracks with applause. If, indeed, I wish for a handful, I have to get it, as best I can, from the Pit. Here I got not one, but dozens, from the whole house. They came in torrents. The stage was like a market-garden. It was magnificent; and I so thoroughly felt my audience this time, that in a transport of sympathy, when falling over the coat of the murdered Jew, I picked up a large-sized cabbage, and flung it back, right across the Auditorium, into the back of the Refreshment Saloon. *This* was the hit of the evening. There was a rush for the stage, the gas was turned out, and, after a short skirmish with five companies of Marines, the house was cleared, and we were able to reckon the evening's takings.

Asked then what I thought of an American "pelt"; I said it was hearty, and, seizing a dead cat by the tail, I flung it into the chandelier by way of illustration.

Pressed by the Reporters to say if I thought I should venture on *Charles the First* to-morrow night without a couple of six-shooters in each boot, I intimated that I might possibly get BRAM STOKER to play it, and sit in front myself and look on.

I was about to give them a few more items of dramatic intelligence, when they tore off to cable the above to the British Press. So, on the whole, I have every reason to be satisfied with my tour.

### A VOICE FROM A CAVE.

THE CAVE we refer to is the present lessee of the Elephant and Castle Theatre—(by the way, why couldn't this lumbering old name be changed?)—and he has made an important step in the right direction by heading his programme with this, in the clearest possible type:—

"NOTICE.—In order to prevent unnecessary noise, and that the plot of the piece may run without interruption, NO CALLS BEFORE THE CURTAIN will be permitted."

Excellent! And no calls after the Curtain either. "When my cue comes, call me"—and only then, should be the theatrical professional's motto. The audience will soon get tired of calling if nobody comes. And of course the printed notice on the stage to the Actors must be that no calls are to be taken on pain of forfeiture of engagement. This must apply to Authors, Scene-Painters, Machinists, and Composers as well. And even when the Composer is conducting his own Opera, he must at the end of every Act disappear at the first round of applause, and resolutely set his face against a "call"—and this will be the more easy for him to do as his proper position is with his back to the audience. Yet, stop!—how can the Composer "set his face against" a call without turning round? This must be thought out. In the meantime, Mr. CAVE has set a good example, which we trust the Lessees, Managers, and leading Actors and Actresses will immediately follow. "Friends at a distance (in America) will kindly accept this intimation." We hope Mr. CAVE will stick to his rule, and that he will not cave in.

OUTSIDE THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA-HOUSE.—"The Duke of MUDFORD's Cabbage Cart stops the way!"



"ALL HIS EYE."

*Fobbinson.* "EXCUSE ME, SIR, ISN'T THAT MY UMB—THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT, AND THIS IS CERTAINLY NOT—" (*A shabby black Gingham!*)

*Jowles.* "EH?!—WELL, I DECLARE—SO I HAVE—THOUSAND PARDONS—MY UNFORTUNATE COLOUR-BLINDNESS—COLOUR-BLIND, SIR!" [*Restores neat green Silk!*]

### LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IN A BATH-CHAIR.

WHY haven't you heard before? Why? Didn't you know? Because I've damaged my knee fearfully. Not allowed to walk. Knocked off my feet! Of course you can't write verse without feet. Ha, ha! That's the reason I'm in a Bath-chair at Brighton. Good opportunity for composing poems, *Bath-chair Ballads* (by A Bath Bunn—Ah! "When other lips," &c.), *Chairy Nothings*, *Lays of a Lame 'Un*, *Babbings of a Bath Chap*. Find it difficult to get beyond titles. Chair rolls so. Something might be done with title rôle, I fancy. Another thing—can't take my banjo with me. People would think I was a nigger-minstrel not so black as he is painted, and would "support the chair" by contributing coppers. Good notion, go on the Pier, sit in my Bath-chair, and recite my own poems. Those who had paid twopence to come on, would give shillings to get off, if I once began. *Spec for Company.*

Hope my dragger is a man to be trusted—willing and able. Wonder what his name is. Why not call him ABLE DRAGGER? I do so. He doesn't take the least notice. Evidently thinks I'm light-headed. Wonder if he charges by weight? If light-headed, he oughtn't to charge so much. Song, "*Weight for the Waggon*." No. "*Weight for the Chair*." I trust ABLE will be careful. Perhaps I ought to call him Mr. Chairman. Reminds me of a public meeting—"Mr. Chairman, I rise to protest—" Unfortunately I can't rise, as I have a game leg—do you require a game licence for a game leg?—and am tightly strapped and buckled within a leathern apron. I am in the power of ABLE. He can do just as he likes with me: he may turn me over, or he may shoot me into the sea, or run races with other chairs. Fancy Bath-chair Races, with real invalids, all properly handicapped. If I entered, I should have to be knee-capped—but no matter! This is no time for frivolity. Don't quite know how to behave in a Bath-chair. Fancy my bearing is too jovial. Rather too much of the Bath-brick! I temper it by putting on a sentimental expression, and end by appearing like a faint fool. A disgusting red man who has just passed shakes his head, says something to his friend, looks at me, and taps his forehead. I should just like to jump out, and tap him all over with my trusty Malacca. I yell out "Hi!" to ABLE, but he takes no notice. He is probably afraid, if there is a scrimmage, his Chair will be injured. I protest I do not feel at all easy. "Shall I not take mine knees in my—Chair?" Ahem!—SHAKESPEARE!

Try to look unconcerned. Begin to whistle. Old Lady who passes by looks shocked. Why shouldn't invalids whistle, if so dispoedged? We have heard of the Whistling Oyster—why not the Whistling Invalid? However, I may be wrong. I withdraw the whistle, and begin to sing "*Chair, Boys, Chair!*" beating at the same time a vigorous "rum-tum" accompaniment on the leathern apron. A lot of school-girls pass by two-and-two. Not only a number of impudent, short-frooked frillistines, but several graceful girls in their "last half," every single one of them—I emphasise "single"—old enough to be thinking of becoming a "better half,"—in most cases a very "becoming" better half. The whole crew giggle outrageously. I wish I could see their governess, I would at once report their disgraceful behaviour.

Don't think I am popular with other invalids. They don't seem to "welcome me to their circle." Old Gentlemen make faces at me as I go by, well-preserved Dowagers give imitations of *Mrs. Skewton*; a graceful Lady, with violet eyes and a pretty child, gazes on me reproachfully, and a swollen, rubicund, goutesque Port-Admiral, looks as though he would like to hang me at the yard-arm. Will try it once more, and let you know.

### A Riparian Rhyme.

"The Staines Sanitary Authorities have been fined for polluting the Thames with drainage."  
—*Daily Paper.*

THE Sanitary Savans of Staines

Had better look after their drains;

If they poison the River,

They'll quickly diskiver

They're sure to be fined for their pains!

ON THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL. — Very sharp chap Sir HENRY JAMES. In fact, he's quite "JAMES and THORNE."

THE WORSHIP OF  
TINSEL.

HARDLY have the Mayor and Corporation of Cork recovered from the exertion of presenting an address to Mr. HENRY IRVING, when they are called upon to perform the same ceremony on behalf of Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN. There may be other shooting stars in the theatrical firmament who will claim and receive the same distinguished attention, until we shall be compelled to ask these Mayors and Corporations what honours they have left to present to real heroes and paragons? If counterfeit presentments of imaginary virtues are to be treated in this way, what will become of the great soldiers and benefactors who may in the future do the world some service? If every tragedian who fights a broad-sword combat is to be treated as if he had won a new Agincourt or Waterloo, these Mayor and Corporation addresses will lose their value.

A sober and respectful admiration for one or more great Actors, that is not adulterated with Barnumism, and is not degrading both to giver and receiver, is worthy of support and imitation; but enthusiasm, real or affected, spontaneous or stimulated, which goes to the length to which some of these "demonstrations" are going, deserves to be stigmatised as the present Worship of Tinsel.

"I'm so sorry my friend the Rev. Mr. AINGER, the Reader, didn't send me tickets," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "as I should like to have seen the Show of 'Christmas Anthems' at the Temple last week. It's rather early for them, though!"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 161.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE,

A "HEBREW OF THE HEBREWS,"

WHO, ON THE 8TH DAY OF CHESVAN (*i.e.*, NOV. 8, "VERY OLD STYLE"), ENTERS ON THE HUNDREDTH YEAR OF HIS BLAMELESS, BRAVE, AND UNIVERSALLY BENEFICENT LIFE.

## MUD-SALAD MUDDLE.

THE Corporation won't relieve the Duke of MUDFORD of his Mud-Salad Garden responsibility. "It's really asking too much," is what they seem to say; but they are wrong, and have lost a chance. Still, if the Duke can do what he likes with his own in the way of selling it, why can't he earn the gratitude of Londoners by having it kept in better order under new rules and regulations, and, as opportunity offers, introducing improvements, refusing to renew leases except on certain conditions, and so gradually but effectually making a clean sweep of it? If his Grace can do what he likes with his own, let him do this. If he doesn't—then it is either because he has not the power (and if this is so, who has?), or the improvement which London expects of him is not what his Grace likes. Let his Grace, sacrificing for awhile his enjoyment of sea-breezes and the pure Devonshire air, take the house lately known as "Evans's," and live in the heart of Mud-Salad Market for six months. Evans's would make a capital ducal mansion. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself"—at all events, see to it yourself; and we warrant there would soon be a decided improvement.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was instructing her youngest niece in French manners and customs. "The 2nd of November, my dear," she explained, "is the day when they visit all the seminaries, and lay chapels of flowers on the graves, a beautiful custom! The French call this day the *Jeu de Mots*—a phrase, my dear, that no doubt you have often heard, but never understood."

## ANOTHER LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

"Here break we off"—Return by overland route.

NEVER met with such weather as in the Hebrides and in the Scotch Lochs. No knowing where to have it. It pours, and you put on your mackintosh and waterproof cap and cape. When carefully buttoned up in these, out comes the sun, and off come all the above-mentioned articles except the cap, unless you have had sufficient forethought to have brought a lighter cap with you. Directly you row, or have been rowed, or, if on shore, you have walked a few yards, the rain re-commences, has a short struggle with the sun, conquers, and has the next half-hour all to itself a downpour in torrents, when, just as you have made up your mind to return to the Yacht, sunlight appears, as much as to say, "Hold on! I'm coming to the rescue, more powerful than ever!" You hesitate; sun and rain have a struggle, sun getting stronger and stronger, rain weaker and weaker, until it disappears altogether, the mists roll away, the mountain-tops are visible, the sky is blue, the flies come out and bite fiercely to make up for lost time—(a Scotch fly is a most persistently irritating insect; when it finds someone it really likes, it scarcely leaves him for a second, and if it does, it comes "back agen" fresher than ever)—and in another moment the waterproofs are voted a nuisance, are carried over the arm, coat-collars are turned down, some of the party complain of the closeness and heat of the weather, others prepare to strip off and carry their waistcoats; and all, *pace* flies, are

admiring the view, when somebody exclaims, "Hang it! Wasn't that a drop of rain?" Some hopeful person denies it. If KILLICK has asserted that he has just felt a drop of rain, CRAYLEY will immediately assure him that he must be mistaken, and that such a thing is impossible. KILLICK says he was not mistaken, and declares he has just felt another.

"That time I admit," says CRAYLEY, true to his colour of contradiction, under which he would die sooner than yield, "I did, but not when you first spoke." And in another second the rain and sun drama is enacted all over again, and, tired of the monotony of the variety, we return to the Yacht, and—this is the usual resource—ask at what hour dinner is ordered.

Whatever the time mentioned, if KILLICK is pleased, CRAYLEY sighs; or if CRAYLEY is delighted, and says, "Ah! that exactly suits me!" KILLICK wishes it were later, or earlier, or at any time, in fact, when CRAYLEY doesn't want it. CRAYLEY, however, is generally most pleased when it is at an hour which doesn't suit anyone—not even our host precisely.

*Strome Ferry.*—Here my brief holiday comes to an end, and I quit the *Creusa*. My life on the ocean wave has been a short but merry one. CRAYLEY also leaves. Other guests are coming to take our places. KILLICK is to remain for the whole voyage. The Merry Young Steward keeps up his *Mark Tapley* character to the last, and on the morning of my departure he enters the cabin with a radiant



smile to inform the Commodore that "he's been ashore, and there's no meat to be got anywhere."

What's to be done? The Merry Steward, brighter than ever, makes a suggestion. "Wouldn't it be as well to telegraph to the Gentleman who is coming aboard to bring a round of beef with him?" After all, even the pains of separation can be ameliorated by the consideration of the sufferings of others. I am going straight through to Town, and offer to send them any beef and mutton from there; but at the same time suggest that, as CRAYLEY is going "by easy stages"—as Cardinal WOLSEY travelled—to his destination, he could send them provisions from Inverness, and, indeed, from various stations all along the line.

Return "Through Journey," *Express Notes*.—Strome Ferry to Inverness. First part of scenery wild and wonderful. Panorama changes to low and lovely, with Ben somebody in the distance, and then at Inverness to lower and unlovely on the shore-side, and to bold and blustering on the other, or sea-side, with Fort George at the farthest point, which I am informed is evidently a nice warm station for the soldiers, and on that account generally chosen by the Authorities as a *dépôt* for any troops fresh from India. How tropical must be the situation anyone can judge for himself when informed that it is built on what Estate Agents call an eligible and picturesque site, commanding uninterrupted views of the river and mainland on one side, and of the German Ocean on the other.

Inverness—in time for the *table d'hôte* at all the hotels. Can only go to one. Fair *table d'hôte*. Usual eccentric tourists, and wonderful females. Everybody making arrangements to be called early. Meet a shooting friend unexpectedly, who, having been forced to remain here alone for some hours, has read two three-volume novels, and, not liking to dine alone, has determined upon renewing reminiscences of his childhood by buying a sweet cake, which he intended to eat with his tea,—poor fellow!—and so to bed about eight. I save him from this miserable fate, and in a burst of grateful hospitality he asks me to dine with him. Pommery *sec* instead of tea. I accept, and we foregather till nearly ten, when I have to continue my "through journey" to London *via* Perth and Stirling.

Having bespoken a berth in a sleeping-saloon—there's still some slight reminiscence of the yacht about this—I dispose myself for the night. N.B. (North Britain.) This sleeping accommodation has not yet been brought within measurable distance of perfection.

Perth.—Perfectly fresh—as fresh as one ever can be during a night journey under the present conditions. I slip out, in full yachting costume, to breakfast at Perth. More nautical now, on shore, than I was at sea.

Perth Express Breakfast! If there be an oasis in the dusty desert of the Railway Station Commissariat system, it is this! it is this!

Cleanly, bright, cold meats, hot drinks, tea and coffee,—I had some "grounds" for saying that the coffee was not perfect,—eggs and bacon, salmon, all on the "cut and come again" principle, hot rolls, toast-and-butter, real mac-marmalade and jam *ad lib.*, what more could be desired by the most voracious and capacious traveller with a clear half-hour before him?

Then off by 7.30 train to Edinburgh *via* Stirling, with—and here is the great defect—no prospect of a wait of more than five or ten minutes anywhere, and not *that*—should the train be unpunctual. We pass through pretty country highly cultivated, but the boldness has disappeared; the wild has become tame; the waters are no longer turbulent torrents, but placid streams, or rippling rivulets. The distant moors suggest grouse, the hillside cottages are neat and comfortable. The horses sleek and shining in the sunlight; the cows, evidently accustomed to a regular life, repose luxuriously between business hours, while the sheep are contentedly grazing, never once lifting their heads at the sound of the train—unlike their rough-coated, twisted-horned cousins in the parts we've been visiting, which are ever on the alert, and dart away at the approach of any footstep, except that of their own particular attendant. The "storm-motive" is over, and the "pastorale" has commenced.

Civilisation! Boys begin to cry yesterday's London afternoon papers, but I have already got the *Scotsman*, with all the latest news of any importance from town. I read how pairing has begun, how everyone is off for a vacation, how the business of the nation is being hurried through so that Legislators may be off—and "rogues are hung that jurymen may dine"—and I feel very much like the boy who has to remain in to do a task while all the others are off for their holiday,—for I am coming back to work.

Stations *en route*—

"Berwick-on-Tweed"—sounds like the work of an author on "Trousersings." Has a legal twang like "BYLES on Bills."

At Newcastle.—The first thing to see is an Old Castle, probably the residence of Old King Coal. The town is being vastly improved.

Am told we shall have half-an-hour at York for refreshments. "York, you're wanted!" Don't know where this is from. Perhaps G.D.S. will respond. His "Behoes" always answer.

York.—Very good dinner—soup, fish, meat, pudding, cheese; the whole boiling and roasting at 2s. 6d. a head, to be taken in half-an-

hour, which, deducting three minutes for the walk to and from the Refreshment-Room, is feeding at the rate of an infinitesimal fraction over a penny a minute. One plateful of anything, however, if all eaten, will stodge the hungriest traveller unless he's a champion lunch-eater, and can do it against time. One shilling for a B.-and-S. is dear, but the profit must be made somewhere.

We race through Doncaster—stop at Grantham for tickets—see Peterborough Cathedral, and think of Mr. WHALLEY—glimpse of Huntingdon race-course—St. Neot's, where, of course, a *tidy* lot of people live under the patronage of St. Neot. Flat country—pass small station, apparently called "London News," as that is all I can see, written up in white letters on a blue board—cultivation everywhere—good roads—country giving promise of good shooting—coverts for September—"every bird has his day"—new proverb—close fields—big hedges—brick-making—new division of panorama—high yellow banks—station called "Sandy"—remember a Clown of that name at HENGLER's—a mound or two, mere molehills compared to the hills I've left behind me—fine trees, meadow, grass-land—neat villages—gardens—shriek of engine—we whizz past station—the only prominent name I can catch as we pass is "Somebody's Mustard," in yellow letters—corn-fields—gleaners—then a large field of some drying stuff, which looks like somebody's light hair unbrushed—more covert—ricks—sheaves—fewer hedges—signal place labelled "Langford Box"—big potatoe-fields—then banks—more brick-making—station called, I think, Marley, pretty church—park-like grounds—inclosed fields and big hedges again—more signs of harvest—"Flying Scotchman" gives a whoop! as his countrymen do in the national dance, and we rush wildly by a station, the name of which is "Arlesey Siding"—what party Arlesey is siding with I haven't time to guess—fields—high banks—reappearance of road—village—old houses—old trees—banks again—signal-box—more harvest—grass and clover-fields—hedges—falling off in trees—brook—through English landscape shut out—"Flying Scotchman" shrieking again—"Hitchin!"—"Flying Scotchman" dashes past it, evidently calling out "Bless the Duke of ARGYLE!"—then slacks off a bit—as if a trifle blown—scene changes to Wymondley—very pretty—Birket Foster sort of English scenery—then changes to high reddish sand-banks—F. S. going steadily—hurries up a bit before Stevenage, which we pass in style—neat red-brick town—gardens—road—more bright-red houses, as if the builder had been a regular Rufus—Harvest not so forward—fields for miles—crowds of trees—more good coverts—undulating country—sheep. Harvest better than ever—absolutely "golden grains"—big banks—probably tunnels—no more red bricks—extensive view of country—grazing-land—charming farm. Large village—two men—we go under bridge—country more undulating—F. S. tremendously elevated—decidedly, F. S. is a whiskey train—tunnel at last—shriek—in we go—darkness—lights—out we come—shriek—in we go again—out we come again—pass Welwyn—lovely wooded country—large fields—fine trees—banks—under bridge—big fields—small hedges—F. S. going it now—intends finishing well—only about twenty miles more to do—two more arches—wooded country—horses—cows—but nobody about anywhere the whole way along, except two men walking in opposite directions—odd!—is it tea-time everywhere, or dinner-time, or have they all migrated for the holidays?—shirk Hatfield—"Renowned SALISBURY!"—F. S. slacking off—wooded country—much the same as before—views shut out—meadow-land—rabbits feeding outside plantation—hedges—ditches—woods—copses—an obelisk on bank, with City Arms (I fancy) on it—slight whistle for Potter's Bar—no one at the Bar—we don't stop—F. S., the whiskey-er, is becoming temperate—whistle—tunnel—in for twenty seconds—out—sun setting—whistle—tunnel—seven seconds—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—people at last—suburbs of London really commencing—thrown out like skirmishers to see what the county is like—F. S. going it again—must get it over quick now—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—more skirmishers—wall of advertisements—Station (what?)—houses—shorter whistle—tunnel—fifteen seconds—shorter whistle, 'cos F. S. can't waste breath—gas-works—London bursting out—River Lea, or New River?—views shut out—Station (what?)—suburban London in force—boys—school playing—F. S. taking it leisurely—rather blown, whistle—sun setting—moon rising red on the other side, to see the effect—sun hot and tired—moon chilly—want of circulation—town, town, town—smoke, smoke, smoke—churches—advertisements—Holloway Station—PETER ROBINSON, MAPLE, COLMAN'S Mustard to welcome us,—tunnel—going—low whistle—tunnel—in—out—ten seconds—tunnel again—that's it—F. S. ceases to fly—he's walking in—but he burrows into London through more tunnels, and—here we are, King's Cross, 7 P.M. to the moment, after a splendid two hours' run with the "Flying Scotchman" without a check. As the Mohawk Minstrels sing, "Home Once More."

In the account of the explosions, last week, it was reported that "The sleepers, even in the immediate vicinity of the hole, were undisturbed." What heavy sleepers!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.





### BAMBOOZLEDOM.

*Distressed Foreigner.* "PARDON—MAIS MONSIEUR COMPREND-T-IL LE FRANÇAIS?"

*Brown.* "OH—ER—WEE—UNG POO. KWAW ESKER VOUS AVVY BEZWANG?"

*Distressed Foreigner.* "AH! MAIS MONSIEUR EST FRANÇAIS, ÉVIDEMMENT!"  
[Brown is victimised to the extent of Half-a-crown!]

### THE "FIRESIDE" AT VENICE; OR, HOW WOULD IT HAVE BEEN?

In the face of the highly complimentary, scholarly, and altogether admirable criticism that Mr. RUSKIN has just passed on much of Mr. Punch's artistic work, what can Mr. Punch do but, standing hat in hand, acknowledge with a respectful bow the genius, the judgment, and the grace that have deservedly won for the great living Apostle of English Art and Culture the admiration and homage of so large a following of his enthusiastic fellow-countrymen? For where the verdict runs so musically, and is withal so kindly, there seems to be scarce place for one jarring note of discordant cavil. Yet, over the subjoined sentence has Mr. Punch been sorely concerned and confused. Says Mr. RUSKIN,—having before him in review one or two selected specimens of Mr. Punch's Cartoons,—

"Look, too, at this characteristic type of British heroism—'JOHN BULL guards his Pudding.' Is this the final outcome of King ARTHUR and Saint George, of BRITANNIA and the British Lion? And is it your pride or hope or pleasure that in this sacred island that has given her lion hearts to Eastern tombs and her pilgrim fathers to Western lands, that has wrapped the sea round her as a mantle, and breathed against her strong bosom the air of every wind, the children born to her in these latter days should have no loftier legend to write upon their shields than 'JOHN BULL guards his Pudding'?"

And then Mr. RUSKIN, as if conscious that the very onward sweep of his own free fancy has carried him beyond the limits of fair and reasonable estimate, as it were, harks somewhat back again, and offering Mr. Punch something in the nature of an apology, acquits him of all true responsibility for this same terrible and offending "pudding."

"It is our fault" (proceeds Mr. RUSKIN) "and not the Artist's; and I have often wondered what Mr. TENNIEL might have done for us if London

had been as Venice, or Florence, or Siena. In my first course of Lectures I called your attention to the Picture of the Doge MOCCENIGO kneeling in prayer; and it is our fault more than Mr. TENNIEL's if he is forced to represent the heads of the Government dining at Greenwich rather than worshipping at St. Paul's."

Now, Mr. Punch, the "Immortal" (again does he bow to the accurate judgment of his learned Critic) is nothing if not practical, and so, with a wave of his all-powerful truncheon, he puts matters to the test forthwith. He has found this commonplace nineteenth century and its humdrum materials pretty well suited to his purpose; still, as the distinguished Professor thinks he might have fared somehow better at an earlier period, amidst more picturesque surroundings, let him try the experiment. Presto! Change! Up goes the misty curtain of the centuries, and discovers to him—say, Venice, in the Middle Ages—thus:—

*The Piazza di San Marco an hour before daylight. Enter GIOVANNI TENNIEL, and the Editor of "Polichinello del Adriatico," disguised in cloaks and masks. They both assure themselves that they are not observed, then approach each other cautiously.*

*Editor.* Ha! You are here! Then you have escaped the daggers of the vengeful PANDOLFINI, notwithstanding the point of last week's Cartoon! 'Tis well! But say, my trusty and well-designing GIOVANNI,—what rare subject hast thou hit upon for this?

*Giovanni.* Marry, but there is nothing that I wot of, capable of supplying the merry jest. (Mysteriously.) I hear that the DOGE was yesternight again tied up in a sack and flung from the Rialto; but, good sooth, such old party manœuvring affordeth material but for grim fooling, and maketh at best but a sorry picture.

*Editor.* True,—and we have had it before.

*Giovanni.* We have—twice.

*Editor.* Canst thou, dost thou think, do aught with the much-talked-of banquet at the Council. They say that five of the goblets were poisoned, and that now the partizans of the Duke of MILAN have a working majority. There seemeth to me stuff in it? What sayest thou?

*Giovanni.* Nay—but, it is gloomy,—and the five bodies would but crowd the picture. By my faith, I see it not!

*Editor.* Ha! I have it! Why not the DOGE, kneeling at his prayers? Come, there be freshness in that—and quaintness too, I warrant me.

*Giovanni (shaking his head).* But, nay, again—it lacketh composition.

*Editor.* Thou art difficult, good GIOVANNI.

*Giovanni.* Not so: say that of thy subject. But, ha! who comes this way? (They draw long daggers. Enter RUSKINO, with a lute.) A stranger! and striking a sweet note in this dull and miserable city! What wouldst thou?

*Ruskin.* Hush! I know thy trouble—for have I not seen thy work! Alas! how wasted in this gilded sepulchre! For how canst thou bring wit or wisdom to the fireside here?

*Giovanni.* We do our best.

*Editor.* Ay! and thou hast sung in praise of the stilt-wearing beauties of our GIORGIO DU MAURIER, and of the doings of BRIGGS, the intrepid gondolier of GIOVANNI LEECH. Why, then, pelt us with stones?

*Ruskin (sadly).* They are but Stones of Venice! Look—take this (produces a back number). "The Council suspending their judgment and their DOGE." Is this the final outcome of MARINO FALLERIO and St. Mark, FOSCARI and the League? And is it your pride, or hope, or pleasure that this your fair sea-born Mother, whose golden locks have wantoned in the sweet soft zephyrs of the sun-born south, should, in her zenith, be able to give you no livelier legend to write upon your comic shield than "the Council suspending their judgment—and their DOGE!"

*Giovanni.* Well,—considering the scanty material at our disposal, we thought it rather good.

*Editor.* Most decidedly.

*Ruskin.* Nay, but it is not thy fault—but ours—ay, that of Venice! Ah! My good GIOVANNI, look, as I do, with prophetic eye, into the far future, and tell me what it might have been hadst thou been given to London, at a distant day! Ah no—it is not thy fault that with such terrible surroundings thou art obliged to represent Authority with its head continually on the block,—rather than dining occasionally at Greenwich.

And, as the cloud curtain falls, Mr. Punch ponders, and asks himself, whether, after all, spite the golden glamour of her far-off glory, and the soul-moving music to which a great master has set her splendid tale,—the Adriatic Queen may not have had, in her day, something less noble to lose, even than that condemned typical "pudding" which JOHN BULL as yet has fortunately known how to guard.

THE MODERN DAMOCLES.—The foot-passenger in the public streets with the aerial telegraphic wires hanging over his head.



### "SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!"

*Young Spoonbill.* "AH, MY DEAREST MISS SHILLINWORTH, IF I MAY—I HAVE LONG WISHED FOR THIS SWEET OPPORTUNITY, BUT I HARDLY DARE TRUST MYSELF NOW TO SPEAK THE DEEP EMOTION—BUT, 'N SHORT, I LOVE YOU!—AND—YOUR—YOUR SMILE WOULD SHED—WOULD SHED—WOULD—"

*Miss S.* "OH, NEVER MIND THE WOOD-SHED! HOW'S YOUR AUNT'S MONEY INVESTED? AND WHERE ARE THE SECURITIES DEPOSITED?!!"

### "IN THE MATTER OF —, A PRISONER."

(*Probable Proceedings if the same Secrecy is observed towards Laymen as Solicitors.*)

YESTERDAY a person (it is impossible to give the sex, for fear of affording a clue to identification) was brought before the presiding Magistrate at a certain Police-Court, charged with committing either a felony or a misdemeanor. The Prisoner, upon being placed in the dock, was immediately ordered to be removed by his Worship, as the person had not been clothed in the new regulation mask and disguise-cloak. Upon these necessities having been supplied, the Prisoner was readmitted, and the charge was read in a whisper to the Magistrate. A Gentleman of the Long Robe appeared to prosecute, and the Prisoner was defended by a Solicitor.

*The Magistrate.* Are there any Witnesses?

*Prosecuting Counsel.* Several—they are in the waiting-room.

*The Magistrate.* I cannot possibly consent to have them in Court. Were they seen they would be immediately recognised, and the privacy now enforced by statute would consequently be lost.

*Defendant's Solicitor.* I had foreseen this objection, your Worship, and as my Client is most anxious that the complaint against him or her (as the case may be) should be fully investigated, I have arranged that you shall listen to their evidence through a telephone.

*The Magistrate.* A very proper precaution. The matter may now proceed.

Telephones having been supplied to his Worship, the representatives of the parties interested, and also to the Prisoner, the case commenced. After a whispered examination and cross-examination of the Witnesses for the prosecution, the Magistrate asked the Prisoner to make a statement, if a statement were considered desirable.

*Defendant's Solicitor.* If you hear the voice of the Prisoner, surely the sex will be identified.

### PHEASANT BUTCHERS.

[In six days 8,312 head of game were killed with six guns on the English estate of the Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH.]

In days of old the Squire went out  
Upon his land with dog and gun,  
Cheered Ponto with a kindly shout,  
Saw pheasants rise and rabbits run;  
Flushed the brown partridge from the beet,  
Or haply shot the timid hare;  
And wot ye well such sport was sweet,  
When golden Autumn days were fair.

But now the *Millionnaire* will stand,  
Or sit a-near the covert side,  
With guns men wait on either hand,  
He need not take a single stride;  
But dawdles through the livelong day,  
And pots the birds that scarce can fly,  
And as he idly sits to slay,  
In thousands round him they will lie.

And this is sport? Ah no! it shames  
The ancient spirit of our race;  
No place this wholesale slaughter claims,  
'Mid field-sports like the nobler chase.  
Go take those strange four-barrelled guns,\*  
Or other plutocratic freak,  
Like butchers, oh, degenerate sons  
Of England, to where shambles reek!

\* The latest invention of an enterprising gunmaker, an abominable and most unsportsmanlike weapon. If this sort of thing is to go on, we shall see men take a *mitrailleuse* out shooting!

THE MONTEFIORE COMMEMORATION.—What a grand reward for a virtuous—and beneficent life, to have the commencement of your hundredth year celebrated by a procession, with elephants and camels in it, arranged by a Circus Manager! Of course it never could have occurred to the Circus people that this was a fine opportunity for an advertisement.

ABSENTEE OMEN!—The last days of the Municipality have commenced. On the Ninth of November, at the Guildhall Banquet, there was the tremendous spectacle of a Lord Mayor quoting Latin . . . and Greek!!! It is the beginning of the end.

"WASN'T there a great scholar called JULIUS SCAVENGER?" asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM of her Nephew.

*The Magistrate (severely).* You must be very ignorant, Sir, of the manner in which I conduct my Court, if you believe I could permit such a miscarriage of justice! (*To Usher.*) Supply the Prisoner with the Punch-squeak, known in the Puppet Trade as "the Call."

This useful article (which completely disguises the natural voice) having been supplied, the Prisoner reserved the defence.

*The Magistrate.* Very well, then, you are committed for trial, and, under the circumstances, I must refuse to accept bail for your appearance in a Superior Court.

*Prisoner (speaking in a peculiar falsetto through the Punch-squeak).* But won't they discover who I am, your Worship, when I am lodged in the House of Detention?

*The Magistrate.* Certainly not, Anonymous One, as every precaution will be taken to protect your incognito. You will continue to wear your mask, and you will be supplied, on admission, with a domino equally applicable to either sex.

The Prisoner, having thanked his Worship (through the Punch-squeak) for his courtesy and consideration, was then removed in the charge of a male and female warder.

The proceedings then terminated.

### AMONG THE "NEW RULES."

WHEN any public professional person is maliciously and unfairly criticised, whether as an Actor, Author, or Singer, he can bring his action against the malevolent Critic at Nisi Prius as a "Running Down Case."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says the Champagne she likes best of all is Promissory. The name being disputed by her Nephew, a bottle was produced. It was Pommery. "I said Pommery," answered Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "And the next best Champagne, I used to think, was Hideandseek."



"A LITTLE MIXED."

LORD COLERIDGE LECTURES ON THE PRACTICE OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

CHEAP TELEGRAMS.

No. 29, Cravat Place, Great Grewsome Street, Jasey Square, W.C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IF the addresses of the Sender and the Sendee are to be charged in the new Sixpenny Wire, we shall find telegraphic communication dearer than ever. I frequently correspond by electricity, for a shilling, with Mr. SAMUEL SASSOFERATO SMITH, of No. One hundred and forty-one, Osker Terrace, Much Wilde Street, Sunflower Park, S.W. If you will be good enough to cast your eye over my address and that of my friend, you will see it would be impossible, under the new regulations, for us to send even the briefest despatch under half-a-crown.

Yours despondingly,

BENJAMIN BLOWFLIGH BLEWPOSTLE.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, *on dit*, is writing a novel to appear in *Time*. Better than writing it hastily, to appear in no *Time*.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—DUMMY BRIEFS!

*In re—the Occupation of a Counsel.*

SIR,—As a great and valued friend of my father, I appeal to you. On the 2nd of November, 1883, barristers in wigs and gowns were refused admittance to the Royal Courts of Justice on the score *that they had no business to transact there!* This outrage speaks for itself! For years I have attended the Queen's Bench Division and the other Divisions exclusively to exchange bows with the Judges on their taking their places on the Bench! And now even this privilege is denied me! The profession is indeed going to the dogs!

Yours indignantly,

To Mr. Punch, &c., &c.

(Signed)

BRIEFLESS JUNIOR.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thinks that some Theatrical Managers overdo the advertising in the newspapers. "As to that Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS," she exclaimed, "I think he out-heralds Herald."



GENERAL MUNDELLA REVIEWING HIS AWKWARD SQUAD.

### MULTUM IN PARVO; OR, HOW TO "EXPAND" A SKELETON TELEGRAM.

#### POLITICAL.

*Skeleton Telegram (dated China).*—Sick Emperor—War problematical.

*Expanded Despatch (dated "Pekin, by Special Wire from Our Own Correspondent").*—His Majesty the Emperor of CHINA during the last ten days has been suffering from a complication of ailments. Commencing with a slight touch of influenza, the chill (contracted at an evening fête during the Feast of Lanterns) rapidly assumed a typhoid type. Dr. BONES (whose name appears in the *Medical Directory*) was called in by Dr. HI SKI HI, a native practitioner, and the two physicians prescribed a concoction of Senna, Quinine, and Ki Bosh mentioned in the *English Cyclopædia*. On Thursday last His Majesty took a Turkish bath, which afforded him considerable relief. On Saturday he was decidedly better, and even was able to "pick a little." For dinner he managed to discuss a *paté* made of puppy dogs' tails (a favourite dish of the Mandarins), and subsequently seemingly enjoyed three large basins of birds'-nest soup. On the following morning a Cabinet Council was held, when it was decided that as the French were concentrating in large numbers near Rong Too (on the West Coast—the place can be found in the *Imperial Atlas*), it would be as well to temporise. It is thus very problematical whether the Chinese Ambassador will receive instructions to proceed to extremities.

#### SOCIAL.

*Skeleton Telegram (dated Australia).*—Southern Governor—Glorification—Exhibition—Scandal—Drink.

*Expanded Despatch (dated "Melbourne, by Express Wire from Our Special Commissioner").*—Early on Thursday morning, this favourite city, surrounded by palm-trees in full bloom, bearing at this moment the nests of thousands of canaries, was agog with excitement. At nine o'clock the streets were gay with bunting, and the band of the Royal Victorian Guards, commanded by Major SMITH (whose name will be found in your monthly *Army List*) discoursed a programme of sweet music, conspicuous, however, for the absence of any of the songs of SULLIVAN'S operas. The occasion was the opening of the Exhibition building, which, as you may not know, is uncommonly like your own Law Courts, except the Conservatory, which strongly reminds the beholder of the Central Transept at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Bishops of all denominations were present, and the Senior delivered a neat address, in which he hoped that the undertaking would be quite successful. Then, midst the sounds of trumpets and salvos of artillery, the Governor, who was in full official uniform, and wearing the insignia of K.C.B., declared the place "duly opened."

It is to be regretted that so hopeful a morning should have been followed by an evening of shame and gloom. However, I am forced to telegraph to you the sad news that at the subsequent banquet liberty was exchanged for licence. Plainly, all the guests took a great deal more than was good for them, and the result was a scene

of dissipation completely baffling description. The Governor himself attempted to avoid the impending intoxication by mixing aerated waters with the more potent liquids in the glasses of the guests. This he managed to accomplish successfully, as, from drinking to excess, a large proportion of those present had become completely stupefied. Unhappily the matter did not end here, as hot blood soon engenders hot words. Several duels were fought on the following morning. Two of our leading Politicians were dangerously wounded in the side by sabre-cuts, and are not expected to survive. In my next I will give you further particulars.

#### OBITUARY.

*Skeleton Telegram (dated Canada).*—SNOOKS gone.

*Expanded Telegram (dated "Montreal, by Special Transatlantic Cable from Our Private Envoy").*—General SNOOKS, who left this country a few months ago for the Dominion of Canada, is now no more. (Then follows, copied verbatim, a biography extracted from "Persons of the Day.")

N.B.—No expanded telegrams can be sent after next week, as then the Manager intends selling his reference library a bargain, and retiring with a fortune from business.

### RANK NONSENSE!

THE Proposed Bill for the Regulation of Hackney Carriages and their Drivers having been received with some coldness by the class it was intended to benefit, a new measure is being draughted on the lines of the original, but going "just a little farther." The following are some of the provisions:—

1. Anyone hiring a cab shall immediately pay a deposit of £5 to the driver, who shall not return the money unless he pleases.
2. The hirer of a cab objecting to the use of strong language on the part of the driver, shall be liable to six weeks' imprisonment without the option of a fine.
3. Should a driver become "incapably" intoxicated, the hirer will be bound to look after him, and see that he is not robbed. The hirer will be responsible to the driver for any damage done to the cab while the driver is in this condition.
4. Anyone offering less than two shillings for the "cabman's mile" (800 yards, imperial measure), shall be condemned to five years' penal servitude.
5. All matters connected with the Cab interest shall be adjudicated upon by a Committee consisting of five cabmen.
6. If the driver takes it into his head to horsewhip his fare without provocation, the said fare shall immediately apologise.
7. The driver of a cab shall be exempt from all law. He shall never be brought before a Magistrate, and any Policeman venturing to address him shall be immediately dismissed the Force.
8. Should a cab-horse require replacing (at the suggestion of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals), the expense will be defrayed by the first old lady who enters the vehicle.
9. Should the driver require it, the hirer will handle the reins himself, while the driver smokes and drinks in the interior.



# THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford, Monday, October, 1883.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

I MUST write and tell you about my first day and night's experience of the *real* Stage. You'll hardly believe me, but it isn't all fun, like those jolly theatricals at Granby. You remember the local papers said I was so good as that Footman who said "Lunchink is ready," just when they were telling you your husband was dead. (We mayn't do that on the *real* Stage.) You know how thoroughly in earnest I am about it all, so I felt bound to do what they told me at the Gatherum Club; that is, take a provincial engagement—they say one learns such a lot. Yes, one does; but, perhaps, not quite in the way they meant. I can't tell yet what the effects may be of what I learn, but I think I'm "acquiring confidence," which seems to be another phrase for learning to be very rude.

I certainly never knew there were such a lot of Actors and Actresses about. You, my dear Duchess, are very fond of the Stage, and you like to entertain those who entertain you with recitations and songs and that sort of thing, you know; but you haven't an idea of how many Actors and Actresses there are about, for you don't see one quarter of them in London, and not one hundredth part of them could you be possibly acquainted with. They all tell me it isn't their faults, poor things, and I'm sure they all mean very well—it seems hard they can't manage quite as well as they think they can before the Curtain goes up; but then, of course, people's tastes vary so much; perhaps, if they pronounced words as we did at Granby, the audience here mightn't like it.

I must tell you, as far as I can, what has really happened. It was awfully kind of you to persuade Mother to send GEORGE to look after me; but he's going back; he says he belongs to the London Footman's Conservative Association, and can't stand the life here, and he don't think my Mother could stand it either.

I've taken the name of EXCELSIOR MCALPIN, because I mean to get up the ladder like IRVING. I should do it quickly if I could manage it with his strides; but then I haven't got his legs. I arrived here yesterday, Sunday (it's not much of a place); but wasn't it lucky I found old Lady AWBERRY had taken a house at Seaborough—she'd heard I was coming, and sent over to ask me to dinner, and had actually asked Miss POSTER to meet me—so like her—(Miss PRISCILLA POSTER is my Manageress, you know). Miss POSTER asked me a thousand questions. I told her I didn't want to take up any particular line at first. I wanted to try and play *every* sort of part. This seemed to please her, because she said they tried to do with as few people as possible, and so I could play a lot of parts every night; and that then I should get so very handy in changing my clothes, which is a great thing to learn. She said she wouldn't pay me quite at first, as it wouldn't be fair on the others; but in time she hoped to give me something. She put it all very nicely. She said I might wear the things in her wardrobe,—when I say "*her* wardrobe" this doesn't mean that I am going to assume feminine costume in burlesque, but it means the stock of dresses belonging to her Theatre or Theatres,—some of them, she said, had been worn by Actors in the time of MACREADY, and ever since (because she's had the Theatre Royal, Shellford, for thirty years). I daresay they might have inspired me, but, on the whole, I thought I'd rather have my own things. She told me to come to rehearsal next morning at ten. Her audience like Melodrama, and she was going to produce one in six Acts, which she would have liked to rehearse more than once, if circumstances had permitted it, but the stage had been wanted to paint barren rocks and parching plains of some Desert, so that they would have to do the best they could with one good rehearsal. I'd never heard of the play before, but Miss POSTER said it was most interesting, and nobody had to pay for acting it, which she thought so "English" and like the days of Free Trade. This is her view of "encouraging the Drama." A very practical one, I think, as the more plays you can perform for nothing, the more you can play. If ever I become a Manager, I shall always play SHAKESPEARE, because they tell me there are no "Authors' fees" for representation. Why should Authors have fees? Where would they be without the Actors? This is what Miss POSTER and the others say, and I am not quite sure whether they are not right. When I used to play with Amateurs for a Charity, we always thought it rather hard to have to pay an Author for performing his piece. Of course paying for the Theatre to perform in, for the band, for the Costumier, and for the printing, is quite another thing. I said this, and Miss POSTER quite agreed with me, though she was of opinion that if Amateurs wanted to play for a Charity, they should play for the Benefit of a Provincial Manageress who was always doing her best to support and encourage Dramatic Art. Lady AWBERRY liked the sentiment, and asked her to dinner again next Sunday. (Miss POSTER is quite fit to dine with anybody; she found out a corked bottle of Champagne directly.)

I was so anxious to please, that I got to rehearsal next morning before Miss POSTER had arrived, and I was stared at by a lot of men in ulsters. They didn't look at all well off, like the ones we know in London; but there, my dear Duchess, the ones you have at your house in London, where it first struck me that I should like to go on the Stage, are just three out of a thousand. I thought I'd better begin to talk to them, because I wished to be very civil; so I told them who I was, and I don't think they liked it. One of them observed it was usual for a new member of the Company to "stand drink"; I said I had brought no drinks with me, but I'd send for GEORGE, and see if he could get some from the Hotel or wine merchant, but the man in an old ulster said there was no need to do that, he would go himself "round the corner," and get enough "Mother-in-law" for us all. (This was the *first* professional thing I learnt, and I don't know that it's much help.) "Mother-in-law" is old and bitter beer. Of course, my dear Duchess, you can't be expected to know *that*. I don't like beer myself, especially in the early morning. I said I would pay this once, but I couldn't always pay, because I was just the same as they were, trying to make my living. I'm sorry to add that this gave great offence. They said, after what I'd told them, they wouldn't accept my money, but would all go "odd man out" as to which should pay. However, it came to exactly the same thing.

Miss POSTER arrived very different to what she'd been the night before at Lady AWBERRY's; she was very cross, the Stage Manager came with her—(poor man! I'll write to you more about him. I'm now trying to get his son into the Bluecoat School. Could you help?)—somebody had given her a bad shilling, and she seemed disinclined to attend to the rehearsal in consequence. The Ladies of the Company and some more men in ulsters had been dropping in all this time. Some brought chocolate, others apples, and one or two shrimps, which they offered to me after I had been introduced. (I must have it put in my engagement that I am not expected to take miscellaneous refreshments like this, or I shall be ill.) I began to get very tired of all these preliminaries, because I had come on business. Everybody said they were ill, but would do their best. Most of them had near relations dying as well. The theatre was very dark and draughty, and there was an old charwoman, with the worst cold I ever saw, or heard, clearing up the pit. Miss POSTER said I must forget "Belgravian drawing-rooms for the nonce." I didn't like to ask her what "the nonce" was. She feared her dressing-rooms were not to be compared to the "boudoirs of the nobility." She had arranged for me to dress in the same room with a Mr. GARRICK and a Mr. DERWENTWATER, as she believed they were both well connected, and so she thought I should like to dress with them. I think, after all, it is more the man himself than his relations, when it comes to dressing in the same room, and I thought it a shame their influential friends didn't help them to get a little better underclothing.

Rehearsing then began in earnest. It was difficult to grasp the action of the piece, as the band and carpenters were all rehearsing at the same time. It was most confusing; bits of tunes, shouts and hammering, and moving of scenes just when one was going to speak. Everybody had to copy out their own part, as there was only one book of the play. This doesn't seem to be a great encouragement to Dramatic Literature, but perhaps it is a "very rare old play." Miss POSTER, who plays the heroine, would constantly break off in the middle of her heartrending speeches to scold somebody pretty sharply. I will tell you all about the play in my next. I hope I am getting on in my profession. My brothers write to me that "it isn't a profession at all." That it's "all bosh." MARCUS says that not very long ago Actors were all "rogues and vagabonds" by Act of Parliament. This is unkind of MARCUS, but both he and JIM, being in the Army and at the Bar, won't allow there are any other professions, I suppose, though Uncle ROBERT is in the Church, and SAM in the Navy. But of course those professions are not like this. The Drama is ennobling,—at least, so they said at your house, my dear Duchess, and I dare say they knew all about "Mother-in-law," and "odd man out," only they wouldn't tell me. Yours very truly,

HUGO DE B\*\*\*.

## HOMICIDE AND VULPICIDE.

A FRIGHTFUL crime is reported from East Cornwall—an atrocity no less horrible than that of "Poisoning a Pack of Hounds." At the opening meet of Colonel CORXTON's Foxhounds, the bow-wows "were observed to make a set at some dead fowl. Shortly afterwards they showed symptoms of poisoning. Before they reached home six had died, and others are not expected to recover." So far so bad; and it is difficult for the hunting-mind to conceive anything much worse than an attempt to poison foxhounds. But in this instance:—

"It is supposed the fowls had been placed in order to poison foxes."

Homicide, though unintentional, perpetrated in the commission of any felonious act, amounts to murder. In the hunting-mind's eye, it is at least no palliation of the poisoning of foxhounds, even if true, that it was the result of an attempt to poison foxes, however accidental.



## TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

*Ethel.* "LOOK—LOOK, DOROTHY! THERE'S RICHARD MARVEL!" *Dorothy (Country Cousin).* "RICHARD MARVEL? WHO'S HE?"

*Ethel.* "WHAT, NEVER HEARD OF RICHARD MARVEL? WHY, HE'S THE ACTOR, YOU KNOW, AT THE PARTHENON!"

*Dorothy.* "OH! AN ACTOR, IS HE! HE'S SOMETHING LIKE MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH."

*Ethel.* "WHO'S MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH?"

*Dorothy.* "WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF MR. OSBALDISTONE SMITH!! WHY, HE'S THE GREATEST BREEDER OF SHORTHORNS IN ALL CUMBERLAND!!!"

## THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his sulphurous realm as the sun goes down

The Devil is walking once more,  
To visit his favourite vineyard, the Town  
That stretches by Thames's shore.

Over the bridges and through the Parks  
He strolls, and along the streets,  
A presence that fails to elicit remarks  
From the hurrying hundreds he meets.

There is nought to suggest that he comes as  
a guest

From regions terrid and drouthy,  
He has altered his ways since the simpler  
days

OF COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY.

A jacket of red and breeches of blue  
He knows would be far too striking,  
And as for a tail!—even DARWIN's crew  
Would hold that in sore misliking.

There is naught unæsthetic about him at all,  
Not a hint of the diabolic;  
He's trim as a citizen bound for a ball,  
Or a "Masher" out on a frolic.

And what, oh, what is the Devil's aim?  
Oh, never a titled preserver of game  
Through his covers with watchfuller interest  
strolls  
Than this "noble sportsman," whose quarry  
is souls.

He seeks it not in nut-scented heather,  
Green coppice, or golden stubble,  
But in London's slums in detestable weather  
(*This Sportsman doesn't mind trouble.*)

He sees a spectral scare-crow thing  
Slink into a slum-fouled alley,  
And he mutters, "With cowl and with  
scythe and wing,  
He might lord it in Death's own Valley."

He sees a roof-rotten, muck-sodden den,  
To the gutter ready to tumble.  
Says he, "Well, if this be the dwelling of  
men,  
We haven't much reason to grumble."

Then steps he into a "tenement-house,"  
Through a dark but doorless entry.  
"Little need," chuckles he, "for a lock or  
a key  
Whilst my brace of friends stand sentry."

He climbs a rotten and rickety stair,  
Foul filth its cracked walls smearing.  
"Why, chaos," says he, "had a pleasanter  
air,  
And needed less careful steering."

And what, oh! what, does the Devil behold  
In these reeking chambers, barren and  
cold?

What Satan himself might scruple to tell,  
Lest his language should shock a less  
hideous hell.

He sees commingling of Labour and Vice  
In joint contamination.  
Quoth he, "This, indeed, were a spectacle  
nice

For Belial's contemplation."

Sees Childhood, broken with ill-paid toil,  
'Midst sin's contagious venom.  
Says he, "For friend Moloch's favourite  
spoil,  
This beats the Valley of Hinnom."

Then he sees a House-jobber grubbing for  
gold

Amidst festering Vice and Poverty cold,  
And says he, "I've one henchman more  
trusty and bold

Than the ogre worshipped in Ammon:  
Beelzebub's doughty, and Astaroth's good,  
As snarers of souls with a crown or a snood,  
But the first, most ubiquitous, best of my  
brood,

Is my ruthless, respectable Mammon!"

So Satan, seeing that all went right  
In his big branch-Hades by day and night  
To his personal pleasure and profit,  
Back to headquarters swift wended his way.  
"I shall sicken," said he, "if much longer  
I stay;

For though sulphur's not pleasant, I really  
must say  
'Mammon's Rents' are more choky than  
Tophet."

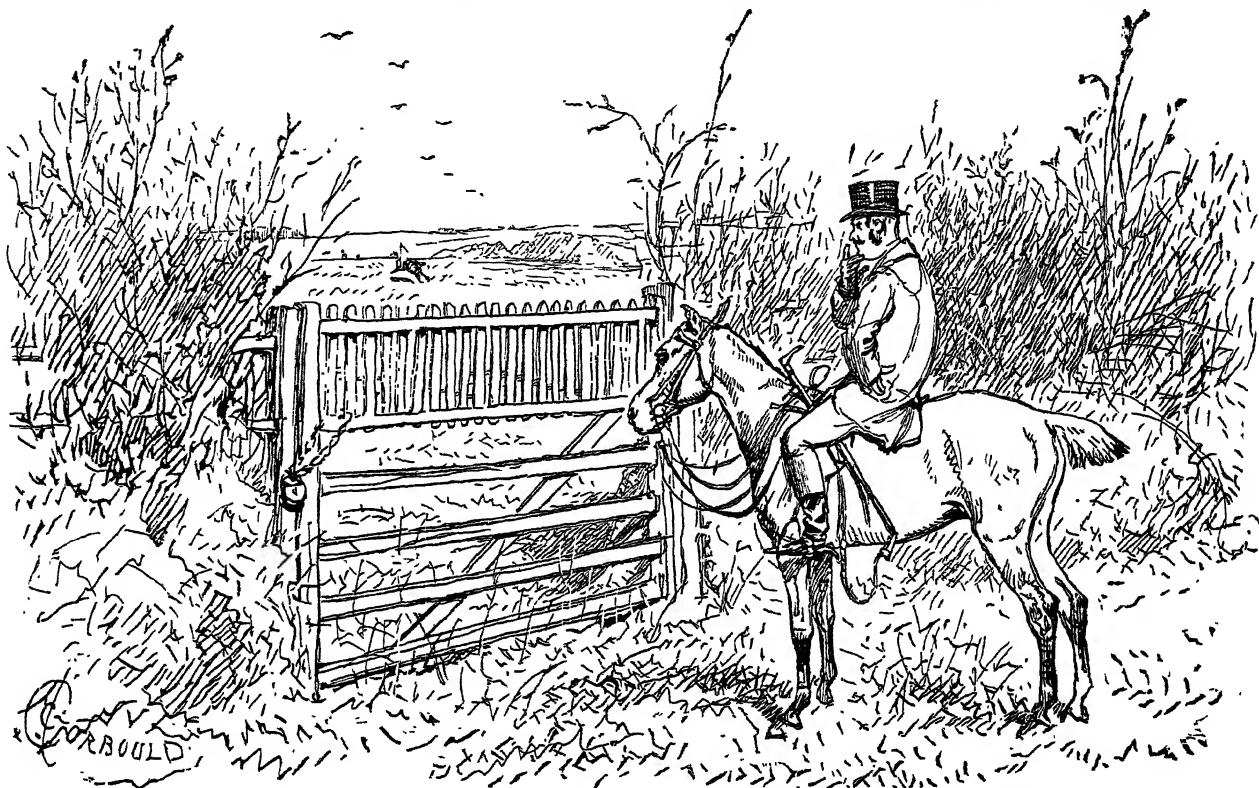


## A RESPITE.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON (*the Wicked Baronet*). "HA! (*Aside*.) FOILED AGAIN! BUT A TIME WILL COME—"!!!







## HUNTING PUZZLE. NO. 1.

HOW TO GET OVER THAT GATE.

## ANOTHER INVITATION TO AMERIKAY.

I HAVE just received a letter from New York of such extrordinary a character as fairly puzzles me. It begins "Dear old Cuss," which BROWN tells me is Amerikan for Dearly beloved Cuzzen, and it says, putting it shortly, that as the Lawyers of Amerikay has invited over the gratest of our Lawyers, and the Poets of Amerikay has invited over the gratest of our Poets, and the Actors of Amerikay the gratest of our Actors, so the Waiters of Amerikay would like to see the gratest of our English Waiters!

With that yuthful modesty so nateral and so becoming to a English Hed Waiter, I fust blusht, and then I dowted. I examined the Enwelop carefoolly and showd it to a G.P.O. of my acquaintance, but he sed as it were all rite and no mistake, it had suttlenly cum from New York, and, luckily for me, post paid, for as it cost ever so many cents for postage, and every cent of course means a hundred sum-thinks, I should have had to pay a lot of money for it.

Well, the letter goes on to say that the Waiters of New York have subsribed a fabylus sum to pay my xpenses, and will give me sitch a resepsun as will simply stagger me. What they wants me to do is to read, as Lecters, my contrybushuns to your most poplar periodickle. They are redy to engage the largest of all the large Alls in New York, but I don't quite understand what they means by its being in a Awenue, coz I'm afear'd that would be werry drafty, and to give me all the prophets and to pay all the losses, if there is any, and they says that as there is about 10,000 of 'em in New York alone, and each on 'em has plenty of frends, and they shoud charge arf a dollar admittance, which BROWN tells me is about 2s., they could garrand-tea me a good thousen pound!

I declare I'm in sitch a wirl of egsitement as I reeds and reeds it over and over agin, that, tho' it seems odd, I carnt even keep my old spees on my old nose for preperation. He says they has menny and menny a roar at my fun, tho' what fun they can find in my true stors I can't understand, but that's their bizzeness, not mine, and if they means wot they says, and does what they says, they may larf and larf till Hall's blue, whoever Hall may have been, praps a relay-tion of *Blue Beard's*.

My fast difficulty is about the woyage. I am suttlenly not a fast rate Saylor. I never shall forget my feelinx when I crossed the foaming Oshun last year, wen I wisited the Ague in Olland to see the Lord Mare go and wisit the King. And I thinks, if possibel, the

coming back was wusser. That was only a day, this ud be a week. Wot a week! Memry looks back with a shudder and forrard with a groan. But then think of the reckempence. The I hadmirashun of my feller waiters, and praps, a thousand pound! A thousand pound! Why, with sitch a sum as that I could realise the dream of my hurly manhood, and take a nice little Pub in a good ard-drinking nayberhood, and live at my ees, and be the horacle of my own back parler, and relate my egsperiences of my perfeshnal life, elustrated with little sparkling annygoats of the werry ighest nobillerty and harrystock-rasy, and praps, who nose, ewentually become a Westryman! Wot a future! and all within my grasp, if I can but skrew my currage to the sticky place, in other words, to the rolling and pitchy Wessell.

My Co-respondent says as all my predecizzers has bin werry success-fool, speshally Lord COLLINGRIDGE, but then look how thick he spread the butter, and don't the Amerikans jest like it. He writes that if he woud only have allowed Mr. BARNEM, or some other of their great geniusses, to have taken him in hand, and took him round the Country, he mite a maid at least a hundred thousand dollers! Mr. IRWING the hactor was so run after, that sum peepel acshally paid more than an Amerikan suvvering to see him hact, wile wen I seed him at the Lyseehim in *Romych*! I only paid a shilling, and thort him deer at the price. Such is taste, or the wont on it, tho witch is witch is one of the Miss Terrys of the stage, and there's seveal on 'em.

I thinks on the hole as I shall do wisely to write to my brother Waiters for further perticklers, and in the mean time try my best to settle down to my old jog-trog egsistence, as if no sitch brite wision had ewer cros't my lowly parth, tho I'm jest a leetle afraid as my thorts will be sumtimes a-wand'ring across that brord Hatlantick that Mr. WILD HOSKAR was so disapinted with, tho', if I thort as I should be disapinted with it, I'd go at wunce without a second thort, but I carnt even so much as pretend to think as I should, coz I knows better. On sitch ocashuns I shall want all my presents of mind to perwent me a-spilling of the hot soup down sum gent's back, or a-nocking his pore bald hed with sum well-drest hair, but I've faith in myself and in my Star, and ewen sitch brite prospex as mine, witch mite well intocksicate a meer ornery Waiter, shall only elp to sober me.

ROBERT.

ADVICE TO SMALL CAPITALISTS ABOUT TO INVEST IN "NEW RUSSIANS."—Leave it—a loan!

## A STRANGE OCCUPATION.

It was said at one period that Electricity would annihilate Time and Space. It has recently dazzled our eyes so much that we feel it is equal to anything, even to blinding us. From the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, it looks as though the annihilation of time were not far distant:—

**ELECTRICIAN WANTED,**  
to fill up time with gas and hot-water work. Address, &c.

We have heard of "killing Time," but why it should be put to the unnecessary torture of being "filled up with gas and hot-water work," we fail to understand. Possibly, it is a matter only understood by Electricians.

## A Breezy Ballad.

THE Wind's in the North,  
I decline to go forth!  
The Wind's in the South;  
I must tie up my mouth!  
The Wind in the West  
I both loathe and detest!  
The Wind in the East  
Is but fit for a beast!

LAVINIA's military cousin was travelling North. As Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM entered the room, JESSIE, her youngest niece, was saying, "Bob's going to Fort William." "I'm very sorry to hear it, JESSIE," said her excellent Aunt; "but even if it is so, you might speak good grammar. He's 'going to fight WILLIAM' would have been the correct expression."

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 162.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY, AND ALDERMAN HADLEY UPSET.

## THOROUGHFARE OR NO THOROUGHFARE.

As Bow Street is the most important connecting link in the series of streets, squares, bridges, &c., which form nearly the only central communication worth speaking of, between the North and South of London, it is as well to know whether it is a Thoroughfare or a No Thoroughfare. After many years' experience we are unable to decide the question, and shall be much obliged to the Authorities—if there are any Authorities?—who will kindly assist us. In the morning it is generally given up uncontrolled to the Duke of MUDFORD and his Clients, and then it is decidedly a No Thoroughfare; in the middle of the day it is fairly passable; but sometimes at night, and especially on Saturday nights, it is made impassable for cabs or carriages at the will of some mysterious Police Official. Policemen bar the entrance from MEREWEATHER's to the publican's at one end, and from the boiled-beef house to the publican's at the other. Dr. JOHNSON defined a fishing-rod to be a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other; and we may define Bow Street to be a short bit of road with a Duke at one end and a Policeman at the other.

To "ALARMIST."—No. The Chinese are not all cannibals; only those belonging to the "Man-chu Dinnersty."

## THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

## PART IV.—PAROCHIAL SPEECHES.

PERHAPS of all the Orators contained in the United Kingdom, the Vestryman has least need of assistance in speaking. The fact that he is a Vestryman is an infallible proof that he has (as he himself would term it) "the gift of the gab." As a rule, he is the proprietor of a ham-and-beef shop, or is deeply interested (by deputy, for in this case his wife does the work) in the selling of cabbages. Sometimes he belongs to the educated well-to-do trading class, but then he is swamped in the mass of petty shopkeepers who surround him. Sometimes again, but very seldom, he happens to be by birth and education a gentleman, and then he shows his utter unfitness for the Vestry by never appearing at its meetings. So rarely, indeed, are Vestrymen anything but what are termed "highly respectable tradesmen," that it is unnecessary to consider them as belonging to the classes above them. It has been said that these exalted worthies require no guidance in the wallflowerly walk of rhetoric bordering the floor of the Court-house. But every rule has its exception, and it is just possible that there may be a Vestryman not belonging to the "genteel" and silent order, nor to the well-to-do trading class, who has not the courage "being a Westryman, to be'avé as sich." It is to such a one, if he can be found, these hints and suggestions are addressed. It will be as well, perhaps, for the benefit of the unique individual to whom allusion has been made, to give

## A Rough Sketch of an Ideal Vestryman.

**Costume.**—May be either a slovenly-cut suit of tweeds, or "a coat, vest, and trousers as advertised" of black cloth. Pot-hat worn with both. If under forty, flower with long stalk sticking in button-hole. Thick and dirty boots, indifferent linen, and alpaca umbrella.

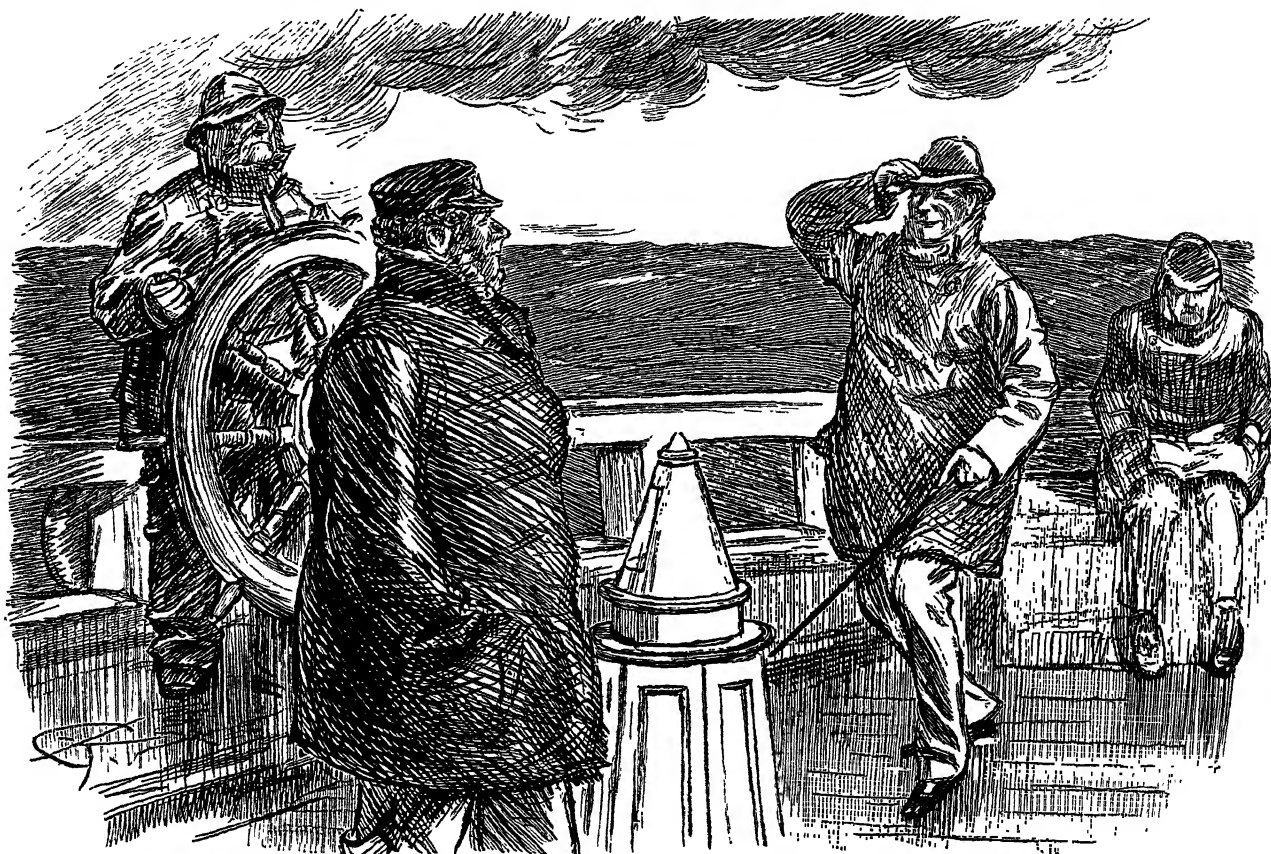
**Voice.**—Should be rasping. Unless it can be heard not only in the

Vestry Hall but in half-a-dozen Committee Rooms beyond, it is practically useless.

**Tone.**—Pert, abrupt, overbearing, and yet semi-respectful with brother Vestrymen. However, on special occasions a professional joke may be permitted; for instance, about the price of ham-sandwiches or the adulteration of moist sugar. Sharp with the Surveyor. Obsequious to the Clerk of the Vestry, especially if that Official happens to be a Solicitor. Stern to the Rector, and generally offensive to everybody else.

**Mode of Delivery.**—Head thrown back, right hand advanced. Usual commencement of speech, "Now, look 'ere, I want to know." Peroration, "I tell you what it is, we must not be 'umbugged. Not we. So I tell you, one and all, that we'll precious soon let 'em see what we want, and that's all about it!"

The Vestryman is not at his best when performing his official duties. When he has to defend himself against a charge of gobbling and guzzling at the public expense, his indignation jumps well over the gap dividing the sublime from the ridiculous. On other occasions he will raise his strident voice to ask, "Why the Vicar 'as 'is name printed on circulars without them there two Churchwardens?" And if he is not falling foul of the Church, he delights in a fad. For instance, it suddenly occurs to him that the act of a street-boy using a rod and line in fishing in a local canal may be dangerous to the Public. He argues that if anyone caught their legs in the string, they might do themselves a serious injury—one might fall on his nose, another tumble into the water. So the Vestryman calls attention to the use of rods on the local canal, and the matter is referred to a Committee. This Committee applies to other Local Committees, and the body swells and swells until it reaches a certain magnitude. At this stage, a deputation is chosen to wait upon a Cabinet Minister. The Statesman receives the Vestrymen "with the utmost courtesy" (as the published report of the latter is subsequently careful to state), and quietly snubs them. The Right Hon. Gentleman is of opinion "that the Vestry have



*Cheeky Passenger.* "ANY FEAR O' MY DISTURBING THE MAGNETIC CURRENTS, CAPTAIN, BY GOIN' NEAR THE COMPASS!?"  
*Captain.* "OH NO, SIR. BRASS HAS NO EFFECT ON IT WHATEVER, SIR!"

ample powers to deal with dangerous rods and lines, and therefore cannot pledge himself and his Cabinet colleagues to indefinitely postponing all other Imperial business while they give their undivided attention to the passing of a Bill making unauthorised minnow-fishing by children punishable with seven years' penal servitude." The deputation is bowed out, and returns to the Vestry for comfort. A large bill is run up for various incidental expenses, and the matter is brought before the delegates of the Ratepayers on numerous occasions, always to meet with the same fate, "adjournment to another occasion." And here be it noted that the golden rule of the model Vestryman is, "when in doubt—postpone." This is a most useful custom; for instance, when some Ratepayer, who enjoys the honour of the acquaintance of one of the elect, wants to put up a conservatory in his front garden. The Vestry constitutionally objects to anything that could be regarded as either a novelty or an innovation, and the conservatory in the front garden answers both descriptions. But the petitioner for the sweet boon knows a Vestryman. Here arises a difficulty. The Vestry must act up to its principles, and yet has no wish to affront one of its own body, so the matter is—"postponed."

At the commencement of the proceedings of a Vestry gathering, the minutes of the last meeting are invariably read and confirmed. These minutes are rather of a perfunctory character, and, in the cause of information, might be made infinitely more interesting. As a guide to would-be municipal orators, subjoined are

*The Minutes of a London Vestry slightly improved.*

The Churchwarden, supported by the Vestry Clerk and the Surveyor, took their seats at their raised desks, and assumed an air of defiant reticence.

The Vestry Clerk read the minutes of the last meeting amidst a hum of voices.

The Churchwarden read a long list of proposed disbursements of Ratepayers' money, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand pounds. After each proposed disbursement he called upon those present to signify their assent or dissent "to the expenditure in the usual manner," adding, immediately after making the request, the word "carried."

During these votes the conversation was general.

On reaching the vote for the payment of £2,547 12s. 8½d. on account of the poor,—

Mr. BRASSLINGS wanted to know why one of the paupers had been deprived of some of his coat-buttons. It was said that the Master of the Workhouse was "most 'aughty," and expected all the inmates to "touch their 'ats to 'im." Now he (Mr. BRASSLINGS) thought—

*The Churchwarden (interrupting).* Mr. BRASSLINGS, you are now making a speech, and not asking a question.

*Mr. Brasslungs (to admiring colleagues, satirically).* Oh, ain't 'e sharp this morning? (*Laughter.*) I do say it's a shame that—

The Churchwarden continued his reading, and the objections of Mr. BRASSLINGS were ignored.

The consideration of the schemes for turning a ruined local burial-ground into a handsome park, for paving a main road with wood, for causing the dust-holes in the dwellings of the very poor to be periodically cleared, and several other propositions admittedly extremely beneficial to the public, were postponed.

The Vestry having then to open tenders, all but the personal friends of the would-be contractors drifted away, and the meeting was adjourned.

To sum up. A Model Vestryman does not require to be a polished orator. His words seldom get further than the columns of the local paper. Here they are seen after undergoing a revision which has reinstated lost aspirates and corrected bad grammar. But what matter sense and culture to a nominee of the Ratepayers? In conclusion, London will indeed be worthy of pity if forced to take in exchange for the ponderous stupidity of the City Alderman the impertinent incompetency of the Model Vestryman.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FROM all parts of the country we have continued to receive most favourable accounts of the opening day of the season, the Fifth of November. There were plenty of Guy Foxes everywhere, and some first-rate runs, chiefly from policemen and infuriated householders.

SIMPLE REMEDY.—How to make a tent waterproof. Pitch it.



## OUR WEALTHY DRAMATISTS.

THERE may be poor Actors nowadays, but no poor Dramatic Authors. Not to be behind the fashion of the present time, when everybody craves to know what everybody else is doing, when he is doing it, and how it's being done, we are grateful to an unknown Correspondent, who signs himself an "Occasional Pall Mall Gazetteer Paragraphist," for the following interesting details, and the public will agree with us that Dramatic Authorship is at the present time a highly remunerative profession:—

Mr. W. G. WILLS is a Millionaire, having made his money entirely out of *Charles the First*, while the poor Actor of that important rôle only received three pounds a night for the entire run! This is no fault of Mr. WILLS'S. But clearly some "redistribution" is required here. Mr. W. G. WILLS lives in several castles in the North of England; keeps five steam yachts, and two or three packs of hounds. For his new piece at the Princess's he receives fifty thousand pounds down *before a line is written*; and Mr. WILSON BARRETT binds himself over to him to serve him as a slave, to work his farms, do boot-cleaning, or go out to the Colonies for him, or anything, if he should fail in producing the exact sum by twelve o'clock next Friday.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT, as a Dramatist, made five hundred thousand pounds by one piece at the Olympic, some years ago, which sum having been advantageously invested in Botany Yarns (on which he is founding his *Burglar's Tale*), still brings him in the handsome sum of one hundred thousand pounds a-year. His income as a Librettist would amount to fifteen hundred thousand a year, but for the necessity of sharing it with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who insists upon receiving his "pound of flesh," or, rather, his two-thirds, or ten hundred thousand pounds of flesh, paid quarterly. Finding his present house too small, Mr. GILBERT is in treaty for Buckingham Palace. He stipulates for the sentry-boxes remaining with sentries in them. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who is to have a wing of the building—for, as his Librettist gracefully says, he couldn't indulge in such high flights but for Sir ARTHUR'S wing,—insists upon these sentinels having been through a campaign at the Royal College of Music and being skilled vocalists. This proviso has for the present brought negotiations to a standstill, but it is said that the brilliant Librettist and gifted Composer, on agreement with the Buckingham Palace Authorities, will refer the matter to a mutual friend who,—

In spite of all temptations,  
Will accept their invitations,  
And remain an Engel-ishman,

—and who will probably be accommodated with a room in the Palace (near the Critics' Banqueting Hall) all to himself, fitted up with the latest-invented telephonic apparatus, communicating with the Librettist's and Composer's apartments, so that at any instant he may be informed of every wonderful rhyme or extraordinary musical phrase that may occur to either of the talented partners.

Messrs. HERMANN and JONES have only recently started in business, but they have already achieved a fortune which will make the entire ROTHSCHILD family envious. It is variously stated at from sixteen to fifty millions. Messrs. HERMANN and JONES are inseparable. Their equipages are familiar to all Londoners frequenting the Park, where they both drive a collaborating team of eight horses. Their benefactions to their countrymen are well known.

Mr. G. R. SIMS is in receipt of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum from his *Lights of London*, in the Metropolis alone. From the representations in China, Japan, Persia, and one or two other places (where the drama is localised and sharpened up with topics of the day), he has realised the magnificent sum of £275,008,005 19s. 11½d., with which he furnished his present mansion. As the Librettist of the *Merry Duchess*, he shared with Mr. FREDERIC CLAY the Composer, a couple of millions; and this would have been more, but for the unfortunate result of the Derby, which, it is an open secret, hit these two talented gentlemen rather hard.

Mr. GILBERT & BRACKETT by one piece at the GERMAN REEDS' made over a hundred and sixty thousand pounds. His hunting-lodge in the Midland Counties is a model of perfect taste. It is open house with him all the year round; and though hunting five days a-week (except in the summer, and it's difficult to prevent him even then), he yet finds time to write the *libretti* of French and German Seven-Act Operas. Of these he speaks, in his light and airy way, as "mere trifles thrown off before breakfast." But it is well known that these trifles represent two hundred thousand pounds each. His forthcoming Opera, *Sawonarola*, has been purchased by a syndicate composed of the Emperor of GERMANY, Emperor of AUSTRIA, the King of HOLLAND, and the French House of ROTHSCHILDE, for upwards of three millions sterling, one quarter of which has been already subscribed, and the remainder guaranteed. If the guarantee is not made good, the instalment will be forfeited, and Mr. GILBERT & BRACKETT will be at liberty to sell it ever again.

Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE'S new mansion cost him a hundred

thousand pounds. The drawing-room is inlaid with precious stones, and the mantelpiece (constructed by the Author) is one blaze of diamonds. He will not live in it, but will only go and look at it now and then, as he prefers the residence he has occupied now for some years, and which he lately furnished lavishly out of his receipts from the *Cynic*. He made just on half a million by the play he wrote for Miss GENEVIÈVE WARD, who, of course, such is the irony of Fate, was but little benefited pecuniarily by the successful work. Mr. HERMANN MERIVALE spends about ten thousand a year in fishing-rods, and is endeared to all mariners on the more dangerous parts of our English coast by his patented invention for saving life at sea, and safety nets for the herring fishery.

Mr. F. C. BURNAND, as a Dramatist, makes fifty millions a year. He is largely interested in Electric Lights, and has bought up most of the patents. By a piece called *Unlimited Cash*, a few years ago, at the Gaiety, which only ran a few nights, as the expenses were so enormous (one may buy gold too dear), he realised a quarter of a million, after granting Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD a splendid annuity. His last new coat cost him over five hundred pounds, and his hatter, haberdasher, shoemaker, and tailor divide about sixty thousand a year between them. His shooting-box and moors, arranged on the most luxurious and expensive plan, cost him a hundred thousand pounds to keep up. He is a great benefactor to the various lines of rail which meet at the junction station near his place, as he is always sending vans laden with game all over the world. His pieces played in America (where there is no copyright or dramatic right) produce—by the courtesy of the Managers, who feel themselves in honesty bound to make him some acknowledgment—an income of about from seventy to ninety thousand pounds a year. As a Librettist, he would have made another couple of millions out of *Cox and Box* (after sharing with Mr. MADDISON MORTON) but for Sir ARTHUR, then Mr. ARTHUR, SULLIVAN'S claim for a hundred thousand, which Mr. BURNAND at once doubled, as a token of his esteem and friendship.

Mr. H. J. BYRON has never made less than a million a-year. He has several times tried to do so, but without success. He has houses and gardens all over England. He always travels by private engines, with saloon-carriage attached, having early in life taken a dislike to horses. Mounted outriders precede him at a gallop, with flags to warn the approaching travellers. He spends the winter in India, tiger-hunting, and writes most of his pieces in the cool of the morning, when in his palanquin on the back of an elephant. He returns for the season to London, and his Western Palace—as it may indeed be termed—is the rendezvous from morning till night, or rather from morning till morning [as it never closes], of *Tout ce qu'il y a de plus gai, de plus brillant, de plus savant*, in all London. A great amateur of music, he has ten magnificent private bands, and three Composers at five thousand a-year each. He says he can't understand Mr. W. S. GILBERT being content with Buckingham Palace as a residence (if he gets it), as, for his part, he likes a place he can move about in. His Elephant Saloon in his second London house, which he only uses when he is "passing through," can be seen during November, from twelve to two, by anyone obtaining an introduction from the HOME SECRETARY, backed by the PRIME MINISTER and Archbishop of CANTERBURY. He realised sixty millions by *Our Boys*, and has pensioned off Messrs. JAMES and THORNE with a handsome competency per annum as a recognition of their past services.

[In the foregoing information we shall be happy to make whatever corrections may be necessary, on hearing from any one of the Dramatists named, in order to bring it into strict accordance with his own private and confidential statement made to the Commissioners of Income-tax.—Ed.]

## Food v. Cram.

THE suggestion that destitute children obliged to attend Board Schools should be supplied at school with penny dinners seems good, and feasible. Less than a pennyworth of oatmeal a head would afford a fairly filling mess of porridge, and not cost much. Nor would that small expense necessitate any great addition to the rates. Might it not readily be met by a reasonable reduction of the sums now expended in attempts at putting sciences and literature into the heads of children destined to become plough-boys, errand-boys, shop-boys, and servant-girls?

THERE was a paragraph last week in the *Times* headed, "The Status of Solicitors." Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM read it without her glasses, and then putting down the paper, exclaimed, "Well, I do not see why Solicitors should have Statues."

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.—There is no truth in the report that the Dean of Bangor, on account of his anti-tea sentiments, is about to be raised to the episcopal bench as the Bishop of Soda and Bran.





### PUTTING HIM AT HIS EASE.

She. "AND I SUPPOSE YOU WENT IN TREMENDOUSLY FOR ATHLETICS, AT OXBRIDGE?"

He (much pleased). "WELL—ER—NO—I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER LAZY, YOU KNOW!"

### "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" AND THE SULTAN.

(Extracts from the Diary of his Majesty.)

November 1st.—WEISS PASHA has just informed me that the Unselfish Representative will arrive in time for the celebration. He is coming all the way from Paris by the Eastern Express. So pleased, as I am very curious to see what he is like. WEISS Pasha says that he is being fed up well, so that he may be nice and fat for the final ceremony. He was greatly pleased with the first dinner they gave him when he entered the train. I am told he wrote columns to a London paper about the waiters and the napkins. The only thing that disappoints me is that he should have neglected to have brought PAIN or BROCK in his suite. How can the affair go off properly without Fireworks?

November 2nd.—PHILIPPI BEY has been with me all the morning. It seems that the Unselfish Representative is not an Englishman by birth, although his name sounds like an English imprecation—"Blow it!" This is the more creditable. I can understand a native of the country submitting to the terrible sacrifice, but that a foreigner should offer himself to undergo so great an inconvenience seems to me incredible! However, he is said to be very eccentric, which may possibly account for this noble act of self-sacrifice.

November 3rd.—Was shown a letter from Lord DUFFERIN, in which the British Ambassador expressed a wish that I should be informed of the arrival of the Unselfish Representative. It is rather perplexing, this semi-official recognition of this painful act of self-abnegation. However, I should be the last to complain. Here am I about to be as much favoured as if I were living in Bridgewater or Lewes. I do hope that before he finally disappears there will be a really good explosion.

November 4th.—It is all arranged, and I am to see him. PHILIPPI BEY has managed it beautifully. On my way to the Mosque he is to be propped up outside a window, so that I can have a good look at him. The difficulty about the etiquette of our interview is smoothed over. It appears that he will walk in on condition that he is permitted to sit down the moment he has entered. Of course, I am glad of this, as if he had been carried in his chair by two persons walking before and behind (his favourite mode of travelling), the breach of manners might have established an inconvenient precedent. I am looking forward to to-morrow!

November 5th.—The great day has arrived, and I have seen him! He was propped up on the window-sill as arranged. I never saw anything more grotesque and amusing in my life! He quite realised my anticipations! Much funnier than a wooden puppet, and just as helpless. He had his feet hanging down, and his toes turned in, just as I had seen them in the pictures! I hurried over my prayers, and had him brought in. RAGHIB BEY acted as interpreter. I asked him if he thought we should have a fine night for the ceremony? He replied, through the interpreter, that he thought that there was just enough wind to blow the smoke away. I explained to him how deeply I regretted that I should not be able to be present when they lighted up. He replied, that after all there was not much to be seen so far as he personally was concerned. One celebration was much the same as another. So with a bonfire. Put anything into it, and it soon loses its individuality. I admitted that this was the case, and to change an awkward subject (although I must declare that it seemed to give him no distress), asked him if he had brought his lantern with him. He replied, "No," that as he had got the old original, he thought it best not to bring it. So it is left at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Asked him why he was secured to his chair when he went out for a ride? He answered that it was an English custom, and prevented unanticipated ejections. Expressed my surprise that he was not more gorgeously costumed—he was wearing a plain tourist's suit. He said that any old clothes would do for his purpose—that it would be a pity to work in his best. Upon this, I said, to make him look a little grander, I would confer upon him the order of the Medjidie, second class. Rather extravagant this! However, my visitor seemed pleased, and soon after took his leave. On bidding him adieu, I wished him a fine night for the interesting ceremony.

November 6th.—I can scarcely write for rage! However, I have had the whole of the Cabinet sewn up in sacks, and thrown into the Bosphorus! I will teach them to impose upon me! RAGHIB BEY, who acted as interpreter, has taken to flight. Very wise of him! I have just seen a translation of the *Times*' account of my interview with the Anglo-Frenchman! The audacity of the thing! I am actually represented as talking politics with a person who I was given to understand had been brought all the way to Constantinople that I might see him before he was burned as a *Guy Faux* on the 5th of November!

### "LIKE A CRAB, IT CAN GO BACKWARDS."

THE *Times*, of November 14, in a curiously ill-tempered and illogical leader, laid it down as an axiom that "Men of sense make up their minds on these subjects (i.e., religious doubts) at an early age, and it is only rather poor and narrow-brained persons who are troubled at thirty with any question about the form of religion they have lived under." It has probably occurred to many persons that the selection of the age of thirty was singularly unfortunate, and though *prima facie*, intended as "a nasty one" for Lord RUPON, it was indirectly a rather severe commentary on the doings of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, who certainly did trouble himself considerably "on these subjects" from thirty to thirty-seven, and hadn't quite done with them at forty. The names of GAVAZZI, BLANCO WHITE, and some others will recall themselves to the memory of those who see that "Sauce for the Goose," &c.

In another article on Friday, the *Times*, which has been having quite a little religious dissipation, says:—"To this day the French workman talks of Protestantism with the same airy ignorance as his forefathers. There is something English or German in it to his eyes, and he is not far from believing that a Protestant cannot be a good Frenchman."

Now, substitute "English *Times* Leader-writer" for "French workman," and "Roman Catholicism" for "Protestantism," substitute also "foreign" for "English or German," and "Roman Catholic and Englishman" for "Protestant and Frenchman" *et fabula narratur de Times*. The paragraph amended would read thus:—

"To this day the English *Times* Leader-writer talks of Roman Catholicism with the same airy ignorance as his forefathers. There is something foreign in it to his eyes, and he is not far from believing that a Roman Catholic cannot be a good Englishman."

The superior intelligence that directs the ready pens of the Leader-writers is evidently behind the *Times*.



### THE ALDERMAN'S NIGHTMARE.

*Demon Conger.* "HA! HA! IN ME BEHOLD THE REAL TURTLE! HO! HO! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME!"

O 'ENERY THOMPSON! 'ENERY THOMPSON, O!

That epicure the Orther of the *Seasons*  
May have been void of rhymes, but no, oh no!

He wasn't aif so destitute of reasons  
(Whatever HOOD may say), as what you seem,  
O THOMPSON, who did not write *Sophonisby*!  
He wouldn't 'a give me that there 'orrid dream,  
From which I still feel quishby.

You're wus than WERNON HARCOURT and his lot,  
That soupercilious FIRTH, and BEAL the bounceable.

That chap who in the "*Telly*" writes sech rot  
'Bout testitudi—somethink unpronounceable—  
Is bad enough with his long crackjaw fuss;  
Turtle is turtle. Who can put it stronger?

But 'ang it all, Sir 'ENERY, you are wus.

You say it's only Conger!

Conger be—well, I won't. But he must be  
As cruel as a MANNING or a THURTELL,

Who'd try and shake, with his wild fiddle-de-dee,  
A Alderman's sweet confidence in Turtle!

Wot *would* be left? Reform might 'ave its way,  
If Turtle lost its individuality;

And eels would do quite nicely, I dessay,  
For a Munciecpality!

That dream! Oh, it was dredful! For I thought  
That I was fixed, my feet a awful weight on,

While with a hidjus thing I wildly fought,  
Like that there Python of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

I felt like them three parties caught by snakes,  
In that uncomfortable classic statue.

The Creature seemed to grin, "I'll give you quakes,  
Old Boy, when I get at you!"

He gaped and goggled at me like a shark,  
His mouth appeared a saw-mill in full action,

He lashed his 'orrid tail, and seemed to bark;  
I shook like a *blomonge*, in stupefaction.



## TRANSPPOSITION.

*Irish Sergeant.* "MARK TIME! CHANGE YOUR STIP, THAT MAN!"

*Recruit.* "IF YE PLAZE, SURR——"

*Sergeant.* "SILENCE!—AN' FALL OUT AT ONCE AN' CHANGE YOUR FEET!"

"Git out!" I gurgled. Then the Conger spoke,  
Lifting his 'ed and offle coils above me;  
"I am the real Turtle, ancient bloke,  
And you must learn to love me!"

Of course 'twas all delugion, like the trash,  
In hignerant Sir 'ENERY's startlin' letter.  
Wot can 'e know of Calipee or -pash?  
He ought at least, though, to 'ave known much better  
Than to 'ave give us this 'ere frightful shock.  
Round our dewoted 'eds Fate's arrows 'urtle.  
But Conger? 'Ang it, no!—not ev'n as "stock."  
I pins my faith to Turtle!

## CAN'T BE FAIRER THAN FOWLER.

(A Page extracted from the Diary of the Lord Mayor.)

*Monday.*—Very glad I rescinded my permission to Herr STOCKER, the leader of the "Jew hatred," to lecture at the Mansion House. See what a reception he got when he *did* open his lips! Howled down! Very properly, too. Considering that Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has now entered his hundredth year, it is simply disgraceful to say anything against the Jews. Besides, if there had been a row in the Egyptian Hall, the stained glass windows might have been smashed. So, take it all round, we are well out of it.

*Tuesday.*—Application from the Anti-Mock-Friendly-Societies League to hold a Meeting in the Mansion House. Though rather sympathising with the objects of the Association, was forced to refuse their request. Silly of them to select such a stupid title. "Mock-Friendly"—evidently an allusion to the Society of Friends. The Quakers are a most respectable class of people, and I am the last man in the world to sanction any sneer at their expense. Especially as I know that if I did so, I should be called to book by a certain member of the Corporation. Decide, then, to refuse the application with scorn and contempt.

*Wednesday.*—Everybody seems to want to use the Egyptian Hall! Here are certain Gentlemen "having the regeneration of the British

Drama at heart, who are anxious to meet together to consider the advisability of petitioning the Government to subsidise a theatre for the exclusive performance of *Shakspeare*." Well, in its way I sympathise with the movement. In fact, I should have no objection to asking questions of my Right Hon. Friends in "another place." But the thing won't do in the City. Some Common Councilman or Alderman would be sure to ask questions about it. No, no; were a Meeting held about the future of the Drama, during the absence of our leading Tragedian in America, the proceeding would be regarded, and justly regarded, as a slight by the *Iringites*! This would never do, so must write to refuse the application.

*Thursday.*—Another petition for the use of the most comfortable room in the Mansion House! Too bad that people should want to turn me out of my own little study in this way. But they will—they always ask for the Egyptian Hall! However, on this occasion, I think I can stump them. Permission requested by a Mr. MOCKER to lecture "Upon the History of Country Fairs and the Origin of Booths Generally." A nice row there would be in the Court of Aldermen if I consented! Why, I do believe, it would cause even Sir ROBERT CARDEN to say a naughty word! "Booths Generally." Why, of course, the lecture would include "General" BOOTH, and attack the Salvation Army!

*Friday.*—Once again! But there can be no doubt about my course in this instance. My excellent friend, Alderman HADLEY, I feel sure, is regarding my movements with interest. The Society of Sincere Believers want to hold a meeting; just like their impudence! I would not offend Agnostics in general, and Mr. BRADLAUGH in particular, for the world.

*Saturday.*—Ah, come now, don't mind this. The Antipapistical Society wants to hold a meeting in the Egyptian Hall to protest against Romanism. Certainly. I shall enjoy it immensely, so that nothing is said against the Jews, Dissenters, and Atheists. But stop, Alderman DE KEYSER is a Roman Catholic! So perhaps, after all, I had better take time for consideration!

AN ASIDE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.—What Lord DERBY said when the Delegates from the Transvaal were announced, "Oh dear, what Beers!"



## NEW READINGS OF AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

## GERMAN READING.

(Tremblingly.)

SAYS AARON TO MOSES,  
"Let's cut off our  
noses!"

(Nervously.)

SAYS MOSES TO AARON,  
"And put a Christian  
pair on."

## IN LONDON.

(Joyfully.)

SAYS AARON TO MOSES,  
"Let's develope our  
noses!"

(Proudly.)

SAYS MOSES TO AARON,  
"They're the fashion to  
wear on!"

## LORD MARE'S DAY.

NONE of us a knowin wot's to foller, like the Gests at dinner wen there ain't no Menu, I was determind to see all I coud connectd with the grand proceedins of Lord Mare's Day. So I managed to be pressent at Gildhall on the heighth hinstant to witness the sollem and affectin serry-money of Lord Mare's Heave. Ah that was a seen that was. No wonder the Livermen, all in livry, flockt in crowds to see it, and no wonder so many on 'em seemed to be took with sitch bad colds just at the most affecteing moment.

"At 2 o'Clock by the Gildhall clock," as the Poet says, two Lord Mares cum in together, hand in hand, and marchd in sollem state to the place of execution, where the Town Clerk, looking pail with surprest emoshun, awaited their arrival to perform his sad office. His rich manly voice trembled as he administered the customary diclaration to the New Lord Mare, and his three stately bows wanted sumthink of their ushal dignerty, dowtless from the same caws, for the makin of that diclaration by the new Lord Mare, speakin metologically, reelly decapitated the Old 'un, for dreely the words was huttered, without no paws, off went the 3 cornered Cooked At of Power, and he was again a simple Alderman!

Wot his feelinx was at that supreme moment who can tell? but his manly features bore the smile of stoickle resignashun.

Then forth stept the Chamberlane in a full court soot with a lovely floury veskit, and walkin up with three graceful bows, gives up the City Purse to the old Lord Mare, who gives it to the new 'un, and he, after feeling of it and findin, I spose, as there was preshus little in it, hands it back to the Chamberlane, who is so jolly pleased to get it agin that he makes three more gracefool bows and aeshally walks out backards! A pretty lot of praktisin he must have had before he could do that I shoold think. Then the old Lord Mare and the New 'un departs in peace, but tho' they both goes together, this time the left one's right and the right one's left.

That same evnin, as is our inwaryable kustom, we all assembl'd as usual and seated ourselves round our kustomary round table and drunk our kustomary bowl of punch, which I has the honner to bru, and at 12 o'Clock percisely, at Midnite, we stands up on our feat, and we drinks in sollum silence to the pious memmery of the late Lord Mare! and then in fresh bumpers, with three times three and one cheer more, we drinks to the prosperous rain of his noble sucksester.

I had herd the rain a peltin down the Chimbley like one o'Clock jest before daylight, and my thorts nat'rally turned to the poor Lord Mare's footmen's silk stockings as they walked thro' the streets amid ribbald jeers. However I rowsed myself betimes from my nupshal couch and pulled myself together at duty's caul, as Inghland expees every Waiter to do on such a sollum day, and fourth I storked, fust to the Manshun House and second to Gildhall. With that kindness of art for witch I hopes as I am sumwhat remarkabel, I sort out the poor Lord Mare's Postillion who I had herd was to be discarded from his long suit, and found him to my extreme satisfashun arayed in all the gorgeus parofy nailyer of his diniffide and importent offis. As time pressed, his only remark was, "If ever, ROBERT, they takes off my two leaders, they'll have took the fust step towards a Ansom Cab, and the rest will be all down hill with not no skid on!" and so we parted.

"I'm told as most people thort as the Sho was a werry fine 'un, of course there's no a counting for taste, but, to my mind, bails of wool, and legs of mutten, and a lot of birds full of stuffing, and chestes of Tee, was but a werry poor substitoot for real Men in Harmer, who I was werry to see absent, and that I have no deut made the mob angry, and so I aeshally herd 'em hiss the LORD MARE! which so effected my sperrits that I rushed into the Cryp and drowned

'em in a bumper of sherry. I then sat down to meddytate, and the thortful Butler, a old frend of mine, seeing my state of mind, kindly giv me a second, and then reckomended me to take just 40 winkels, witch I did for jest about a cupple of ours, and then woke up quite refreshed and prepared for the wust.

The bangkwet was much as usual, tho' I thort the thick turtill seemed rayther thin, but then custom makes an ed Waiter almost as fastigious as a Alderman. I was again struck werry forcibly by the estonishing fac that many of the gests would leave the xquisit delly-cacies of the table a most untouched, and prefer sitch werry wulger food as cold beef, merely because it's cut off a werry big joint, and called a Barren instead of an Aunch!

The speeches was jest a little long, but if ever I seed a look of estonishment, and amazement, and wunder, it was when the LORD MARE torked the two furren langwidges of Latin and Greek rite bang at Mr. GLADSTUN. Whether it was that he couldn't quite beleeve his ears or his eyes, I of course don't know, but he certainly couldn't take either of 'em off his Lordship, for estonishment. All I can say is, there wasn't not one of us Waiters as could understand a singel word, and I rayther thinks as even sum of the Worshipfool Court of Aldermen was in the same predickymnt (which BROWN translates to mean, "what the dickens he meant.") But there was no diffikulty in understandin what the PRIME MINISTER ment when, having got over his estonishment, he told 'em all that the late Lord Mare was to be nighted, and become Sir ENERY NIGHT. How they did all cheer, and speshally when he added that it was the QUEEN's own wish. I've no dout that it was partly owin to what Lord DARBY told 'em the other day, that when the QUEEN is about to make a man a Ambasseder or a Lord Leftennant or a Night, or sumthink of that hi and lofty caracter, the fust question as she asks is, what sort of wife as he got, and in this case the anser was so satisfiactory that Her MAJESTY said, as Natur made her a Lady from her birth, and the Lord Mare made her a Lady for a year, I will make her a Lady for life. And so she did.

We hadn't no Dook, witch I was sorry for. I allus likes a Dook or 2. It gives a distangay tone to the hole proseedings, tho' they generally sits as dum as Gog or Magog, but I've no dout as they makes up by a lot of thinkin, and will be werry usefool to us wen the grate fite cums, if, as Mr. GLADSTUN finely said, "it hever do cum."

ROBERT.

## THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

## PART V.—"THE DRAMA," TREATED FROM A MUTUAL-ADMIRATION POINT OF VIEW.

THERE are many toasts that recently have grown in importance. The chief of these is unquestionably "the Drama and its Professors." Not so very long ago, to be an Actor was to rank as a vagabond. But, nowadays, this is changed. A popular Tragedian or Comedian receives nearly as much attention in Society as a Royalty. He is the bright particular star of the firmament wherever he appears. Hostesses, famous for their high respectability, stand at their drawing-room doors, eagerly awaiting his coming. Hosts, notorious for their love of punctuality, wait hours for him, patiently, while the soup is thickening, and the birds are being burnt into cinders. Sometimes the popular Tragedian or Comedian condescends to visit the house of an influential Critic or a celebrated Author. On these occasions he retires into a corner with the "most useful person" he can find, and hides himself away from the common herd—a body composed of the very class to which he himself belongs. To this "useful person" (who is, of course, connected with the Press) he will confide his future plans, and mention the sums that have been taken during his engagement at the Theatre to which for the moment he is attached. He will call that "useful person" by his abbreviated Christian name, and adopt a tone towards him suggestive of the tender devotion so often existing between a proud young mother and her dearly beloved first-born. In general society he will not be required to say much. So long as he has an eye-glass through which to smile, he is as safe as possible. If he be a Tragedian, his smile must be sad; if a Comedian, knowing. It is only on public occasions that he will be expected to speak. When he takes a benefit, for instance, he will say a few words about SHAKSPEARE, his own love for the town in which he is acting, his desire to be buried in their midst, and last, but most important of all, the exact amount of the nightly receipts. He should feel that the stall-occupiers before him, having paid half-a-guinea a time for their places, have a right to be in his confidence. Of course, it is of the last importance to them to learn that he reverences the great national Poet, has a preference to the local cemetery, and has made a good deal of money by the exercise of his art. They will be all the happier for this knowledge—all the better. His speech at a banquet, organised in his honour, however, will be rather more complicated. He will have to reply to a number of the most fulsome compliments without sacrificing his dignity or overstepping the mark which



separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Of course, he will belong to the Mutual Admiration Army. The regulations of that gallant Corps should be of assistance to him at such a time. He should remember that he is the best possible Actor, and that his friends who tell him so are the best possible Critics. He and they together combine to represent absolute perfection. But, as an example is the safest guide, the handbook assumes a dramatic form for the purpose of illustration:—

**SCENE**—*A gorgeous Banqueting Hall, filled with notabilities. Birth at the high table, Genius and Talent somewhere below the salt. The Guest of the Evening's health has been drunk with immense enthusiasm. The Guest rises to respond, and the cheering is frantic; he smiles, and handkerchiefs and dessert-knives are flourished deliriously. The Toast-master obtains silence, and the reply commences.*

*Guest of the Evening (bowing gracefully right and left).* Your Royal Highness, your Graces, my Lords, my Lord Mayors, my Right Reverend Prelates, and—hem—Gentlemen, or, as I know you would prefer me to call you all, my dear, good, worthy friends—*(Cheers)*—here I thank you. *(Cheers.)* The noble Duke seated some little distance from me on my left has told you, in proposing my health, that he and I are old—may I say it?—“pals.” *(Laughter and applause.)* He has not deceived you. *(Cheers.)* We were boys together; and I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I have always found ARTHUR WALTER PLANTAGENER, twenty-third Duke of Ditchwater, one of the very best, one of the honestest of fellows! *(Immense enthusiasm, during which the Speaker shakes hands with the noble Duke in question.)* Ah, it is a very long time since we started on our careers. Twenty years ago I was trying hard to get the most menial employment in connection with a country Circus, and my friend, my good friend—*(addressing the Duke)*—you are a friend, ARTHUR, dear fellow!—*(Cheers)*—and my good friend the Duke was just going to Eton. That is twenty years ago. We have succeeded since. He has gained considerable distinction as a Statesman and Diplomatist, and has been made a Knight of the Garter. *(“Hear, hear!”)* As for me—well *(smiling)* you know my career. *(Immense cheering.)* I think we may indulge in mutual congratulation. You tell me that I am the best possible Actor. *(Enthusiastic applause.)* I am afraid you are rather partial—*(“No, no!”)*—that you estimate my poor abilities at too high a value. *(“No, no!”)* Well, be it as you will, and I will grant you that I am the best possible Actor. *(Thunders of applause.)* But if I am the best possible Actor, you are, unquestionably, the best possible Critics. *(Renewed applause.)* But this evening I would rather sink myself in my Art,—in my profession. *(Cheers.)* I would say, take us at home, at the theatre when only a “T-light” is ignited, and the auditorium is empty. I would ask you where do you find such courtesy, such exquisite good breeding, as at a rehearsal? *(Applause.)* I would say to you, where do you find such perfect domesticity as at the fireside of the Actor? *(Thunders of applause.)* Yes, my worthy friends, I can safely say to the Judges, send your daughters on the stage to rehearsal, where they will be treated as if they were the first Ladies of the land, and to the Bishops, give your sons to a profession where they can take to themselves helpmates who will never desert them. *(Enthusiastic cheering.)* And of one thing be quite certain. Our highest aim is Art. *(Cheers.)* We have no jealousies, no love of gold. *(Applause.)* So long as we please you, we are satisfied, as we feel that when we meet with your approbation, we are receiving the commendation of all that is best in the civilisation of the nineteenth century,—all that is worth most honour in the whole of Christendom. *(Wild enthusiasm, lasting for a quarter of an hour, amidst which the eloquent Speaker resumes his seat.)*

Of course the above is merely an outline of a speech, which may be filled in to suit the idiosyncrasies of the place and the hour. But it is in the proper key, and should wake responsive chords in the breasts of all present. The golden rule of the orator can be summed up in four words: “Praise, to receive praise.” Or, to adopt a homelier tone, “The best way to earn your bread is to deal in—butter!”

### Worse and Worse.

[The candidature of Mr. W. H. MALLOCK for the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University has been withdrawn.]

SAD for the seer whose pornographic page  
Proves the world pessimist, and life one grand ruse!  
Is life worth living when the solemn sage  
Is scorned by Merry Andrews?

**AN UNBELIEVER CONVINCED.**—Any Anti-Spiritualist still open to conviction (though it's the impostor-mediums who are most open to this sort of thing—in a Police Court), has only to go to South Kensington Museum and see with his own eyes “The Spirit-Fresco.” Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and Mr. GAMBIER PARRY will attend, if requested. No Fees.

### THE LATEST CRAZE.

*(Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who “Adopted the Stage as a Profession.”)*

MY DEAR DUCHESS, 28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

I HAVEN'T much time, but I continue where I left off, and thank you so much for your invitation, which, as I am rehearsing all day and playing at night, I cannot, I regret to say, accept. You know in London your Actors only “got their Sunday out,” for dinner.

I told you about my going to rehearsal. You remember the sort of people I mentioned as being on the stage. Well—the play (of which we only had one rehearsal in the day, we played it at night) is about MISS POSTER, who goes abroad for fun with some friends. They, however, fall into the hands of wild Arabs, but are saved at the last moment from death by the leader of the tribe, who, oddly enough, turns out to be an old flame of MISS POSTER's. Well, then they come to a place where the charge of Tel-el-Kebir is going on. They arrive just in time to join in the hurrahs and display of bunting after the victory, and to be asked to breakfast by the General. (I was the General.) Unfortunately, just as we were going in to breakfast, MISS POSTER's lover is bitten by a deadly snake.

The scene next changes to Australia, where Mr. DERWENTWATER, a convict, escapes, and vows vengeance against MISS POSTER's lover. It appears he knows something about Mr. GARRICK (MISS POSTER's lover), who is his hated rival in the affections of MISS POSTER. In this scene I am a Prison Warder with a soliloquy, in which I inform the audience the convict has really been pardoned, but that I have kept the letter back from the Authorities for no particular reason. Then come a lot of vicissitudes in the course of MISS POSTER's love; she sucks the poison from Mr. GARRICK's snake-bite, and is very ill herself afterwards. The Arab tribe are tempted to revolt against their leader by the convict, who arrives all right from Australia; but MISS POSTER says such nice things about the QUEEN and England's banner, that everybody, except the convict, surrenders to her. The convict is not to be done, though. He declares he's my son, and I believe him, having lost one. (I'm the General.) He next accuses MISS POSTER's lover with desertion from the Army, and having struck a superior officer years back. I refer to my books, and find it was so. I've got rather a good speech at the end of the Fifth Act, sentencing MISS POSTER's lover to the lash.

A telegram suddenly arrives, stating that the Earl of Mount Cashville is come out to die in the immediate neighbourhood, and wishes to see MISS POSTER at once. (I am the Earl.) The convict starts, first meaning to assassinate the Earl before MISS POSTER can arrive, and then get into bed, like the Wolf in Red Riding Hood, and frighten MISS POSTER when she arrives. But this is all stopped by a most extraordinary sequence of events. The Old Earl recognises the convict as the son of his valet, changed at birth for the General's son, who really is MISS POSTER's lover. The Earl himself has enjoyed the title and estates for seventy-five years wrongly, as he's not legitimate, and MISS POSTER is really the Countess in her own right.

The convict is so upset by all this, that he confesses it was he who struck a superior officer, under the assumed name of MISS POSTER's lover. The Earl can't stand any more, and dies. Countess POSTER marries the General's son (who is just saved as the first blow of the whip is descending on him), and they engage the convict as a gardener, as he knows all about plants in Australia.

I can't explain it any better, because much confusion reigned, both at rehearsals and at night. Such loss of temper, and turning-up of noses! I was so busy, also, rushing to the little closet I dress in to change. First I was the Old Family Coachman, with a dialect, who was sorry MISS POSTER was going abroad; then I was Captain of the ship MISS POSTER went out in, and danced a quadrille with her; next I played an Arab Guide, and was murdered in the Swamp Scene twice, because I fell so near the footlights the first time, the Curtain couldn't come down, so I was pulled up and murdered again; then the General, a Convict Warder, and the Earl. The General and the Earl were much the best parts; that sentencing to the lash and confession of illegitimacy went splendidly. The audience, consisting of several people, seemed delighted. There was a good deal left unexplained in the story, but the ends of the Acts (the final “situations”) were all right. The guns went off, and the band didn't miss the cue for “Rule Britannia.” I'll tell you such a lot about the people themselves in my next letter—it's all so new. *Au revoir*, my dear Duchess, I am yours very truly, HUGO DE B\*\*\*.

MR. GORING THOMAS, English Composer, never scored a bigger success than when he scored *Esmeralda*. It has made a great hit at Cologne, and the Cognials are enthusiastic. His name we have already illustrated, it is suggestive of a “duet for horns.” Laudatory Critics are all for GORING THOMAS, but you'll take a deal of bating, THOMAS.

“FOILED again!” as the champagne-bottle exclaimed when it found itself filled and packed for the fourth time.



## AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

Cabby. "BEG YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT I 'AVE A PAIR O' LIGHT KID GLOVES, FOR A WEDDIN' AS I 'VE BIN ARST TO!"

Shopwoman. "CERTAINLY. WHAT IS YOUR SIZE?" Cabby. "SIZE, MISS?" Shopwoman. "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER?"

Cabby. "OH, NUMBER, MISS! TWO-FOUR-EIGHT-NINE-SIX!"

## THE SONG OF THE SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The Gay Cavalier."

In the year it was late,  
But Madrid was *en fête*,  
The Bolero was sounding amain,  
When a youth from fair France  
Came to ask for the dance,  
The hand of a beauty of Spain.  
When he saw with a wince,  
That a gay Teuton Prince  
Was *au mieux* with the mantilla'd maid,  
His moustache he did twirl,  
Crying, "*Sac-r-r-e!* False girl!!  
I'm a leetle bit late, I'm afraid!  
*A leetle, a leetle, a leetle bit late, I'm afraid!*"

Now, this gallant French youth:  
Had been lacking, in sooth,  
In politeness; a fit of the spleen  
Had quite made him forget  
The most plain *etiquette*,  
The result of which rudeness was seen.  
His last chance was flown;  
"With the Teuton she's gone!  
Spanish nuts on my rival!" quoth he.  
"It is plain whom she loves;  
She takes Berlin wool gloves,  
And has given the mitten to me!"  
*Has given, has given, has given the mitten to me!*

Now some might have thought  
He'd have followed and fought,—  
That a challenge should come at this stage;

But this gallant from France  
Knew he hadn't a chance,  
Though he felt in no end of a rage.  
So, wiser by far,  
He—*postponed* thoughts of war,  
But as homeward he went, muttered he,  
"*Mañana!* He's strong.  
But he'll find before long,  
*Le diable* to pay—and that's *Me!*  
*Le diable, le diable, le diable to pay—and that's Me!*"

## MR. PUNCH AND TURTLE.

WE are informed by the *Times* that Turtle Soup, the delight of Aldermen, is largely composed of Conger Eel. But *Mr. Punch* was the first to make the discovery. If the curious reader will consult our Eighty-first Volume, p. 30, he will read as follows:—

"Conger Eels are caught on the Irish coast. The people will not eat them, so they are iced and sent to London. A fearful whisper went round the room as to their ultimate destination. When it reached the ears of the two Aldermen present, they were seen to turn pale, and one of them presently left." The whisper was as follows:—"The awful-looking object that the poor hungry Irishman disdains to eat, is, when the demand for" the especial luxury of Masters and Wardens, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Councilmen "is great, and the supply small, manufactured into real Turtle Soup!"

In relation to this important subject, it may be stated, as a most remarkable coinci-

dence, that whereas two Aldermen were present when this astounding revelation was made, and were both, as stated, visibly affected, it does so happen that, shortly after that fatal day, two Aldermen voluntarily resigned their high position and retired into private life.

## WORTH PRESERVING.

AN old-fashioned Country Squire writes to us thus:—Sir, Why continue your attacks upon the "Duke of MUDFORD," as you call him? Because his Grace will at last do something if you persist—he'll make some alteration in what you stigmatise as "Mud-Salad Market." If his Grace does anything of the sort,—if he makes the slightest change in Covent Garden Market, no one will regret it more than myself and some of our Old Tiewig Club, as Covent Garden Market is the only place in London where I can get a sniff of a perfume that reminds me of the country.

Yours, ANTONY LUMPKIN.

WE sent our New Musical Critic from the Provinces—his first appearance in London—to hear Sir GEORGE MACFARREN'S *David* at St. James's Hall. He returned delighted. He said he thought Messrs. SANTLEY and LLOYD were there, but which was singing the part of *David* he couldn't make out, as *they had all got black faces*. (Instead of hearing the Oratorio called after the Jewish king, he had been to the other entertainment in the same building; that is, the Christy-'uns.)



## SNUBBED!

Mossoo (*aside*). "HA!—WITH MY HATED RIVAL! WHY WAS I SO RUDE TO HER?!"







### "POOR SWEEPAR, SIR!"

*Benevolent Stroller (feeling in his pockets).* "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T A PENNY——"  
*Reduced Party (wistfully).* "I DID NOT SPECIFY THE COIN, SAR!"  
*[It came to Sixpence!]*

### ART GOING TO THE WALL.

A MOSAIC, for which Mr. WATTS has prepared a Cartoon from his Picture of "*Time, Death, and Judgment*," is to be placed outside St. Jude's Church, in Whitechapel, as a permanent memento of the Art Exhibitions for the Poor which have been held there for several years past. Bravo! St. Jude has again and again proved itself a Church of great spirit—in fact, a Jude *d'esprit*, and not hampered by narrow notions of rigid Jude-aic economy. "Mosaic is eternal," said GHIRLANDAJO, and it seems that six square feet of eternity can be had for £200. St. John's Church, in the Waterloo Road, is said to be contemplating a similar investment. The *Pall Mall Gazette* hopes that "these Mosaics may pave the way for many more." This is equivocal, but the *P. M. G.* is not to be suspected of a joke. Mosaic pavements are common enough already, but these High Art Mosaics would presumably adorn our walls. And thereby hangs a horrid haunting suggestion. *What if the Advertisers get hold of the notion?* We wish well to the Art-idea—so long as it is not—as it now too often is—the slave of self-trumpeting Trade. But fancy AUGUSTUS in Mosaic, or SQUEERS'S Soap eternised by a GHIRLANDAJO among Bill-Stickers! After that, the—Mosaic—Deluge!!!

### "And is this Fame?"

WE'VE just seen the wrapper of a newspaper addressed—  
 "OSCAR WILDE,  
 POET,  
 LONDON."

And in the corner above is written "*Not Known*." Some kind person had scribbled on it "Try No. 4, X\*\*\*\* Place," but it had evidently been returned to St. Martin's with the fatal words, "Not Known."

### The Smith Celebration.

WE beg to remind our readers that the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the Immortal SMITH will be celebrated in the November of next year. This event is likely to cause the liveliest interest, not only throughout Great Britain, but in every part of the world where the English language is spoken.

### CHRISTMAS LEAVES.

THE Fairies sat in Council and they passed in quick review, Smart albums, cards and picture-books, bright, beautiful, and new!

They come in scarlet and in gold, a brave defiant host,  
 They come at morn, at night, at noon, by Fairy Parcel Post!  
 From ROUTLEDGE in the Broadway and from CASSELL on the Hill,  
 From MARCUS WARD in Chandos Street, from MANSELL come they still;  
 From GRIFFITH, too, and FARRAN and from WATERSTON also,  
 From HILDESHEIMER, FAULKNER and from MARION & Co.:  
 From FREDERICK WARNE in Bedford Street, from RAPHAEL, TUCK & SON,

Come the Fairy Parcel-Postmen exuberant with fun!  
 Now *Cobweb*, *Moth*, and *Mustard-seed* will here divulge to you,  
 The critical opinion of the *Fairyland Review*.

Bedight with gold and colours bright are countless Christmas cards,  
 The work of many Artists with the song of many Bards!  
*The Maids of Lee*, *The Men of Ware*, are graphic, bright, and terse,  
 For HODGSON does the drawings and WEATHERLY the verse:  
*Told in Twilight*, with its verses, you'll gladly contemplate,  
 The pictures by Miss EDWARDS and JOHN STAPLES are first-rate.  
*Friends Divided*—Won't the boys and girls devour it with zest?  
 'Tis bright and Henty-taining—G. A. HENTY at his best!  
*In Time of War*, by JAMES F. COBB, details the Commune's strife;  
*Cadet to Captain*, PERCY GROVES, depicts a soldier's life.  
*Mid and Ensign* is a treasure to "the fathers of the men;"  
 The pictures are by PETERICK, the tale by MANVILLE FENN.

Oh, KINGSTON, well-beloved of boys, though thrilling yarns you spin,  
 You never spun a better one than that called *Paddy Finn*!  
 While *Chums* will suit the youngsters well, as SEVERNE tells the tale  
 And HARRY FURNISS illustrates, "there's no such word as fail."  
 But if you want bright books for girls, as sure enough you must  
 Read Mrs. GELLIE's pretty tale—she calls it *Nora's Trust*.  
 Miss MARSHALL'S *Court and Cottage*, you will not forget to view,  
 And *Lily and her Brothers* we must introduce to you.

*The Holly Series*, for Holly Days—a very patent joke,—  
 They're just the thing, the very thing for very little folk!  
 There's *Little Thumb*, by ANDERSEN—a King in Fairyland—  
 With cuts by LAURA TROUBRIDGE, you will never leave unscanned:  
*Brave Lives*, by CLARA MATEAUX, would be difficult to match:  
*Myself and Friends*, for little ones, is writ by OLIVE PATCH,  
 A simple tale for simple folk and full of good advice,  
 And *Daisy Dimple's Scrap-book* is a baby's Paradise!

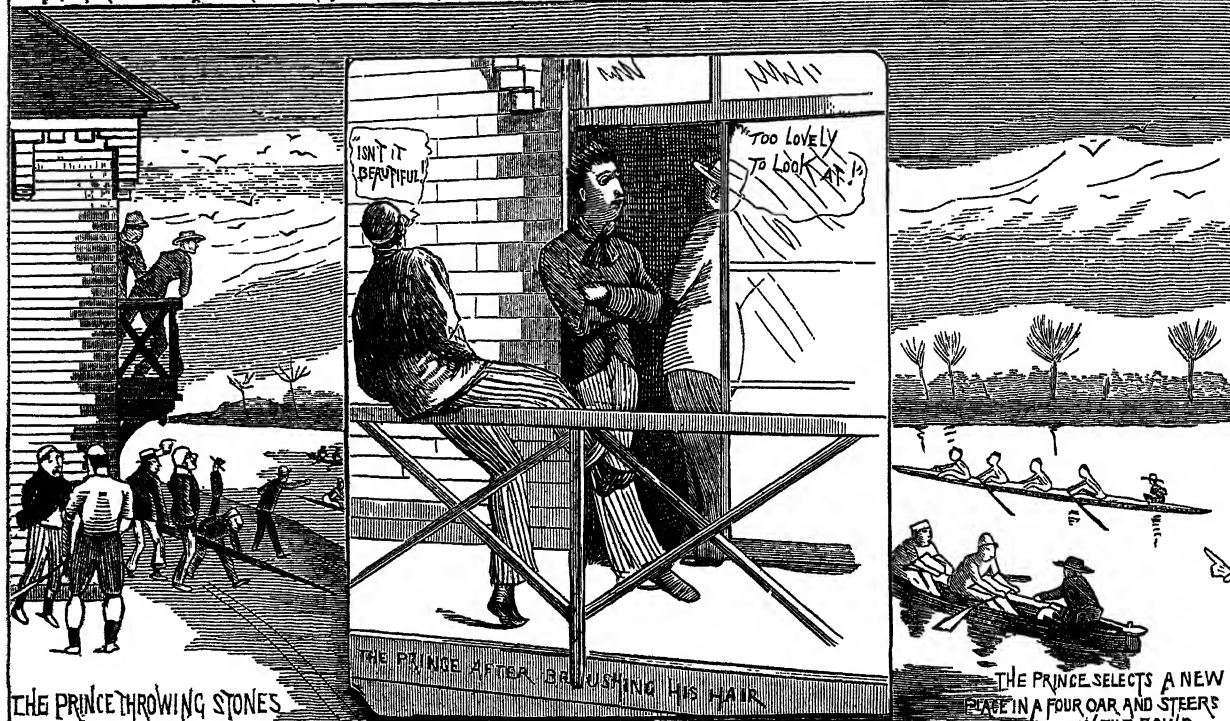
You never saw, we'll bet a crown, a smarter volume than  
 The TAYLORS' pleasant verses, which are christened *Little Ann*.  
 The flavour of a faded age revives again to-day  
 In countless pretty pictures by expert KATE GREENAWAY!  
 And *Phiz's Funny Stories* and his *Funny Alphabets*,  
 Will smooth the road to knowledge for innumerable pets;  
 And CALDECOTT'S brave *Picture-Books*, we hail as Christmas comes—  
 They're better far than pudding, and they're quite as full of plums!  
 Here's dear old HAWTHORNE'S *Twice Told Tales* and *Tanglewood*  
 also,  
 As fresh as when we read them first a many years ago;  
 The numbers called the *Queen's Gift*, will the youngsters quickly  
 spot,  
 And won't forget the series that is named *Forget-me-not*.

*Philip Furlow*, writ by TROUBRIDGE, to read you can't refuse,  
*Captain Pimple's* strange adventures you'll merrily peruse!  
 While *Robin*, by SCOTT GATTY, you'll reckon very nice,  
 With C. A. DOYLE'S quaint drawings to the favourite *Blind Mice*.  
 Here's the *British Army Album*, of very choice design,  
 For friends who're in the Cavalry, the Guards, or in the Line:  
 And here's the *Fairy Album*, and you clearly understand  
 Its graceful and unique designs come straight from Fairyland.  
 With books in gorgeous bindings, pink, green, and red and blue  
 We've only space to mention in the *Fairyland Review*.

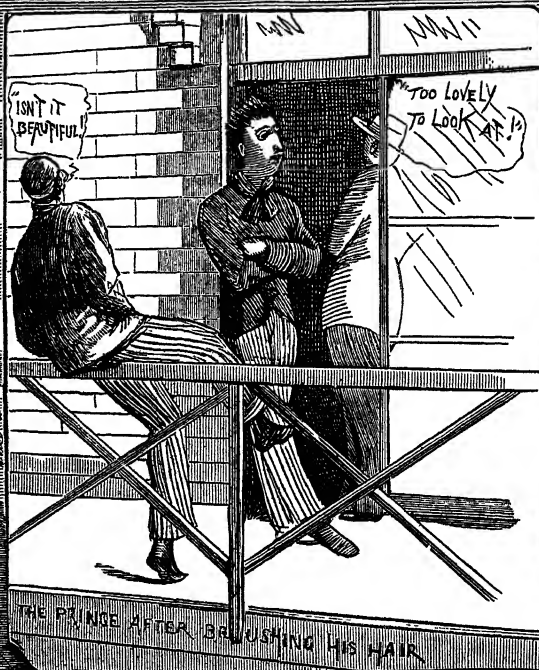
THOUGHT by a Goldsmith on seeing the Lady Mayorress eating  
 Turtle—"She Stoops to Conger."



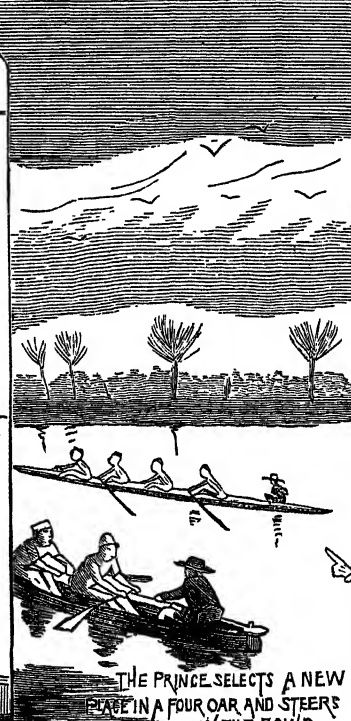
THE PRINCE PLAYING HOCKEY "OH DON'T HURT HIM!"



THE PRINCE THROWING STONES AT THE BOATS



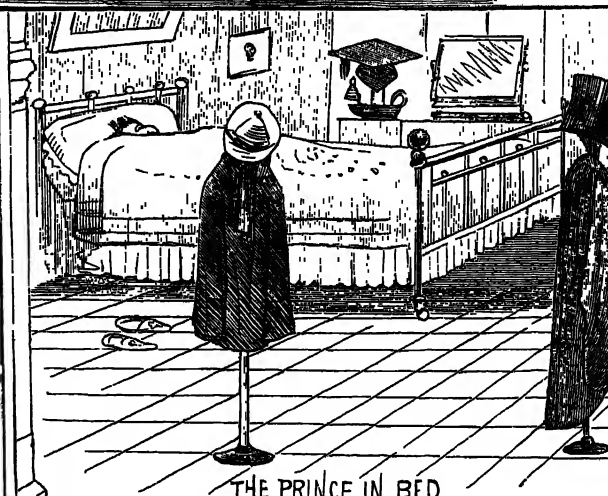
THE PRINCE AFTER BRUSHING HIS HAIR



THE PRINCE SELECTS A NEW PLACE IN A FOUR OAR AND STEERS IN THE BOWS



THE PRINCE AT BREAKFAST



THE PRINCE IN BED

ANOTHER HAPPY DAY FOR PRINCE VICTOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(Suggested by the Ill-str-t-d L-nd-n N-ws, Nov. 10.)

# A NIGHTMARE OF FAIR WOMEN.

(By Leporello Junior.)

MAKING sundry double-esses  
After supper and ex-esses,  
Thus I dream—oh, Janes and  
Bessies,  
Marys, Fannys, Anns, and Jessies;  
Though my waking soul confesses  
You have laughed at my addresses  
Sleep my wounded spirit blesses.  
For I dream how Marchionesses,  
Viscountesses and Duchesses,  
Queens and various Princesses,  
(Brandenburgs and Guelphs and  
Hesses),  
Girls with fish and water-cresses,  
Ballet-dancers, shepherdesses,  
Canonesses, Bishopesses,  
Authoresses, Poetesses,  
(Chiefly of the "upper classes"—  
Here my wilful pen digresses),  
Fair Circassians and Turkesses,  
Dreamy and divine Jewesses  
(Some with rather long noses),  
Women with all shades of tresses  
(All, though, more or less hair-  
esses),  
Crown my passion with successes,  
Never saying noes but yesses!  
How they fight for my embresses!  
Bring me into endless messes,—  
As their beauty effervesces,  
Like a Seidlitz coalesces  
With my love, and so liquesces,  
While their waists my fond arm  
presses—  
This is but a dream, I guesses.

EVERYTHING was going wrong  
in the house. Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM  
said she should dismiss them all  
"at one fell soup." "I'm not,"  
she added, "going to allow my  
servants; to ride slipshod over  
me!"

# PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 163.



SIR FREDERICK AUGUSTUS ABEL, BART.,  
ABLE PROFESSOR, AND DYNAMITE DETECTOR.

# READING FOR THE MILLION.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is so delighted with Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S review of the Political Progress of the last fifteen years, delivered at Reading, that it suggests its being circulated as a political tract by Liberal Associations in all parts of the Three Kingdoms. To be Shaw! It will shortly be published,—title, "The Story of Lefevre." The same course will probably be taken with Lord NORTHBROOK'S Bristol Addresses,—title, "A Bristol Bird's-Eye View of the Political Situation." Lord HARTINGTON'S coming campaign will doubtless furnish materials for a companion tract, to be called "Cut Cavendish." The Tories will then have plenty to "put in their pipes" for some little time to come.

SPORTING MATCH.—A big fat man, one of the Extra Stout Division, and a cheeky little thin youth were discussing pedestrianism. The pigmy chafed the giant. "Good!" says Extra Stout. "I'll back myself to run against you for a fiver!" "Done!" cried Pigmy: "Where and when?" "Here, and now!" replied the Big Man. And he did run against him. There wasn't much left of the Pigmy after the first concussion. He paid the "fiver," but protested that it was "under pressure."

MILLERDRAMATIC AND POETIC QUOTATIONS (*à propos* of a recent Trial).—"Early and late the Miller thrives." Also, "Joy! joy! My task is done!" Moore,—where that came from.

# A COMEDY IN THE COURTS.

[*Breach of Promise Case. Miller v. Joy*, part heard.—On his Lordship taking his seat, the Jury complained of the draughts which they had experienced on the preceding day, on which his Lordship suggested that a curtain should be hung over the door leading into the jury-box, adding—"It was some months before I could obtain curtains after applying for them, but at last they gave me two, and I shall be happy, Gentlemen, to lend you one."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—*The Queen's Bench Division in the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand. Enter a Judge, shivering, supported by two Attendants. Several Queen's Counsel, with raging toothaches, are angrily signalling for all windows to be closed.*

Judge (sneezing violently, and addressing the Jury). And now, Gentlemen, before we begin this morning's proceedings, in the interesting Breach of Promise case which afforded such a display of forensic wit yesterday, let me inquire of you how you like your new seats? I don't wish to take too much credit to myself, but I may remark—(proudly)—that it was owing to my intervention that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has been induced to consent to the expense entailed by what I may be allowed to call the user of a warming-pan in the Jury-box before you came into Court. Every seat, I may add, is stuffed with the very finest feathers, taken from a kind of fowl which is, I believe, indigenous in South Australia, but which is also sometimes observed in the neighbourhood of these buildings. It is called the *Anser chiens*, or Client Goose; and the specimen, Gentlemen, which is now contributing to your bodily comfort was recently plucked by the kind assistance of one or two Solicitors in the adjoining Hall.

Foreman of the Jury. My Lord, the only "anser"—(roars of laughter)—I can make is to say, that in your Lordship's hands the comfort of Jurymen and the welfare of litigants seem equally secure.

Judge (complacently). It pleases me to hear you say so. If there is any other little matter which you wish attended to—

*A Juror.* I have heard, my Lord, that "*de minimis non curat lex*"—(uproarious laughter)—but I must beg leave to state that, owing to the crowded condition of the Great Hall, a favourite corner which I have cherished for many years—(murmurs of sympathy from several Jurors)—was much trodden upon, and—

Judge. Not another word! Usher! corn-plasters for one—for half-a-dozen, if necessary! (Thoughtfully.) Some may call me weak. Mr. CHILDERS, I know, will object to the expenditure. But nobody shall ever say that I did not attend to the physical comfort of Jurymen in my Court. Anything else?

*Another Juror.* My Lord, these 'ere Breach o' Promise cases make a fellow hungry—also thirsty. I don't want to make no complaints about the wittles, but our lunch yesterday—

Judge (sadly). Gentlemen, it is as I foresaw. I have repeatedly called Mr. GLADSTONE'S attention to the subject, and have even gone so far as to order turtle-soup to be supplied to my table, if not to your own, charging the cost to the general expenses of our Judicial System. But these complaints are too much. I will—(weeping)—to-day divide my own turtle-soup with your Foreman: and, Master!—oh, would you kindly step down into the kitchen and see that the Jurymen's chops are not burned; and perhaps some member of the Junior Bar would not mind giving an eye to the mashed potatoes—I merely throw out the suggestion as a *dictum*, and do not mean it to become a precedent—Ah, thanks, Mr. McMUGGINS! very kind of you, indeed! And, oh, Mr. McMUGGINS, when you are in the kitchen, would you mind just telling the cook—(Whispers.) Yes, a leetle more fat, you understand—thank you so much. Usher, the hot-water bottle for my feet! And now, Gentlemen, suppose we proceed to business.

FROM OXFORD.—Why would Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS,—not the Anacreontic BILLY nor the Etonian Editor of "Poet's Walk," but Wall-paper MORRIS,—be more at home in haranguing a crew on board ship than an audience of Undergraduates?—Because he's a Dec-orator.



## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## POEM.

PUNCHIUS, past Master of the Art of Arts,  
Here to his friends, the British Fair, imparts  
Love's latest lessons. Newer Naso he,  
And nicer. Hark! girl-voices ripple free!  
Arms and the Boy I sing—commingling fun  
With warmth of a Mayfair Anacreon.  
Momus and modish Cupid hand in hand  
Deal Love and Laughter round a listening land!

## CANTO I.

## THE MODERN CUPID.

To arm the Amazons against the Greeks,  
In days when blue-hosed BECKER boldly seeks



Penthesilea to  
make para-  
mount,  
Might seem super-  
fluous toil,  
did Cupid  
count  
Arms Amazonian  
as his own;  
but, no!  
That oldest ben-  
der of the lip-  
shaped bow  
As soon would  
sling a Gatling  
at his back,  
Or with torpedoes  
spread his  
mazy track,  
As, dropping his  
own dainty-  
feathered  
darts,

With LYDIA's grey goose-quill assail our hearts.  
War's weapons change, no longer lance-lines glint,  
Breech-loaders supersede the primal flint,  
But Eros, protean else in guise and garb,  
The sweet simplicity of plume and barb  
Maintains, and, loyal to the archer-craft,  
The modern Cupid shrills the ancient shaft.

The Modern Cupid! There's a thought, my Girls!  
Through soft curved lips gleam out the serried pearls,  
Betrayed in that slow subtle brooding smile,  
Blending of rapt delight and blameless guile,  
Which ever greets the utterance of that name  
In ear of damosel or youthful dame.  
How shall one paint him? Age-old Infant he  
Eternal adolescent, fresh and free  
As when he played in Paphian air, at home  
And native in Belgravia or in Rome,  
Potent in Piccadilly as Japan,  
Your only genuine Cosmopolitan.

"That word-of-all-work,—Love!" So read the Sage  
In darkly deep *Deronda's* ponderous page,  
And countering Cupid (Sage and boy are chums,  
And wander oft where high Hymettus hums,  
Bee-peopled, or where buzzings far less sweet  
Lade the dense air of memory-haunted Fleet),  
The twain, by draughts nectareous reinforced,  
In free colloquial dactyls thus discoursed:—

## PUNCHIUS.

First of noun-substantives, *nomen* sublime and ecstasial,  
Once so serenely pre-eminent, proud, autocratical,  
Hath it befallen so fatally, foolishly, funnily,  
Thou in the shade, who didst lord it supremely as sunnily?  
Thou, on whom Beauty and Bravery showered joint benison,  
Sink to a sort of a "Slavey"? Though honey-tongued TENNYSON  
Shows us young Chivalry stooping to Cookery willingly,  
Patient, though taunted by tip-tilted termagant thrillingly,  
What is a Knight in the Kitchen to Love in the Scullery?  
Thou "word-of-all-work"? What destiny dreadfuller, duller? I  
Fain must compassionate conquering Cupid, whom *Rex* I con-  
sidered, whatever his *alias*, of life, lip, and lexicon!

## CUPID.

Words are but words, Sir. My power defieeth paralysis,  
Shrinks not from sharp inquisition, or subtle analysis,  
Though 'tis applied by a critic of cuteness phenomenal,  
Keenest of caustic pen-wielders, most wondrous of women all.  
As for my *name*, fools will take it in vain; 'tis equational,  
Many conceive, with the silly, or coarse, or sensational;  
*Certes* their Algebra's crass and remarkably curious,  
Love is their true "unknown quantity." Utterly spurious  
Most of their pseudo-solutions. With purely chimerical  
Statues of dulness, dynamics of fervour hysterical,  
Fain they would formulate *Me*; whom young ladies erotical  
Blindly excogitate out of crazed noddles chaotical.  
Love laughs at libellous labelling, ludicrous counterfeit;  
Modern Romance should go lave in the Muses' pure fount her feet,  
Ere she come trampling, like Pan, o'er my lilies and crocuses.  
My nectar's pure till some satyr the rosy draught hoosses.  
Me would they scullionise, set me to sense as subordinate,  
Slave to mere appetite, morbid or gross or inordinate?  
Mammon, and MUDIE, and muck-à-la-mode do not master all.  
Once a queer quill-driver's craze, called, absurdly, the Pastoral,  
Ruled it in modish Romance. I survived that stupidity;  
So shall I sensual spasm and callous cupidity.  
Making my name "Word-of-all-work" is using me scurvily;  
But though Love's world—in three volumes—seems turned topsy-  
turvily,  
Trust me, my actual orb keeps its centre of gravity,  
Spite of all word-spinning flights of fantastic depravity.

So Cupid in his chartered Laureate's ear,  
Unchanged by folly as unchecked by fear,  
Ready to tackle with his whims and wiles  
PSYCHE of Greece or SUKEY of St. Giles'.  
Psyches are scarce. Would JULIA emulate  
That much-afflicted maiden? "*Pas si bête!*"  
JULIA would say, she who would pipe no eye  
Over the tender tropes of Mrs. TIGHE,  
As might her grandmamma perchance have done,  
In days ere cynic "form" was thought good fun.  
No moon-eyed maiden she with soft clasped hands  
Shy lowered lids, soft pleats and snowy bands,  
Such as in days ere OUIDA's banner waved,  
Soft STOTHARD limned, bland BARTOLOZZI graced,  
Blushfully yielding to the stumpy dart  
A hovering Cupid twanged against her heart.  
Erect, wide-lidded, carelessly composed,  
JULIA the firm of lip, cool, classic-nosed,  
WORTH-robbed and WINGFIELD-trained, the god confronts  
With steady glance that his best arrows blunts,  
Or would un-point them were Cythera's boy  
A strategist so poor as to employ  
Old wiles that answered when the world was Greek,  
And female wit had not invented *chic*.  
Not so keen Eros errs. He comes not now  
A chubby *sans-culotte* with curl-topped brow,  
Plain bow and patent quiver. How? Perchance  
He comes correct of garb and cool of glance,  
Like ARTHUR, "as a modern Gentleman,"  
But oftener, as befits a subtler plan,  
In the receipt of fern-seed. Maids beware  
Of the *invisible* Eros; his a snare  
The varietal bird may haply fail to twig.  
Cries JULIA, with a *moue*, "*how infra dig!*"  
To be caught napping, captured ostrich-blind!  
Let me but see his face and I'll not mind."  
Sage PUNCHIUS smiles, a smile with meaning rife,  
Which JULIA may not fathom for her life.  
Then in the shell-pink ear of soft LOUISE  
He whispereth, "The Cupid whom one sees,  
Beholds afar and waits for, as you wait  
For laggard postman fumbling at the gate,  
Is not the urchin who makes surest capture,  
Means subtlest mischief, or brings rarest rapture.  
You comprehend?" That faint rose flush replies,  
And lights the lamps of scorn in JULIA's eyes.  
Dear *demoiselles*, your PUNCHIUS must lay down  
His first of maxims. It may raise a frown,  
And on the ears of modish matrons jar.  
*In love much hangs on Cupid's avatar*,  
Whether unasked and unannounced, he come  
As to a sort of amorous "at home,"  
Or, ticketed and touted for, appear  
Like any other "lion" of the year;  
Whether with empty hands or plump portmanteau—  
But for full explanation, see next Canto!





## SO SIMPLE!

Proprietor of Furnished House. "YOU WILL OBSERVE, MADAM, THAT THERE IS EVERY CONVENIENCE. FOR EXAMPLE, IN CASE OF FIRE, YOU POP THROUGH THIS TRAP, AND THERE YOU ARE, YOU KNOW!"

## LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

## STILL IN A BATH-CHAIR.

STILL in a Bath-chair! "Still so gently onward rolling!" People don't seem to approve of my eye-glass. I suppose as an invalid I ought to wear blue goggles. "Bath-chairity begins at home." Of course it does, but it doesn't end there. There are all sorts of little adventures and excitements that serve to chequer the serenity of your onward progress. I nearly crushed a goat-chaise full of babies just now, I "poled" an eminent Author in the back, I went gently over the horns of a Conservative Member of Parliament, I nearly killed three pugs, and lamed a black poodle.

Sometimes, in passing another Bath-chair, ABLE gets into conversation with a brother dragger, and I find myself side by side with a fellow sufferer, who looks somewhat angry. Query, how should I behave? Should I say, "Hah! nice fine mornin'," in a hearty jovial fashion, or should I say, "Hope I see you better, Sir," with a touch of tender melancholy in my voice. As I have never seen the Gentleman before, as he looks very much as though he would bite, I conclude it is better to say nothing at all, but feign to be intensely interested in something in the offing until I have got well clear of him. I have met with a good many books of etiquette, but never yet came across *Rules for Behaviour in a Bath-chair*. I suppose, when people get to Bath-chairs, they are generally considered to be past behaviour, good, bad, or indifferent.

But you certainly acquire an entirely new view of human nature, and enjoy countless fresh opportunities of studying character. There is something wondrously soothing in the semi-nautical roll of your dragger, and the easy way in which you appear to drift along. The hansom has been called the gondola of the London streets. I would certainly christen the Bath-chair the "Punt of the Pavement." Indeed, it has such a dreamy, gliding, pantesque character about it that I quite long to have a fly-rod in my hand. I fancy I could put a "palmer" or a "coachman" into the ear of that old gentleman who is studying a newspaper, with tolerable certainty. And supposing he made a dash right down the Esplanade, what sport I should have in playing him!

Feel as though I should like to smoke. Get out cigarette. Strike a light several times. Wind blows it out. I yell to ABLE to stop. I shout so loud that it frightens him, and he pulls up short; and very

nearly shoots me head-first over the leathern apron into a perambulator full of twins. ABLE touches his hat, but evidently regards my cigarette with distrust. Perhaps it is against the rules to smoke. Possibly this is not a smoking-chair, and I shall be fined forty shillings. Perchance I ought to smoke a cigar—if in a cab of course I ought to smoke a Cabana—or, peradventure, a pipe. Of course a Bath pipe. And if I want a little light refreshment, Bath buns and Bath Olivers—singing "Rum-tum, tiddle, iddle, liddle, iddle!" &c.

As I get near the Pier I meet my noisy, hearty friend, SHOGGLEBACK. "Ha! ha! ha!" he shouts in a voice which makes everybody look round, and causes several fly-drivers to think they are hailed. I hate SHOGGLEBACK because he is always so obstreperously hearty. Heartiness is his profession and his practice—in point of fact he is quite the hearty-culturalist. "Ha! ha! ha!" he shouts, nearly wringing my hand off short at the wrist. "So like you, you know, to be in a Bath-chair!" I calmly explain to my friend that it is not in the least like me, that I have never in my life been in a Bath-chair before. But he will have none of it. "Ho! ho! ho!" he ejaculates, "you will have your joke! He! he! he! Splendid, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! The best thing I've heard for a long while! I must go and tell KINCUMBER at once. He'll roar!" And off he goes to tell KINCUMBER.

Who KINCUMBER is, I have not the least idea, but I am pretty certain that my friend, instead of commiserating my unfortunate position, is about to circulate the report that I am playing practical jokes on the Brighton public. No matter! I go rolling on, nodding my head, as I sing softly to myself, "Oh, 'tis merry to ride in the Bath, Bath-chair, 'Tis pleasant to glide o'er the Esplanade!" and the passers-by regard me with pity not unmingled with fear.

## FOOD AND FIGURES.

## SIR, MAISTER PUNCH.

LOOK'EE here Sir. Squire GIFFEN, a-spoutin' tother night about I and we country folk, stuck to it that we wur better fed now-adays than we wur forty-one year ago; and them as 'eard 'im say that there, they up and swore as how we wur a grumblin', cantankerous, discontented, set o' chaps as didn't know naught of our own jolly good luck. Now look'ee 'ere, *Maister Punch*; 'ere be Squire GIFFEN's figures. Says he that forty-one year ago, that be in 1840, I eat this 'ere in the first column, say in about a couple o' weeks, and that now I gets through this 'ere, wot he's set down in the second, in the same matter o' time. 'Ere's the figures:—

FOOD SWALLOWED BY I IN 1840 AND 1881.

	1840.	1881.
Bacon and hams.. .. lbs.	0-01	13-93
Butter .. .. "	1-05	6-36
Cheese .. .. "	0-92	5-77
Currants and Raisins .. .. "	1-45	4-34
Eggs .. .. No.	3-63	21-65
Potatoes .. .. lbs.	0-01	12-85
Rice .. .. "	0-90	16-32
Cocoa .. .. "	0-08	0-81
Coffee .. .. "	1-08	0-89
Corn, wheat, and wheat flour .. .. "	42-47	216-92
Raw sugar .. .. "	15-20	58-92
Refined sugar .. .. "	? nil	3 44
Tea .. .. "	1-22	4-58
Tobacco .. .. "	0-86	1-41

Now addin' all that there up, that be for 1840, about 69 lbs. of food for I; while now he says, says he, "HODGE, you old pig, you swallows 373 lbs.—that be six times as much—just as easy in the same time, and you grumbles at it too!" Now look'ee 'ere, *Maister Punch*, if I does that there—and figures is figures—well ain't it plain that a feed up like that must give I such a fit o' blues from indigestion, as sets I hankerin' about franchise and land stealin', and such like things o' which I knows and cares just naught, and gets I called by a set o' chaps, as wants nothin' more than to make summat out o' me, yours all of a puzzle,

DISCONTENTED HODGE.

MR. HERKÖMEE'S Scholastic residence (see *P. M. G.* Nov. 23), for Artist Boarders at Bushey is of course to be called "Limner's Hotel." The pupils to be in harmony with the neighbourhood are to tattoo their skin, that is to "Raddle it," and to let their hair and beards grow "Bushey." As the above-mentioned President and Instructor retains to himself the right of "giving a severe reprimand" to any pupil who may slip out late, or break any of the rules, he will be known down there as Mr. HAIR-COMBER.

A SOUDAN INSPIRATION.—How to get rid of the False Prophet.—Get him a lucrative engagement on any Sporting Paper.—Yours truly, ARABI (on the Peak of the Marki Grid).



### OFFENSIVE MODESTY.

*New Customer.* "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE WHAT THE THINGS ARE MADE OF, YOU KNOW. ALL I WANT IS TO LOOK LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

*Tailor (with uncalled-for diffidence).* "WELL, SIR, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I WILL DO MY VERY BEST!"

### THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

(Latest Advance—at the Double.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

LOOK HERE. Here are a couple of questions (there were a lot more of them) that I had to tackle in a "General Intelligence Paper," at our school the other day:—

"5. Mention some fact connected with each of the following names:—GENSERIC, MAUSOLUS, DIOGENES, MICHAEL SCOTT, LORD BACON, RAVAILLAC, STRABO, IVAN THE TERRIBLE, LOUISE MICHEL.

"8. Explain what is meant by:—Crusted Port, A 1, old Dresden, Alkaram, an heirloom, nepotism, the survival of the fittest, abrasion of the cuticle."

I don't mean I want you to do them, you know; for I don't suppose you would find out without a crib, as I did afterwards, that *Ivan the Terrible* was a Surrey Melodrama in Five Acts, and that LORD BACON invented halfpenny squibs. All I want you to do is to put this letter in, and let them know that I'm not going to be stumped, next half, and shall take precious good care to get well coached-up in the right sort of things in the Christmas holidays.

I like that question about "Crusted Port." A 1! I should rather think it was; and if we had a dozen of it down here I dare say our form could polish off that question about the "survival of the fittest" in no time. Here's one that BAKER, Major, says is down for next term:—

"4. State all you know about Raised Pie, Dry Monopole, the Derby Favourite, Lords and Commons (at the Haymarket), Dinner at the Holborn, Nap, CORNEY GRAIN, ALFRED THE GREAT, and Oyster Suppers."

That's a stiff question—least some of it—but the sort of thing one can get up first-rate with a crammer, you know, and that's the way I mean to do it. So please, Mr. Punch, let them know that however badly I've been getting on with Latin prose, HOMER, and EUCLID, and all that old-fashioned rubbish, I'm coming to the fore at last; and if I don't floor the next paper—well, all I can say is, I'm not your much admiring and, henceforth studious, friend,

THE GENERALLY INTELLIGENT BOY.

### A SIGH FROM THE SLUMS.

Do you hear the people weeping, oh, my brothers,  
In this London of un-rest?  
Do you see the tears downfalling from the mothers  
On the babies at their breast?  
The world is full of joy and exultation,  
And the City throbs with pride,  
The mighty and the magnates of the nation  
Fling their riches far and wide;  
But the poor, poor people, oh, my brothers,  
You can see them crouching down,  
Whilst the giddy whirl and noise of pleasure smothers  
All the anguish of the Town!

Get you forth from out your palaces, and visit  
Where and whence the sorrow comes  
Round the corner, not so very distant is it  
To the stews and to the slums!  
Just a stone's throw from your dwelling, see them lying  
Naked, starving on the floor,  
Infant cries amidst the groaning of the dying,  
Whilst the Landlord guards the door.  
Out of work and out of heart, but where's the pity  
For a pauper bruised and bent?  
Not one curse has fallen yet upon the City  
That has murder to repent!

Day by day they rise and journey forth and wander  
To the work-yard and the Docks,  
Slouching sadly past the millionnaires who squander,  
And the fatalist who mocks:  
And the women left behind them wear their fingers  
To the sinew and the bone,  
Working sadly, whilst November daylight lingers  
Not for bread, but for a stone;  
And the ragged children, huddled near their mothers,  
Keep on starving in their cry.  
Thus they live in tribulation, oh! my brothers,  
Thus they mercifully die!

Grope your way up rotten staircases, and find them  
By the dozen in a room,  
'Tis but love and blind affection that can bind them  
To this wretchedness and gloom.  
See the mother round the dying cinders crooning,  
See the father in despair,  
See the daughter in consumption—she is swooning  
From the foulness of the air.  
Hear the coughing and the crying and the groaning,  
With the bare boards for a bed,  
Get the heart-ache with their miserable moaning,  
"Give us bread! oh, give us bread!"

Great possessor of the miserable hovel,  
Where you hustle men like swine,  
Have you never any pity when they grovel,  
Pleading, praying off your fine?  
Do you sleep in peace and know the rotten rafter  
Falls in filth on pauper heads?  
No! you threaten execution first—and after  
Sell their vermin-eaten beds!  
Mighty Landlord, when you pass around the bottle  
In the merry Christmas-time,  
Does a spectre never rise at you and throttle  
All your life out for your crime?

How long? How long? Oh, proud and mighty nation,  
Will you coldly shut your ears  
To this wailing cry of pain and tribulation  
Welling up in London's tears?  
Oh! how long to all this bitter crush of sorrow  
Will you fasten up your door,  
Putting off to an indefinite to-morrow  
All your pity for your poor?  
Have you comfort for yourselves and not for others?  
Are you careless of the future and its fate?  
In the name of great humanity, my brothers,  
Is it London that must wait?

EXTRACT FROM MOSCOO'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—"The Britons were always barbarians. Even so late as the last century we read of the Country Gentlemen with their bottles of Port wine, sitting in front of a blazing fire, and *toasting a Lady!* And this is no romance," &c. &c.



## CANDID.

Sportsman. "BOY, YOU 'VE BEEN AT THIS WHISKEY!"

Boy (who has brought the Luncheon-Basket). "NA! THE COOARK WADNA COME OOT!"

## "IN 'NATIVE' WORTH WITH HONOUR CROWNED."

A protest was entered against Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL's candidature for the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University, on the ground of his being an alien. He was elected by a majority of 18 (100 against 82).

AN alien? Go to! If fresh genial wit  
In good sound Saxon speech be not genuine grit,  
If the wisdom and mirth he has put into verse for us  
Don't make him a "native," why so much the worse for us!  
Whig, Tory, and Rad. should club votes, did he need 'em,  
To honour the writer who gave *Birdofreedom*  
To all English readers. A few miles of sea  
Make LOWELL an alien? Fiddlededee!  
'Tis crass Party Spirit, Boetian, dense,  
That is alien indeed—to good taste and sound sense!

## "Hamlet" Applied.

THE foes of "the competitive system" are having another pitch-into their pet aversion in the pages of the *Standard*, under the heading of "Questionable Questions." Of course we do not wish our boys and girls to be either "crammed" into sapless "saps" or catechised into "precocious prigs." Only to a "PRIVATE TUTOR" who protests against the rigours of Public Examiners, an impartial reader might be tempted to say:—

"Thou comest in such a 'questionable' shape."

THE French Republicans are determined that their Clergy shall go to Heaven, no matter what becomes of themselves; that is, if reducing them to a state of practical poverty is a great step in this very right direction. The Archbishop of PARIS has been gradually lightened of his burdens, and from 100,000 francs has been just cut down to 15,000 francs; i.e., six hundred a-year. He had better send over and borrow a trifle from Lambeth, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has £15,000 per annum. Rather a difference between pounds and francs, eh?

## A BIG BILL.

THE following Advertisement appears in the various daily papers:—

MR. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, and the Lyceum Company, STAR THEATRE, NEW YORK, TO-NIGHT.—"Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Louis XI.," "Charles I.," "The Lyons Mail," "Eugene Aram," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Bells."

Nine heavy pieces in one evening! Probably, even the vast American appetite for the play must be satisfied by this time. But we cannot exactly see how all these pieces can be compressed into one evening. Probably it is done in the form of a drawing-room entertainment, in which Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY take their station behind a couple of tables, and bob down and come up again as somebody else every few minutes, after the fashion Mr. WOODIN rendered popular. Meanwhile what are the rest of the Company doing? Are they taking a holiday, or performing somewhere else? It strikes us that all the large Company, their wardrobes, their wigs, with the scenery and fittings, has been an unnecessary expense. The Yankees would pay their money just as readily to see Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY in a drawing-room entertainment.

In a daily paper we found this announcement:—

"Among recent 'calls' to the Bar are to be found the names of two gentlemen who until lately were popular Clergymen."

This is inverting the Christian order, which is from the Law to the Gospel. However, they can still say that they have had a distinct "call."

A PUPIL of dear old Mr. Barlow writes to ask us, "Is there a College of Sandford at Oxford?" No; we believe not. Only of Merton. Of course this is unfair. There should be a Sandford and Merton College, with a Master, Dr. BARLOW.



## MONEY MARKET.

Remark by Dumb-Grando Junior.



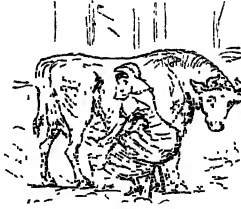
Rentes Declined.



Silver was Unchanged.



At ten you 'ated Prophets!



Operation in Dairas.



Fresh Fall in Canals.



'Spec you late!



Considerable Balance.



Legal Tender.



Net Deposit at the Bank.



Short Lone.

## THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

## PART VI.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is a remarkable trait in the Anglo-Saxon race that every English-speaking man has an inborn reasonless respect for the fortunate bearer of a hereditary title; or, to put it briefly, "for 'Briton' read 'Flunkay.'" This characteristic in their fellow-countrymen is extremely useful to the noble personages for whose benefit this part of the Handbook is compiled. The one fact that a person is a Member of the House of Lords is worth a hundred theories. At a public dinner a representative of this illustrious body takes as a right, which only a lunatic would pretend to dispute, a place far above the most learned of Sages, the devoutest of Divines, and the grandest of Authors. His Lordship or his Grace has only to whisper that he is a Lord or a Grace, to be ushered up with servile smiles to the high table. It matters not that the banquet is being held in honour of Literature, Art, or Science. The noble reveller may know absolutely nothing about these subjects, and yet, upon the strength of his hereditary title, he will be one of the chief ornaments at the board, and will be obsequiously requested to speak. The other diners will regard him, if they don't know him, with awe, and if they do, with intense satisfaction. If he has an Order—has been given a Thistle, or tendered a Bath—he will wear it. This, on the whole, will be a mistake, as it will suggest the painting of the lily or the refining of pure gold. Why should a Lord be decorated? Surely, his coronet places him on a pinnacle from whence he can regard the ambitions of smaller creatures—if a Lord can be called a creature—with equanimity, not to say contempt? Commoners receive ribbons, therefore Noblemen should refrain from accepting them. Thus, it is far better that the Peerage should remember the adapted adage that "Nobility unadorned is adorned the most." However, as sometimes more than one august personage appears at the high table, it may be as well to jot down a few notes as to the appearance of some titled types, for the benefit of unintelligent foreigners:—

**The Duke of Ditchwater.**—Old man with a bald head and a large vulgar mouth. Rather deaf, and fond of snuff, which he spills over his shirt-front. Stammers when he speaks; and in replying to "The House of Lords," is never (fortunately) heard beyond the Chairman. Norman ancestor was a thief, and his own great-grandmother happened to be a washerwoman.

**The Earl of Mudlarking.**—Jewish-looking middle-aged man, with watery eyes and whitey-brown hair and whiskers. Very dull and stupid. Is married, and has a large family of children. Wife most amiable person. In spite of this, is himself a great "patron of the Drama" (Frivolity Theatre Branch), and is partial to bachelor parties at Richmond. Never spoke half-a-dozen words to an audience in public in his life, and never dines at a charity dinner except on the condition that he shall not be asked to furnish a post-prandial oration. Consequently, not nearly such a fool as he looks. Heraldic coat—beautifully decorated *bar sinister* on the national arms. Genealogy—descended, rather indirectly, from the daughter of a chimney-sweep in the time (very much the time) of the Sturats.

**Lord Lombardball.**—Noble Masher. Fond of "Chappies." Son of

serious father. All collar, cuffs, and white waistcoat. Quite ready to make a speech after dinner, but then runs all his syllables into a single word, and smiles inanely. Great-great-grandfather was a favourite pawnbroker of WILLIAM THE THIRD.

The list might be extended, but the above types are general. With certain exceptions (and in the roll of exceptions will be happily found some of the brightest intellects of the nation) our hereditary title-bearers in the "Upper House" have sprung from soldiers of fortune, "sharp" tradesmen, "smart" Lawyers, or Ladies of humble birth. This raw material has been refined by generations of Eton and the Universities; but, in spite of this, the residuum very frequently gives unmistakable evidence of its rather coarse origin. The "common" features, the shop-counter simper, the stunted artisan figure all tell of extremely plebeian blood. But then these are lost sight of in the glamour of high rank. An Earl, if he is an Earl, looks every inch an Earl, in spite of his squint, and a Duke, if he is a Duke, appears to be specially worthy of a coronet with the regulation strawberry leaves, even though his finger-nails do not strongly testify their owner's enthusiastic love of personal cleanliness.

There is a motto which every Peer is supposed to adopt as a rule of life—*noblesse oblige*. It is presumed that every bearer of a hereditary title, carrying with it a right to receive numberless Blue Books published at the expense of the Public, is willing, in virtue of his position, to please everyone. Now it gratifies the community at large to hear a Peer talking in public, and, as some Peers cannot talk in public, it may be as well to give the specimen of the sort of speech which would cause unlimited satisfaction in all quarters but the highest. Of course, the imaginary speaker is a myth—a foolish but frank Lord, with the courage of his opinions. Should such a person, however, be found, there would be no doubt about his popularity—again, in certain circles. It must be remembered that, as the speaker would be a Peer addressing Commoners, all his Lordship's remarks would be received with the deepest approval.

**Noble Orator (rising at the right of the Chairman).** Gentlemen—(enthusiastic applause)—I am sure I must thank you for the honour you have conferred upon me. ("No, no!") Yes, it is an honour, because I believe I am verily the most uneducated dolt in all this brilliant assembly. (Cheers.) I am, indeed; and, although a great many of my peers—perhaps the majority—are highly respectable, still in my class you will discover many who resemble me in nearly every particular. (Applause.) As a lad I refused to learn anything, and could scarcely spell my name—certainly it was a long one—at fifteen. (Great cheering.) I was a dunce at school, and a cad at the University. (Frantic enthusiasm.) It is my great pride to remember that at this latter seat of learning I had the honour to burn half the College library, and to screw up the door to my tutor's apartments. (Roars of laughter.) But from this you must not imagine that I am fond of squandering. On the contrary, I audit my town butcher's book, and superintend the store-cupboard of my Lady's housekeeper. (Cheers.) I never go by a cab when I can take an omnibus, and if asked for a shilling by a genuinely starving beggar, would, after mature consideration, advance him a halfpenny on account, chargeable on approved security. (Cheers.) And yet I am very rich, enormously rich. (Renewed applause.) Many of the slums of the greatest city in the world belong to me. (Cheers.) And although slums are not pretty to look at or live in, they are good



ones to pay. (*Shouts of enthusiasm.*) From this slight confession you may imagine that I am ignorant, vicious, mean, and grasping. (*Prolonged cheering.*) Well, I am all three, and more, for I am an ass into the bargain. (*Thunders of applause.*) Besides this, I have no birth to boast of. A hundred years ago or so, my great-grandfather swept a crossing, and his wife dealt in hare and rabbit-skins. But what matter the past when we have the present before us! I am crassly ignorant and intolerably offensive, but I am a Lord. (*Enormous enthusiasm.*) And, as a Lord, I can give you what laws I please—"You can; you can!"—or never go near the House of Lords from one year's end to another. I generally adopt the latter course, except when the interest of my own class, or the gratification of a fad, cause me to perform my highly responsible duties. On these occasions, however, I take care that I represent none but myself. (*A storm of applause.*) Under these circumstances, as I am bored out of my life, and have just enough sense to see that I am a nuisance to everyone, inclusive of myself, I am sure you are glad that you are not me. *Noblesse oblige*, I want to console you! (*The noble speaker here resumed his seat amidst the wildest enthusiasm.*)

Such a speech as the above would, no doubt, reconcile many listeners to cease to envy the Peerage, the more especially if they happened to be either Baronets of JAMES THE FIRST'S creation or members of the oldest (not the mushroom) county families.

### A GREEN OLD AGE?

THE Corporation of the City of London is, as we all know, for we are informed of the important fact by the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR about three times a week, a very ancient institution, it therefore naturally sympathises very keenly with everything that is old, not forgetting such minor matters as old port and old customs. The LORD MAYOR himself is an ancient institution, being very nearly seven hundred years old, and his numerous speeches breathe of reverence for age, and defiance to change. The Lord Mayor's Show is an ancient institution, and gallantly bears aloft its many banners against the battle and the breeze of Metropolitan chaff, and Metropolitan sarcasm. The Jews are an ancient people, and the Corporation naturally sympathises with the Gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, and having heard of the existence of a highly favourable specimen of that—certainly not persecuted, but, on the contrary, rather highly favoured race—especially in one very important feature—who has attained the very unusual age of ninety-nine, they at once determined to do him honour.

A member of the Common Council of the name of LEVERAGE, wanting possibly a little more leverage to raise him to notoriety, if not to fame, moved the Court to pass a vote, not of sympathy, but of congratulation to the Jewish Gentleman on having lived for so long a period. There certainly seems rather an appearance of oddity about such a proceeding as that of congratulating a man on being so very old, but as the motive was doubtless a good one we will pass that by. Here one would naturally have thought the matter would have ended, but, as the LORD MAYOR so continually and kindly reminds us, the Corporation is an ancient institution, and does things in its own old-fashioned way. So the Resolution was, what is called, "fairly transcribed and emblazoned," which means, we believe, for of course we speak under correction, that surrounding the inscription would be painted the coats-of-arms of the City of London, of Sir MOSES,—what a curious combination it seems—of the LORD MAYOR, and of all and every of the other persons engaged in the matter, for which room could be found.

And now came the difficulty which had possibly been foreseen by the originators of the idea. How was the magnificently emblazoned Resolution to be presented? Common-place people might have suggested that if it was of too valuable a character to be entrusted to the tender mercies of a Railway Company, one of the numerous staff of Corporation Officers might have been spared for one day, from his numerous duties, to have accompanied it.

But these Common Councilmen are not common-place people, and the Corporation is an ancient institution, so it was determined that a certain Committee, of which the mover of the Resolution is Chairman, should go to Ramsgate, *en masse*, and make the presentation in due form. We have no means of knowing the number of Corporators this included, but we certainly hope they had a fine day for their pleasant sea-side trip, and were entertained with that bounteous hospitality for which Sir MOSES is somewhat celebrated, and which no class of HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects can better appreciate than the members of the Ancient Corporation of the City of London.

WHEN an English Star, even as a lesser light, visits America, her appearance is hailed with enthusiasm by Public and by Critics. But when an American Actress visits us, it seems that our Theatrical Critics are unable to dissociate the Stars from the Stripes—which they administer pretty freely.

### ALL FOR HER-KÖMER.

(*A couple of Extracts from an Art-Student's Diary.*)

"Let us recollect that an experiment is an experiment, and nothing more. We must not look to Mr. HERKÖMER to carve heaven-gifted painters out of his raw material, or blame him if the present result of his eager enterprise be little. Bushey may become another Brabazon, studded with painters, or the pleasant dream may break like a bubble. It will have been a pleasant dream, if the worst comes to the worst."—*Mr. Edmund Gosse on Mr. Herkömer's New School of Art.*

*Monday.*—Notwithstanding the bore of having to get the dog-tickets at the last moment, seeing the piano safe in, and scurrying right and left all over the place after my hundred-and-one traps, I just managed to catch the 9.15, as "particularly requested," on the A.D.V., and got down here, as fit as a lark and twice as lively, in regular slap-up time. *Vita brevis—Ars longa*, is it? The longer the better, say I. By Jove, I think I shall like this artistic fun! Bushey is a regular downright rustic, rose-leafy, tinty, take-tea-in-the-garden sort of place, and no mistake. A bit quiet, perhaps. Never mind. Soon wake 'em up with the cottage Chickering. Noticed capital duck-pond, where the gay *Titian* and *Flobbs* can disport themselves freely. Fancy they'll like it better than the Regent's Canal. 'Pon my word, precious glad I am old HERKÖMER picked out my drawing. Three cheers for him! Ha! Here comes "the Professor" to show me my rooms. Jolly-looking old fellow! I should say he could make himself uncommonly amiable to the "fair girl students." Ha! ha! Half a mind to tell him so. Anyhow, will ask him in to-night to have a little music and social fireworks, and try those thundering good cigars I got at BURGON'S. I wonder if he's a good judge of a bull-terrier. Anyhow, if he's an Artist, he'll know how to draw a badger. Ha! ha! Tell him *that*, too! Down, *Flobbs*! down! Good dog! This way to my den? Ha! Thanks. Small, but snug. Capital! In for a pleasant week, and no mistake; I can see *that* with half an eye. Once more, three cheers for old HERKÖMER—and the other party! Hooray for the life of a "Stoodent"! O my spirits!—they'll be the death of me!

*Saturday.*—The week is over,—and yet—I have no wish to return to the Metropolis for the purpose of enjoying that little occasional mental dissipation in the giddy vortex sanctioned and acknowledged by the Draconian but admirable regulations of this establishment! Am I then an altered man? Has the "experiment" succeeded? I think it has! Let me recall the few scattered but striking incidents of this eventful week. On Tuesday they took away my Chickering, my cigars, a beautiful tweed suit with a yellow stripe, and one of my dogs. I offered to fight HERKÖMER, but he declined. Then I grew thoughtful. On Wednesday they confiscated my favourite, *Flobbs*—and the oyster-supper I had ordered from RULES' was sent back to town again by the 10.17;—all this while I was partaking of a sweet artistic tea of toasted buns with the Vice-Principal and a few favourite and selected Students. We did not talk of much, indeed, we talked of nothing—and the buns were cold; but I felt the influence of the place as I was conducted home to bed, at our retiring hour, a quarter to nine, and I began to think that Art, pursued for "Art's sake," was something I had not yet distinctly understood. I had a toothache all the night, and I think I rose an altered man. I began to feel the beauty of this guided humble life. The next day we had rice pudding for our dinner. This saddened me, but in the afternoon we walked, the four-and-thirty of us, two and two, as far as Colney Hatch. They would not let us in,—so we came back! Then we played humming-top and marbles in the rich green pasture of the little Romanesque Cloister,—not for money, but for love;—and so ended the simple story of another earnest but artistic day. What shall I say of Friday? Up in the dark at half-past three (here we are advanced to models, and never draw the line), I worked for seventeen simple hours at one simple stretch till,—as if in some waking dream I seemed to see the all-gentle HERKÖMER take up a nine-foot easel in both hands—but why continue? Saturday is here—and, ah, well, if worst had come to worst, it would have been at least a pleasant dream!

N.B.—*Mr. Punch* publishes the above extract without comment; but at the same time he is glad to take the opportunity of expressing his lively interest in a scheme which, even if it "break like a bubble," has enough of what is praiseworthy about it to command a respectful attention.

### FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

SOMEONE has brought out a song entitled "*I always meet you in my Dreams!*" Someone else is going to bring out a ditty called "*I shun you when I'm wide awake.*" We wonder which is the truest, and which will be the most popular?

"IN A CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY."—Suggested shorter name for "The Charity Organisation Society,"—The Charitable Grinders.



### THE FESTIVE SEASON.

*Mistress.* "AND YOU MAY ALL OF YOU ASK A FRIEND TO DINNER, YOU KNOW; AND, SMITHERS, YOU CAN ASK YOUR WIFE."

*Butler.* "THANK YOU, MA'AM. I THINK NOT, IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM!"

### THE HOUSE THAT CAPITAL BUILT.

(*Seeing is believing.*)

*This* is the House that Capital built!

These are the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

These are the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This the House-Jobber all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

These are Reports of Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent smug and content, who harries the wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

This is the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

And this is *Punch*, who is glad to say, "That's right, Sir CHARLES, you have hit on the way to tackle this problem of many phases, and track the truth through its puzzling mazes, by practical first-hand observation, with quiet skill and without sensation!" —say to the Statesman, worthy the name, who, holding that seeing's believing, is game to search himself in the slums and courts, to test the truth of the dread Reports, freely put forth by Pulpit and Press, that threaten attack (may it meet success!) upon the Bullion in swelling bags, gathered from hunger and dirt and rags, by the Agent, smug and content, who harries poor wretches for weekly rent, to plump the profits, fifty per cent., of the House-Jobber, all unshamed by the Horrors not to be named, that haunt the Outcasts who herd in the House that Capital built!

#### LINES TO A RETIRED RECTOR.

*Is life worth living? Mostly so.  
But when you're reading MALLOCK. No.*

A BOOK is advertised—*The Age of Clay*. Surely this is an impertinent intrusion into the private affairs of the Composer of the *Merry Duchess*. Besides, a Musician is "not for an age, but for all time."

WE are sorry to hear that Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM's Niece has taken a severe cold through standing about on the rocks and trying to get some Agapemones for her Aquarium.

'ABBY went the other day to Toppledock Common to see the hounds throw off. In his case the operation was performed by a horse, and he never saw the hounds at all.

SILLY QUERY.—If there are two sides to a question, how many angles are there to an answer?



## “SEEING’S BELIEVING.”

MR. P. “QUITE RIGHT, SIR CHARLES! *THAT* MEANS BUSINESS!!”

[“The President of the Local Government Board yesterday visited the most overcrowded neighbourhood of St. John’s-street Road and Goswell Road; he also made a renewed inspection of the worst parts of St. Luke’s, which he had already visited this week.”—*Times*, Nov. 24.]







### "UPON THE MART."

*First City Man.* "WHEN I BEGAN BUSINESS I WASN'T WORTH A PENNY!"

*Second City Man.* "OH! AND WHERE ARE YOU NOW?"

*First City Man.* "THOUSANDS IN DEBT, SIR!"

### UNJUST RATES!

MR. PUNCH has been requested by a poor puzzled Ratepayer to throw his eagle glance upon what is technically called "the incidence of taxation as regards Rates." Mr. Punch's own income being of that fabulous amount that his only difficulty is to know how to spend it, of course so trifling a matter as Rates never crossed his mighty mind. In fact, he was in regard to them much as CRUIKSHANK's gorgeous Flunkey was in regard to Taxes, when, to the question of his fellow-flunkey, "What is Taxes, THOMAS?" he had to reply, "I'm sure, ROBERT, I don't know." But being always willing to unravel a mystery, or probe an injustice, where the interests of his poor fellow-citizens are concerned, he has complied with the request above alluded to, and has thrown his eagle glance upon the matter of Rates, and he discovers it to embody such an abominable system of injustice, if not iniquity, as fills his indignant soul with almost unspeakable wrath!

Take the rich City of London as an example. Nearly every foot of the freehold of the City belongs to wealthy City Companies or to wealthy men, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It is often found necessary to expend enormous sums of money in widening the streets to accommodate the ever-increasing traffic. Every such improvement largely increases the value of the neighbouring property. But who pays for such improvement? Mark the abominable injustice of the system. Not the wealthy owner of the improved property, but the poor hard-working occupier! But even that is not all. The poor Ratepayer has first to pay for all the cost of the improvement; secondly, he has to pay a largely increased Rent for the property he has paid to improve; and, thirdly, he has to pay increased Rates upon his increased rental. Anything more shamefully unjust, or more artfully contrived, was never invented by the cutest American of Jewish extraction.

The grasping Landlord sits quietly by, smiling at the ever-increasing value of the property he never contributed one shilling to improve, while the poor occupier finds more and more of his small income required to meet the ever-increasing calls upon him for a

### THE SONG OF KING CONGER.

HA! ha! So they've let out the secret, my hearties!  
And you pale as you find that for years you have been  
The gullible dupes of unscrupulous parties  
Who have played ducks and drakes with your sacred  
tureen.

You vowed that no stock could be richer or stronger,  
More grateful to palate, of a savour more fine;  
"Real Turtle," my hearties?—Be humbugged no longer.  
Write down on your menus, in capitals, CONGER;—  
The flavour you so long have worshipped is mine!

Yes, mine, and no other! The Ling and the Whiting,  
As the Sea-bream or Haddock as cheap may be found;  
E'en the Whelk may supply a stock as inviting,  
But, oh! not at my figure—"a penny a pound"!

So why should I reek, if my flavour recalling—  
Let's say, cod-liver oil with pure garlic combined,  
Supplies you a dish quite terrific, appalling,—  
That, artfully costlier Turtle forestalling,—

Fell brute that I am,—I prove much to your mind!

But grumble or growl,—brave Sir HENRY has stated,  
Though you analyse, argue, or do what you will,  
My horrible, rich, racy flavour so slated,

If but garnished with turtle, will conquer you still.  
So, let it prove weaker, or let it prove stronger,

You'll have to accept it whatever it be;—

Then down on your knees, and defy me no longer;

"Three platefuls of Turtle"?—You mean three of  
CONGER!

So, swallow that statement, and then swallow me!

WHAT TO DO WITH "OUR BOYS."—Play it! This, we believe, is going to be done by Mr. DAVID JAMES at the Criterion. This excellent low Comedian, being considered *facile princeps* in his line, was named JAMES THE FIRST; but when it was found how sweetly he sang in a duett with Mr. THOMAS THORNE, he was thenceforward called JAMES THE SECOND.

HOMCEOPATHIC.—Fish Dinners for Paupers. If Conger is good enough for Aldermen, why not Porpoise for Paupers?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Your "If" is a great peacemonger. Not so your Tar-iff.

Rate, from which he derives no kind of advantage. The only solution of this almost incredible state of the law is, that the Legislature consists almost entirely of Landlords, who apparently rejoice in devising laws whose evident effect must be to make the idle and rich owner much richer, and the hard-working and comparatively poor occupier much poorer. The only chance of obtaining a remedy for this gross injustice is the formation of a Ratepayers' Association, with the object of insisting that all Rates for the improvement of property should be paid by the rich owners who get all the benefit from the improvement, and not by the poor overweighted occupiers who get none.

To show, too, how this Landlord-greed increases the difficulty of improving the dwellings of the Poor, Mr. Punch learns from the *City Press* that the cost of clearing away two City Rookeries that were condemned as unfit for human habitation, and which were inhabited by less than three thousand people, has cost no less a sum than £270,000. Of this amount probably about three-fourths would go to the Landlords of these shameful hovels, being nearly £70 per head—man, woman, or child—of the occupants, or, for a small family of five persons, £350; which would seem to show that the poor creatures who inhabited these filthy dens must, on an average, have paid rent equal to about two shillings per head per week, or, in the case above alluded to, ten shillings per week. Of course, too, the more Rent these Vampires sucked out of their poor miserable tenants the more compensation they received from the City Authorities, and the heavier Rates the City Ratepayers had to pay.

No doubt these grasping Landlords prefer to do their deeds by stealth, and would probably blush to find them fame; but, nevertheless, Mr. Punch would strongly recommend that their names and addresses should receive that publicity they so richly deserve.

"Mrs. CAUDLE's Girton Lectures?" asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Ah, a very valuable book, no doubt. I am told she is one of the cleverest Professors in the College, and her language, I have heard, is something beautiful."

THE SCHOOL-BOARD  
VICTIM.

"MOTHER! how my head is aching,  
In a strange and painful way!  
See what sad mistakes I'm making  
In my exercise to-day.

"All the irksome words are whirling  
Underneath my listless glance;  
And the rows of figures curling  
Round like demons in a dance.

"I was cold and wet and weary,  
Hungry too, at school to-day.  
Why is learning all so dreary?  
Is there never time to play?"

So the School-Board victim crying,  
Bowed her little aching head,  
And her Mother watched her, sighing  
For to-morrow's daily bread.

Oh, ye men of small discerning,  
On official red-tape nurst,  
Though there's good no doubt in learning,  
We must feed the children first!

HER Nephew had just come home from his day-school. "What have you been learning this morning?" asked Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Mythology, Aunt," answered the little man, "all about the heathen Gods and Goddesses." "Then I must brush up my memory," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "and ask you a question or two. Now, first, who was Juniper?"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 164.



SIR JOSEPH BAZALGETTE, C.B.

HE IS GREAT AT DRAINAGE, AND WAS MADE A COMPANION OF THE BATH.

## "FINIS FRANCLÆ."

"France will not perish, for with her Civilisation would come to an end."—M. EMILE OLLIVIER.

LIGHT-hearted and rhetorical  
EMILE,  
Of course you're right! The world then *must* appeal  
To "noble—intellectual—liberal" France.  
For, Sir, she'll lead the world a pretty dance.  
On your own showing, if she goes on so.  
You say, EMILE—and who but you should know?—  
That the last hope which Civilisation cherishes  
Of life must die, if *la Grande Nation* perishes.  
The prospect is appalling! If the life  
Of Civilisation hang on France, the strife  
Of suicidal factions in your land  
Means Civilisation's death—you understand?  
From your own *dictum* 'tis a clear deduction,  
For France—alas!—seems bent on self-destruction.  
'Twere a sad *finis* for the noblest nation,  
Self-slain, to die slayer of Civilisation!

FROM A SHAKESPEARIAN CORRESPONDENT.—Sir,—I often hear of the "Tower Hamlets," can you tell me anything about the Tower Ophelias? By the way, what is a "Tower Hamlet?" [Why a Hamlet on tour, of course. As to Q.I. we can only say that we don't suppose the quotation "too much soap and water hast thou, Poor Ophelia!" would apply to them.—Sp. Shak. Ed.]

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

(Letters from a young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford.

Now I'll just tell you something about the dressing-rooms. They are not similar to "the Boudoirs of the Nobility" in any one particular. I arrived at the Theatre about 8.30 P.M., with GEORGE, long before anybody else had come. (How dismal a Theatre looks when it's all dark and empty!) The old charwoman with the cold was just *thinking* of lighting up (she begins to think ten minutes before she does a thing, I've now found out). "Which is my dressing-room?" I asked her. "I d'no," she said, "suppose you're with some o' the Gents, and the Gents all dresses in the basement. Names writ on the door. 'Is dressing-room!' she chuckled to herself. "E'll ave to get out of them 'is's down 'ere,—things is more *hother* people's in this place!" What she meant I don't know. GEORGE and I stumbled down a precipitous staircase in the dark, and after groping about for a time at the imminent danger of breaking our legs, we came upon a door on which was written—"Mr. GARRICK," "Mr. DERWENTWATER," "Mr. EXCELSIOR MCALPIN."

"Ah, GEORGE, here we are," said I, as pleasantly as I could, and here we certainly *were*, in a little room about ten feet long and six broad. Along one side was a deal table, and there was nothing else but an old broken chair in the room; at each end of the table was heaped a dirty mass of soiled linen, and a few stumps of wig-paste. The centre of the table was clear. "I wonder why they've cleared the middle of the table, GEORGE," said I. "I don't wonder why at all,"

he replied, slowly. "The fire's one end o' the room and the gas is the other, and there ain't nothing in the middle, so you've got to dress there." I'm sorry GEORGE is going, and yet he depresses me. I'm determined not to give way, and GEORGE's melancholy and pitying expressions unnerve me.

We've had a hard day—all the afternoon I've been looking out things suitable for a Coachman, a Sea Captain, an Arab, a General, a Prison Warder, and an Earl. I didn't expect such a strain would be put at once upon my private wardrobe. So, besides buying things, I was obliged to get some help from the "Macready" stock Miss POSTER had referred to. GEORGE has helped me, but he's been very solemn about it. I don't feel in the same position with him as I do at home; and then this morning the men in ulsters called *him* "Sir," and *me* "Old Chap." Yet you know these people are Actors just as much as I am. I mean as I am trying to be, though of course they are not a bit like the "selections" who used to come to your Evenings. I wonder if it's like this in other professions? In the Army for instance? or the Church? Well, in the Church, perhaps, because there are Beadles, and Clerks, and Churchwardens, though I am not sure if these regularly belong to the clerical profession.

I left myself and GEORGE in the dressing-room, each holding a big bundle of clothes. GEORGE was right about the table. The fire *was* one end of the room, and the gas (with an old cracked glass hung round the burner) the other; but I'd got a beautiful "make-up" of my own, with a nice glass, every sort of paint and powder and wig-paste, and also a little reading-lamp to help me to see. And now the old Charwoman had finished thinking about lighting the gas, and had really done it, and I heard whistlings, and jokes, and titters overhead, so I knew the company were arriving. "I think you'd better go, GEORGE," I said; "there won't be room for four of



## THE LAWN MEET.

*Cad (who has been holding Swell's Horse).* "TUPPENCE! YAH! YER GOES INTO THE 'OUS', AND GETS THREE OR FOUR GLASSES O' SHERRY INTO YER, AND GIVES ME TUPPENCE! YAH!"

us here; and, besides, it might be a bad precedent. If both the other Gentlemen brought their servants, we should be six in the room, or about a square foot a-piece." "Ah! they won't bring no servants," said GEORGE, contemptuously. I don't like my own servant looking down on me, or rather on my companions in Art. If they were all Clergymen or Barristers robing in this room, would he be the same? Somehow—I don't think so. There's something wrong here somehow.

GEORGE is gone, and Mr. DERWENTWATER has arrived. He's been bustling about the room a good deal, and using bad words to himself, but he doesn't notice me. (I'm getting myself up for the Coachman, and practising my dialect, so I'm quite busy.) "What's the matter?" I venture at last. "Everything's the matter!" is all the change I get.

Then arrives Mr. GARRICK, and I should like to give you a taste of the conversation between provincial "Pros." I enclose a glossary—"Pros" means "Professionals;" "Screw" is their salary; "Taking the Biscuit" is acting well; "Juggins" is a person unacquainted with Stage-life—I am a "Juggins" at present—and lots more I can't remember. But you may imagine, from my letter, what pleasant, gentlemanly fellows I have for companions.

"Overture and beginners, please!" says the Stage Manager outside. (There isn't a call-boy.) The Stage Manager does everything, and is responsible if *anything* goes wrong. If the gas flickers, it's his fault; and so it is if a child cries in the Gallery. (Poor man! I must get his son into the Bluecoat School.) Directly "Overture and beginners!" was called, Mr. GARRICK and Mr. DERWENTWATER both began to dress, and complain bitterly, "It's just the same every blooming night. A man can't have five minutes to himself, but he's got to hurry, and drive, and dress himself, just when he's talking business." I'm dressed. "How do you like me as the Coachman?" I ask. Mr. DERWENTWATER (who is using my wig-paste to see if it's good) don't answer. Mr. GARRICK (who don't like my rouge, but puts up with it till he gets his own famous stuff "off" old JACK BILKER) says, "Do very well for *Uriah Heep*." "But I don't want to do well for *Uriah Heep*! I'm *Diggory Dainwin* now." "You look like nothing on the end of a stick," vouchsafes Mr. DERWENT-

WATER. And with this remark I have to leave them. "Have you got your dialect?" says the Stage Manager. "I *really* don't know," is my answer; "but I think Mr. GARRICK has it: he's kindly using most of my things." "Now, then, Mr. MCALPIN, get into the corner, and begin your regrets in the *Lancashire* brogue, if you please," says Miss POSTER, sharply.

No more to-day. I think I'm getting on in my profession, though I am afraid I shall be a "Juggins" for some time to come. "No matter!" (as we say in melodrama) I suppose HENRY IRVING was once a "Juggins" himself. Yours very truly,

HUGO DE B\*\*\*.

FROM a recent Number of *Gardening Illustrated for Town and Country* :—

**PARCELS POST.—INVISIBLE WORLDS! ENDLESS AMUSEMENT!—BOTANICAL TABLE MICROSCOPE**, Compound Lenses, with screw adjustment, equal in power to a 3-guinea instrument, showing with extraordinary distinctness minute animalculæ in a drop of water. **MOULD IS A FOREST OF BEAUTIFUL TREES, WITH FLOWERS, LEAVES, AND FRUIT.** A flea appears as large as a beetle. No person should be without one.

Very much obliged. But most persons would be of a different opinion.

## Examination Questions.

CABINET Ministers should go through a course of questions, but before they enter the Cabinet, in order to qualify them for the position. Afterwards some of the questions would be more difficult to answer; e.g., "Where's Egypt?" "Explain the exact situation in the Transvaal. Give a diagram of what is to be done, showing how to do it."

COUNT DE LAGRANGE.—The "Terrible Count de Lagrange" leaves no issue. Is it possible, that on this final occasion when he will have any connection with the turf, that he is the Last of the Race?

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO II.

## THE COMING OF CUPID.

How would you have him come, this Protean god?  
Silk bond, steel fetter, rosy chain, or rod,



All are his gifts. JULIA would bid him bring  
Much more than roses, raptures, and a ring.  
No Phœbus-fronted Detrimental gleams  
As lode-star of her unromantic dreams.  
Beauty loves Bullion. JULIA knows its power,  
The willing Danaë of the aureate shower.  
Then, JULIA, waste no dance, no moonlight stroll  
On that soft myth, "affinity of soul."  
Lavish no lash-veiled glance of those keen eyes,  
Shoot, fair toxophilite, for the first prize;  
Get home on the right target, then bend bold  
The bow, draw to the head, and hit the gold!  
No interludes of arrowy play to test  
The starched and snowy mail of the male breast.  
Do eagles hawk for butterflies? No doubt,  
In those green days ere JULIA was "out,"  
The lawny level and the sharp-fought "sett"  
Saw more than spheres shoot o'er the tense-drawn net;  
Saw untrained glances, and unguarded smiles,  
Artless inveiglements, and simple wiles.  
Do you remember, JULIA, when the musk  
Of June's glad roses filled the verdant dusk  
Of all that "dear old garden" down in Devon?  
What time a carpet-dance was instant heaven,  
And some mad boating frolic rarer sport  
Than the concentrated glamour of the Court,—  
Do you remember, dare you recollect,  
Ere you had learned to reason, weigh, reflect,  
Like an unmoony shrewd she—*Hamlet*, how  
You pulled the curls upon a boyish brow,  
And swore, sweet girlish gusher, that their gold  
Was more than Midas-touch could make?

But hold!

An *ingénue* of seventeen—so much?—  
Might not appraise the value of that touch.  
Now you know better, nor artillery waste  
In tender thoughtlessness, or amorous haste.  
That "dear old garden"? Pooh! a slow, dull spot,  
Where you so "spooned," and RUPERT talked such "rot"—  
(RUPERT's own word, boys will talk slang.)—absurd!  
When the World-called, you met it "like a bird"—  
(RUPERT again!) And RUPERT? Oh! he's gone  
As—something small and shoppy—to Ceylon;  
And you are angling for a Peer—they say so—  
And listening to the tips of PUNCHIUS NASO.

So Cupid comes to you. That old mad fun  
Was not the work of Aphrodite's son.  
Of course! Methinks I see the urchin now,  
Demure, and meaning business; on his brow  
Close serried lines, and cool eyes, clerkly, clear,  
With—can it be, a pen behind his ear?  
That hints of settlements. Receive him so,  
Fair JULIA; let him take his gleam and glow

To lackadaisical LOUISE. Chide not.  
The goose-quill that signs cheques *sans* halt or blot  
Is better than a feather from his wings,  
That scrawls in violet ink of such vain things,  
As cots and kisses, since, for all bards' pother,  
You can't live in the one nor on the other.  
Hear Cupid's confidences thereabout,  
Cupid the champion, here, of Cent.-per-cent.,  
The sworn appraiser, not of golden locks  
And silvery laughter, but of Shares and Stocks:—

## CUPID'S CONFESSION.

I dwelt in a cottage, a cottage *ornée*,  
With two newly-meshed doves for a year and a day;  
For a year and a day, till the newly-meshed doves  
Stooped from "bliss" to—*Cabañas* and ten-button gloves.  
Aye me, the chill lapse! So a river may run  
To the icy-bound North from the land of the Sun,  
When the fuel that fed the sigh-furnaces failed,  
AMANDUS so cooled, and AMANDA so paled.  
Thy moustache curled as trimly, AMANDUS, but oh!  
With how much less of sweetness the lips curled below.  
AMANDA's blue eyes, still twin amethyst spheres,  
Looked so much less bewitching their lids red with tears.  
I was there. Could I help them with vow or with verse,  
As she drew the last coin from her satin-lined purse,  
Leaving more gold without than within? I was there—  
At the window—when Butcher descended from prayer  
To imperative rude oburgation; and when  
Poor AMANDA first learned that "the sweetest of men"  
Could be bitter of speech! I was there, though outside,  
When AMANDUS first used naughty words to his bride.  
I'd no gold. Could I mend with a rose or a dart  
That terrible fracture, a flaw in the heart?  
Could I bid shallow Passion, once stagnant, flow on,  
When the fountain was choked, and all current was gone?  
Could I help them who floated in rapture's mad round,  
Breast to breast, whilst the footway was flowery, but found,  
When occasion arose to endure or console,  
That he had not a heart, and she had not a soul?  
Could I aid those who Poverty hailed without fear,—  
At a pretty safe distance, but when he drew near,  
And displayed rather more of the wolf than the dove,  
Making calls upon courage as well as mere love,  
Found not rosy bliss, but abandonment utter,  
In "Love in a Cottage"—without bread-and-butter?

"All are not Julias," lisps a rosy maid  
To PUNCHIUS prattling in his cedar's shade;  
"Some few of us love Cupid as of old,  
Before he tipped his tiny darts with gold."  
True, watchet-eyed bewilderer of sage brains,  
And PUNCHIUS writes for all. If other gains  
Than golden ones inspire the maiden's breast,  
And lure her through love's labyrinthine quest;  
If—foolish child!—six feet of manhood straight  
And an unwrinkled skin—and heart—have weight  
More than joint bulk of coronet and pocket,  
Linked with a soul that's burning to its socket;—  
Why, then,—dear me!—the ever verdant sage  
Combines the Augustan and Arcadian age  
In his orb-wide experience; yet to teach  
Maxims of Arcady in Mayfair speech  
Seems like attempting with swift steel-cased shot  
To gain admittance to Sabrina's grot.  
Lend *Punch* your pocket-mirror, gay-lipped Grace!  
Ah! lily-fingers seek the well-known place  
With unsophisticated speed. What fun!  
(JULIA would vow she never carried one)  
Now look within. Lips cool and cheeks a-blush!  
Teach those to glow, let these forget to flush  
If you'd compete with JULIA. But, bright elf,  
If you seek love, not lovers, *be yourself*.  
So front the tricky god, so meet his eye  
With radiant hope, too honest to be shy,  
Own you have heard of him, heard, oh! a lot,  
And wish to know him, as what girl would not?  
You'll find the Protean one put off his wig,  
His clerkly airs, his looks austere and big,  
His *chic*, his coolness, and his cynic slang,  
And he the boy whose limpid laughter rang  
In Paphos till e'en frolic Aphrodite  
Would chide the urchin for a flight too flighty.

ART-FULL CARDS.—Most of the Christmas Cards as now produced.



## CATTLE-SHOW WEEK.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



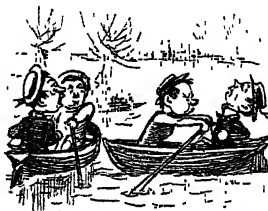
Scotch Polled.



Best Wether.



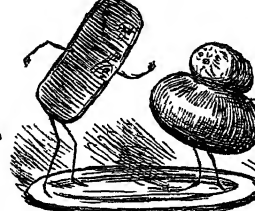
Class for Roots.



Steers.



Best Butter.



Cross Bred.

## A CRITICAL POSITION.

LAST week *Claudian* was to have been produced at the Princess's, and the Critics had, we believe, been invited to witness a dress-rehearsal, but in consequence of what the *Times* Theatrical Reporter would call the "unpreparedness" of the Earthquake, with which Mr. BARRETT was to have "brought down the house," the production was postponed.

To invite the Critics to a dress-rehearsal is in the interests of Dramatic Art a great mistake, though probably not for the Manager and Author, who can avail themselves of such an exceptional opportunity by acting as Judges, and explaining to the Jury of Critics why such and such an effect isn't as right as it might be, and of pointing out the vast amount of trouble, outlay, time and talent which may have been expended on the new piece, whatever it is.

On such an occasion the Manager and Author could both diplomatically ask advice, express themselves most grateful for any hints that their learned friends in front might give, knowing very well that nothing their learned friends could say would induce them to alter at the last moment any of the carefully planned details, but perfectly aware that the best and shortest way of winning a Critic's good opinion is to humbly listen to the suggestions that may fall from his lips, as though they were invaluable instructions from some Mighty Master.

We have before us a pamphlet entitled *Claudian*, being a few notes on the architecture and costume of the new piece, in the shape of a letter written by Mr. E. W. GODWIN, F.S.A., to "My dear BARRETT," in which the well-informed writer instructs the apparently ignorant Manager, as to the interesting details of the period, A.D. 360-460, which, he says, is "almost a blank in the modern history of Art"—and then Mr. GODWIN, in a series of illustrations, (does he always write such letters with so many pictures?) proceeds to draw this blank.

Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., finishes up his epistle with "Believe me, my dear BARRETT, yours very faithfully—" and, of course, our dear BARRETT does believe him. In fact, the short answer would have been, "Thanks, my dear GODWIN; I believe you, my boy, yours trustfully, W. BARRETT."

If, instead of this letter, or if, with this letter as preface, we had been presented with a book of the play about to be acted,—it could not be sold, as the American acting-right would be thereby destroyed, my dear BARRETT (A.D. 1883-1884),—we should have been better pleased, holding, as we emphatically do, that the book of any new play ought to be in every Critic's hands at least a week before production, so that he may know what he is going to see, and, as with a Shakspearian, or any other steek-piece, have a standard by which he can measure the performance.

As it is, when a Critic goes to a *première*,—a night which is, as a rule, all *clique* and *claque*,—he has, as a matter of course, to pronounce upon the dish set before him. It may not be to his taste, and then he has to ask himself, "Why is this? Is the acting bad? Have I really seen the piece as the Author intended it to be played?"

And, again, instead of expressing any sympathy with a Manager and Actors who have "uncongenial parts," or who have parts "unworthy of their talents," and so forth, why does not the Critic ask, plainly and straightforwardly, "What on earth induced a Manager of Mr. So-and-So's experience, to choose such a piece as this (whatever it is)?" The Critic invariably writes as if the Tyrant Author had compelled the suffering Manager to produce his piece, and even to play in it himself.

Censure the play, by all means, when you have ascertained *what* the play is, but censure also the Manager for placing it, if evidently bad, before the public. If the Manager was doubtful, and the Author doubtful and inclined to risk it, then if the Author had provided the Critics with the book of the piece, the play would be judged on its own merits, if any, and a fair criticism could then be made on the acting, decorations, and so forth. If it occurs to the Jury that Manager and Author must have "a tile off" to have produced between them such a piece, then there are plenty of hands ready and willing enough to supply the defect with good powerful "slating."

Musical Critics take care to know the score pretty well by heart before hearing a new Opera, and then they follow it with a book in front of them. Why should not the Dramatic Critics do likewise, and why not refuse to witness any piece until it should have been played three or four times?

## SOMETHING LIKE A SCHOOL!

(An Extract from a Pupil's Diary.)

6 A.M.—Got out of bed, and made a rush for Old KNIGHT's door. Old KNIGHT is the master of our form. Shouted at him through the key-hole, and arranged a booby-trap with the coal-scuttle and a large can of water. But he sold us by letting himself down into the garden from the window, by tying his blanket, sheets, and counter pane together. However, fortunately caught sight of him when he was dangling in the air, and pelted him with tooth-brushes.

8 A.M.—Breakfast. Informed Old KNIGHT that there was a balloon, and asked him to look at it. When he turned his head, we deluged him with coffee and toast-crusts. Spent rest of recreation hour in making slides out of the butter-dish.

10 A.M. to 12 Noon.—At Study. Most of us reading novels, the remainder playing at dumb-crambo. Fried sausages, as usual, while Old KNIGHT was working the *pons asinorum* for us on the black-board. When we had finished our luncheons, some of us escaped by the window, and the remainder by the chimney.

2 P.M.—Dinner. The usual game of pelting Old KNIGHT with bits of potatoes, and filling his pockets with rice-pudding. Poured the beer into the Head-Master's coal-scuttle. This last feat got us into a row. We are sentenced to stay at school during the Christmas holidays—Old KNIGHT is to remain with us to keep us out of mischief.

4 P.M. to 6.30 P.M.—More lessons, and this time toffee-making. Head-Master came in, and finding BILLY POTTER standing on his head on Old KNIGHT's desk, kept us all in during tea-time. After this we all "communicated our ideas" to BILLY POTTER, and coloured his eyes beautifully. Old KNIGHT rather disgusted at having to mind us instead of getting his tea.

9.15 P.M.—In our dormitory at last. Saw that the place was all right for the night. Screwed up all the doors belonging to the masters' rooms, piled up all the class-books on the kitchen fire, and emptied the contents of the beer barrel into poor Old KNIGHT's wardrobe. Then, having driven the cow into the best drawing-room, and the sow and her little piggies into the parent's reception parlour, got into bed. As I fell off to sleep, reflected that on the whole, I had found out the way to enjoy a happy day, and wondered if Old KNIGHT had been as fortunate.

*À PROPOS* of Christmas Amusements, should anyone happen to mention such matters at this time of year, you may say that the game of cards called "Merry Matches," issued by Messrs. WYMAN, is a good all-rounder, and very much in Young Folks' ways. The Merry Matches are in their own box, which, by the way, may be used as an excellent substitute for a cigarette case. So deal out the merry harmless cards, pour out the Champagne, *arrosé un peu pour les petits*, and let the toast be "Wine and WYMAN!"

*A SCRAP of Paper*, it is said, is to be revived at the St. James's soon after Christmas. As long as a theatre is doing genuinely good business, the Management would object even to a Scrap of "Paper" in the house. The reason for the non-adoption of the electric light at the St. James's is because they have hitherto found Kendal-light sufficient. If this theatre has been, as we hear, recently treated to a little extra ventilation, it was in consequence of the demand from the public for "More Haze!"



## THOUGHT-READING.

*Irish Gent (paying debt of honour). "THERE'S THE SOVEREIGN YE KINDLY LINT ME, BROWN. I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE—"*

*Sawon (pocketing the coin). "NEVER THOUGHT OF IT FROM THAT DAY TO— BY JOVE! 'FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT'—"*

*Irish Gent. "BEDAD! I WISH YE'D TOULD ME THAT BEFORE!"*

[What did he mean?]

## "THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

THAT nothing short of an educational revolution was inevitably about to burst upon the University, must have been evident to everybody who had an opportunity of attending the several performances of *The Birds* given at Cambridge during the course of the past week. Sober Heads of Houses who have hitherto shuddered at the GERMAN REED'S Entertainment, and Learned Professors who have only once or twice seen a Gaiety Burlesque on the sly, could be noticed in shoals on the steps of the theatre convulsed with *verve* and merriment, while freely admitting to each other in groups, that nothing could withstand the all-encompassing dramatic spirit of the age, and that in the future the footlights must take their proper position at the Universities as a great educational factor. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that no time has been lost in the organisation of some scheme calculated to give a practical shape to the fervid convictions of the moment. The following brief account of an influential meeting on the subject, held only yesterday afternoon, shows at a glance how rapidly matters are already progressing.

On the assembling yesterday at the door of the Senate House of the various Heads of Houses, Professors, Tutors, and others interested in the "New Dramatic Degree" Movement, there was again by common consent an immediate adjournment to the Theatre Royal, and the business was, as on the previous occasion, transacted in this more appropriately and agreeably constructed building. A Provincial Company, who happened to be rehearsing at the time, having been good-humouredly hustled off the Stage by the Proctors, the Prompter placed a "property" Doge's Chair under the "T-light" for the use of the Vice-Chancellor. On occupying it, however, he introduced such an excellent and happily-conceived bit of business that a loud and spontaneous roar of laughter and several shouts of "Encore!" greeted him as he finally sat down. The proceedings then commenced.

The Rev. Chairman, rising, said he need not recapitulate to such an assembly the motives that had again drawn them together to further their one great common object, namely, the incorporation of the Stage into the system of University Education—(loud cheers)—but he would content himself with reading to them the following brief extract from an Article on the subject that appeared the

other day in an influential evening paper. "More," wrote the writer of that Article, "can be learned of Athenian life, and also of the comic method of ARISTOPHANES, by seeing one of his plays put on the Stage than by reading all the eleven which are extant. Young men will find a new interest in their Greek plays when they have one or two realised before their eyes." (Prolonged applause.) He was glad to hear such sentiments greeted in that fashion, because he was prepared to go even further than the writer who expressed those views. ("Hear! hear!" from the Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy.) He would say that young men would not find a new interest in Greek alone, but in everything else as well, when they had once had *everything realised for them before their eyes.* (Applause.) Need he say more? Everything taught in their University ought to be put upon the Stage. (Prolonged cheering.)

The Plumian Professor of Astronomy, who had on a large Pantomime demon's head, and whose appearance in consequence created such an outburst of enthusiasm, that he could be but with difficulty heard when he attempted to address the meeting through a hole under the chin, said, he trusted that his present little off-hand effort—(cries of "No, no! it's splendid")—might be taken as an earnest of what he intended to do in his own particular line, when he got his chance. (Loud cheers.) He had already ordered a black cotton-velvet astrologer's gown, covered with the signs of the Zodiac in red tinsel, and he had also given a commission for a crocodile and property telescope, which he hoped and believed would, in the matter of size, be two of the finest things of their kind ever produced in Europe. (Cheers.) Cambridge must march with the times. When the youth who attended his lectures had once had realised for them before their eyes what an astronomer really was—on the stage—they would pick up more from him and his comic method, than by mere poring over all the books of astronomy extant. He might add, that the great feature of his reformed lectures, would be several quite grotesque magic-lantern effects, and a character-song (with a dance) entitled "*I am such a regular Para-la-lax,*" specially written for him by a distinguished Doctor of Music, who had his heart and soul in the movement. (Great cheering.)

The Queen's Professor of Arabic here rose. He said he had no wish to reflect on the learned Professor's Programme, but he trusted that the dance he referred to—("hear, hear!")—which sounded to him, if he might coin an expression, rather "Music-hally"—(laughter)—would in no way interfere with his course of lectures which would be given by himself, with five brother Professors of Arabic, in spangled tights, on a carpet and red velvet bolster. His idea was, in fact, an "Arabian Drawing-room Entertainment"—(cheers)—with as much lofty tumbling as they could manage, combined with a few occasional short expressions in the vernacular, or even in dumb show addressed to the audience. ("Excellent!" from the Professor of Experimental Physics.) He thought this would give a stimulus to the study of Arabic—at least, it would enable the earnest student to understand something of Arabian life. (Applause.)

The Professor of Sanskrit said he had been thinking of the same sort of thing himself—(laughter)—but after what had dropped from his learned colleague, he felt he must fall back upon something else. He should very probably endeavour to try and charm a snake or two—("hear! hear!")—and hoped in this he should have the kindly co-operation of the Professor of Zoology. (A Voice: "He knows nothing about it!") Very likely not. (Roars of laughter.) But they were all entering on a new path, and he could learn. For his own part he felt sure that his learned colleague, who had so often skinned a snake for mere instruction, would not mind for once being "scotched" himself in the higher interests of amusement. (Cheers.)

The Woodwardian Professor of Geology said he meant to illustrate an Earthquake. (Cheers.) He was already in communication with the Manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, and was engaging a Company for *The Last Days of Pompeii*. He had also an "Antediluvian Burlesque" in hand—not his own—(prolonged cheering)—introducing all the principal monsters of the glacial period. ("Oh, oh!") It was a fact, and he hoped to play a foreleg of something effective himself. (Cheers.)

The Public Orator here rose, and was about to read *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, but was greeted with



## THE RIGHT PIG BY THE EAR.

*Poor Piggy (pleading in an injured tone). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, I ONLY THOUGHT I WAS CARRYING OUT MR. GLADSTONE'S WISHES."*

such a prolonged storm of disapproval, that he had ultimately to resume his seat. He was, however, understood to say that he would be even with the best of them before he had done.

After a little discursive talk as to the future holding of all Public Examinations in the Theatre, and the desirability of entirely suspending the free-list on the occasion, the Master of Trinity said that he thought that henceforth the Vice-Chancellor should be preceded by a regular red-hot Pantomime Poker. (*Much cheering.*) He thought these Stage accessories to Academic life could not be too much insisted upon. And he was of opinion that their present business-like discussion could not terminate more appropriately than in a regular Stage banquet. (*Thunders of applause, that lasted several minutes.*) He would be happy to provide that entertainment himself. (*Roars of laughter, in which the Rev. Speaker joined heartily himself.*)

After the customary chorus and finale, and a little rough horse-play, owing to the Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics endeavouring, in vain, to show the Auditor of the Chest the working of a Vampire-trap, the Meeting was adjourned till next Tuesday.

## Strange Omission.

THERE have been remarkable sunsets viewed in London, Eastbourne, Ramsgate, and many other places. But what is still more remarkable is that not one of the awe-struck Correspondents who have written about these phenomena to the daily papers has expressed any astonishment at *having seen any sunsets at all in England*, as every place where these strange appearances have been witnessed is, of course, in the British Empire, on which, as we all know, "*the Sun never sets.*" So that is the first wonder to get over; the blazing phenomena are of second-rate importance. Yet, though not superstitious, we firmly believe that *something is going to happen.*

"GRIP."—Odd name for a paper for Boys! Was it suggested by *Barnaby Rudge's* Raven? Everyone recollects that he used to hop about saying, "I'm a Devil! I'm a Devil!" It also croaked out, "Never say die!" which is a good omen for a literary work, even when coming from a Raven's beak.



## THE NEW NEPHELOCOCCUGIA;

OR, "BIRDS" OF A MODERN FEATHER.

A NOBLE Lord, of high Parliamentary repute, considerable literary power, and no small gift of acrid Aristophanic humour, is, we understand, about to superintend the production (at H-tf-l-d H-se) of a modernised adaptation of *The Birds*. We have the peculiar good fortune to be able to present to our readers some particulars of the proposed cast, together with a brief sketch of the drama and a few characteristic extracts.

Nephelococugia (or Cau-cus-cloud-crow-land) is, in this case, the R-d-c-l Utopia or Limbo, intervenient, in these dire democratic days, between the common herd of earth-dwellers and the high Olympian Autocracy of the old oligarchical times, when everything was imperious, imposing, and—especially—"impartial."

The following are some of the chief *Dramatis Personæ*:—

EPOPS (*Hoopoe-King of the Birds, formerly* Played by  
*TORTS, King of Boeotia, but metamorphosed in consequence of political philanderings*). J-HN B-LL.

PEISTHETAIROS (*a Citizen, disgusted with his original state, who travels to seek his fortune in the Kingdom of the Birds. A man of business and ability, who loves to direct everything and everybody. Voluble, plausible, sophisticated*). GL-DST-NE.

EUELPIDES (*another Citizen, companion of PEISTHETAIROS, a plain, shrewd person, with an eye to the future*). CH-MB-RL-N.

CHORUS OF BIRDS (*subjects of EPOPS, beguiled by the blandishments of PEISTHETAIROS and the cunning of EUELPIDES. The latter has furnished them with a common crow-like cry, which may be represented phonetically thus: "Cau-cau-cau-cus"*). R-D-C-LS.

PROMETHEUS (*a malcontent personage, uplifted, but timorous, disguised as an old woman hiding under an umbrella*). Q-RT-BLY R-VI-W.

IRIS (*Messenger from Olympus, spy, and grandiloquent*). N-II-N-L R-VI-EW.

POET (*unimposing, but rhetorical personage, who supplies IRIS with most of her tall-talk*). ALFR-D A-ST-N.

THE PROPHETIC BIRDS (*that of PEISTHETAIROS an Owl, sage, serious, and earnest*). SP-CT-T-R.  
(*that of EUELPIDES, noisy fowl who leads the clamorous "Cau-cau-cau-cus"*  
Chorus). SCH-DH-RST.

NEPTUNE (*one of the Ambassadors from the elder Gods, a formal, dignified, slightly fussy person of the old school*). N-RTHC-TE.

HERCULES (*ditto, ditto, a fiery, wrong-headed personage, powerful, but indiscreet, carrying a huge club bearing the mystic word "Property"*). S-L-SB-RY.

TRIBALLOS (*ditto, ditto, an undisciplined, mischievous "outside," devil-perky, and sparrow-like in appearance, causing much vexation to the temperate NEPTUNE by his gamin-like outbursts*). R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

There are other characters of course, but these will give our readers some idea of the course of the noble Dramatist's play, from which space will not permit us to give more than a few extracts. Some passages from the Parabasis will show that it is not without force and pertinence:—

Owl Coryphæus.

Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,  
(And that scarce worth spending, so M-LL-CK would say)  
Plodding and wingless, morally kingless,  
Fussy and Philistine creatures of clay.  
Attend to the words of the R-d-c-l Birds,  
The only true Soarers, the heirs of air's glories,  
Who look from on high, with a pitying eye,  
On the follies and frets of the Wh-gs and the T-ri-s.  
Science bores us of late with eternal debate,  
And wild Speculation about the Creation,  
Organical strife, protoplasmical life,  
And comical notions of cosmical motions;  
Strange tales of descent from tailed creatures who went  
Prehensilely swinging from branches, not winging  
Their unfettered flight through Æther and Light.  
In the deep Tory Erebus foully bedight,  
Many in darkened delusion still lag on,  
In life dull as that of the Ape or the Dragon.

At length in Creation's great germinal closet  
Was laid a most precious and privy deposit:  
A Mystical Egg! 'Twas the *radix* or root  
Of which we brave Birds are the ultimate fruit,  
Who rove in the air, triumphantly furnished,  
To range its dominions on glittering pinions,  
All golden, and azure, and blooming, and burnished.

For Delphi, for Ammon, Dodona, in fine  
For every oracular temple and shrine,  
We Birds are a substitute equal and fair,  
On us you depend, and to us must repair.  
Then take us as Gods, and be ruled by our nods!  
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses.  
We'll lengthen your tether, we'll all live together,  
We'll not hide in air.

Pompous and proud, a-top of a cloud,  
(In old Jovian way) but attend every day  
To prosper and bless all you possess,  
Give you plenty of change, and unlimited range,  
Reform quite *ad lib.*, and a champion glib,  
To whose eloquence voluble all things seem soluble.  
Partake of this root, which King Hoopoe here brings,  
Which forces the growth of true R-d-c-l wings,  
And then you'll be Birds, blessed Birds of our band,  
And free of the City of Cloud-Cau-cus-land!

Chorus.

Nothing can be more golumphus than the having wings to wear.  
Wingless, T-ry-thralled poor mortals step up here and try a pair!

The new NEPHELOCOCCUGIA with its clamorous, cackling, cawing, crowing, clucking, chirping, croaking, clapper-clawing denizens, is described with true Aristophanic *verve*—and verjuice. We wish we had space for certain pungent passages *à propos* of the pompous prolixity of Property-menacing PEISTHETAIROS, and the cockney Cockahoopohiness of Cau-cus-chorus-leading EUELPIDES. We can, however, only give extracts from the scenes describing the reception of the Olympian Embassy,—

Neptune, The Triballian Envoy, Hercules.

Nep. There's NEPHELOCOCCUGIA! that's the town  
Bird-built, whose airy battlements defy us.

[Turning to the TRIBALLIAN.

But you! Why, what a regular guy you are!  
Look like a Bird yourself! Don't cock your nose,  
And wag your tail in that preposterous way!  
They'll take you for a sparrow.

Her. Or a Woodcock.  
Tri. Drop it, old Cockalorums! Bah! Yah! Booh!  
Leave me alone, or I'll upset the pair o' you!

Nep. Why did they send him with us? Hercules,  
I say, what shall we do? What's your idea?

Her. Do? Take that PEISTHETAIROS by the throat—  
That throat whence flow exuberant sophistries  
Which are the cause of all our tribulations—  
And throttle him!

Nep. Hush! Our "tip" you know is peace.

Her. That makes no difference; or if it does,  
It makes me long to throttle him the more!

Pei. (*very busy, affecting not to see them*). Give me the Brummagem  
Spice. Where's the Leeds Sauce?

Her. Municipal pickle, too. Come, mend our fires!

Her. Mortal, we greet and hail you! Three of us,  
Three deities—

Peis. (*without looking up*). But I'm engaged at present.  
Busy, you see, seasoning our next big dish.

Her. (*aside*). To dish us, I suppose. (*Aloud*). What's in the dish?  
Birds seemingly.

Peis. (*without looking up*). Some very weak-shanked creatures,  
Opposed to the popular democratic Birds,  
Rendered themselves obnoxious.

Her. So you dish them!

Peis. (*looking up*). Oh! bless me, Hercules, I'm so glad to see you?  
What is your business?

Her. (*breaking out and flourishing his Club wildly*).

To pull you down,

And bring your precious cloud-built noisy nest  
Of clamorous birds at once about your ears,  
You puffed up, prolix, property-menacing  
DISINTEGRATOR!!!

Iris (*hysterically*). Go it! That's the style!

Just like our old club-wielder!

Prometheus (*flourishing his umbrella*). Hear! Hear! Hear!  
Fire, fire away, and I'll take notes—and print 'em!



*Nep. (wringing his hands distractedly).* Oh! dear, dear, dear, dear, this will never do!  
*Trib. (delightfully).* Hurroo! Yohoicks! Bird-leader, here be "larks!"  
*Chorus of Birds (rushing to the rescue).*  
*Cau-cau-cus! Cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cus!*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

We think that these specimen passages will make the public anxious for the performance of this masterpiece of the modern political Aristophanes.

## THE SPEAKER.

(*A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.*)

### PART VII.—BAR AND BENCH.

At a first glance it would be imagined that "the Gentlemen of the Long Robe" scarcely require a guide to declamation. It is one of the duties of an Advocate to defend, in eloquent terms, the interests of his Clients. Certainly, rhetoric is not greatly appreciated in those Courts in which Equity is said particularly to prevail over Law, but at the Old Bailey, or in any other place where a common or special jury congregates, a silvery tongue is of the last importance. But a Barrister may be safely left to himself to speak when called upon in Court. If he fails in his first attempt, there will be no necessity to try to teach him to do better in the future, as the chances are enormously against his ever having a second chance. Solicitors are chary of repeating unsuccessful experiments. So it may be taken that any attempt to assist a Barrister in becoming proficient in forensic oratory would be absolutely futile. If a man after undergoing the extremely severe examination now required by the Council of Legal Education before he can be called to the Bar, cannot speak in Court, he had better for ever hold his peace, as, in point of fact, no doubt he will. But although this Handbook cannot teach a Counsel what to say in the Royal Courts, it may, at any rate, contain a few short speeches, warranted to prove admirable in their results if addressed to a certain sort of Solicitor. Below, then, are given—

*Half-a-dozen Speeches to be addressed by Counsel as occasion requires.*

"My dear fellow, as you say, it is a most comfortable Club! What! you would like to belong to it! I am on the Committee. Pray let me put you up?"

"I say, my boy, what are you doing on Thursday? If not better engaged, will you and Madame come and dine with us?"

"Look here, old man. My wife wants Mrs. TIMOTHY and her charming daughters to share her carriage with her at the Eton and Harrow Match. We might join them later."

"This is the best glass of Port I have ever tasted! What! still twenty dozen left in your cellar! Well, all I can say is that I hope you will give me plenty of opportunities on future occasions of tasting it!"

"I confess, my dear friend, that I cannot see any reason why the Profession should be divided into two branches. But until they are amalgamated; I suppose, to the best of our ability, we must share the work between us."

"By the way, old fellow, I think your people know that I have changed my address at Lincoln's Inn. Eh?"

It will be obvious to any stuff-gownsmen that the above speeches, if made judiciously—one of the four first always being used and preceding either of the two last—will not fail to do good. They must of course be addressed to the proper people—to the "Hearts" not the "Heads" of the Profession. That good, although lasting, will be—brief.

Turning from the Bar to the Bench, the *raison d'être* of this Handbook, so far as the forensic Profession is concerned, becomes more discernible. Their Lordships seldom deliver orations in private life, or, if they do, those orations are imperfectly reported in the newspapers. The Judges are "understood to have thought" this or "believed to have agreed upon" that; but at this point certainty ends, and doubt commences. To say the least, such vague paragraphs are far from satisfactory. To come to a modern instance. Nothing could have been more shadowy than some of the sayings ascribed to Lord COLERIDGE after his recent visit to America. Under these circumstances, it will be as well to conclude this part by giving two specimen speeches—one that might have been delivered by a Judge of the modern school, and one by a Judge who respects old-fashioned traditions. It must be remembered that however distasteful some of the sentiments of their Lordships might appear to the Bar, all of the judicial remarks would be received, according to precedent, with the utmost deference.

*Utterly superfluous Speech by a Judge of the Modern School:—Gentlemen of the Bar! (All the Barristers in Court immediately rise to their feet, and listen intently in an attitude of the most respectful attention.)* As I feel rather disinclined this morning to continue the work of the Court in my customary hap-hazard manner, I pro-

pose suspending the business which has brought us here together, while I make some remarks of a general character. I trust this will suit the convenience of Counsel.

*Leader of the Bar (bowing).* On behalf of myself and my learned friends, representing between us the interests of one hundred and fifty-seven Clients, I beg to inform your Lordship that your Lordship's suggestion meets with our entire approval.

*Judge.* I am glad to hear it. But before I say anything more, I must complain very bitterly of the New Law Courts in which you are now standing. Although by virtue of my office I am a staunch supporter of the Constitution, I still claim to be a Member of the Great Republic of Taste. Some of the Bar may have heard this declaration from the Bench before?

*Leader of the Bar (bowing).* I am informed by some of my learned friends that your Lordship is quite correct in your supposition.

*Judge.* I thought so. Not only are these Courts hideous, but the accommodation on the Bench is so scanty that I have been unable to find room for the bevy of Ladies who usually honoured us with their presence on any occasion when the proceedings were of more than ordinary interest. Having abused the Law Courts, I will now turn my attention to what we may call procedure. I have been very much struck with American Institutions. It will be remembered that one of our Lordships (to quote from the formula in use on the 9th of November) has recently been touring through the United States, accompanied by a picked forensic company, and has been received with considerable enthusiasm. Some of the Gentlemen of the Bar may remember the circumstance?

*Leader of the Bar (bowing).* It is within the recollection of many of my learned friends that his Lordship was received with a cordiality only equalled by that afforded to Jumbo the Elephant and leaving the Comedian.

*Judge.* Exactly. Well, it is the intention of my brothers and myself gradually to revolutionise the Bar. We propose to sweep away all old forms. We consider that, although a Barrister has to undergo a special training and to pass a special examination, there is no reason why he should enjoy any particular privileges over the members of the junior branch of the Profession.

*Leader of the Bar (bowing).* On behalf of myself and my learned friends, acting on behalf of those who have instructed us, we beg to thank your Lordship for this observation. However, we think it right to say, on our own behalf, that we are merely carrying out our instructions.

*Judge.* Just so. We propose following the lead of the Benchers of the Inns of Court who, having no sympathy with the members of the Junior Bar, have done their utmost of late years to swamp the Profession with what I may call Converted Solicitors. It must be remembered that when my brothers and myself were called to the Bar, a Barrister was not required to know anything about law; and to this day some of our number are still rather deficient in this branch of forensic study, so that the fact of finding Solicitors possessing a smattering of the science, has filled us with feelings of respect, not to say awe. So—to put it briefly—we have determined to do our best to despoil the body from which we have sprung. By revoking the privileges gained by Barristers at the cost of years of study and hundreds of pounds, we hope before long to enable Solicitors to fill a far prouder position than that they now so ably occupy. I trust this announcement will afford satisfaction to the Bar.

*Leader of the Bar (bowing).* Any observation of your Lordship must of necessity be received with satisfaction by my learned friends and myself—even the scheme your Lordship has just been good enough to sketch out, which seems to have for its main object our immediate ruin!

*Judge.* Just so. And now, as I have had my say, I think we will resume the business of the Court.

[*The business of the Court is resumed.*]

So much for Specimen No. 1. Now for Specimen No. 2:—

*Utterly superfluous Speech of a Judge who respects old-fashioned Traditions.*—A Judge who respects old-fashioned traditions, never makes an utterly superfluous speech!

### Cupid to Order.

In a suit for the Restitution of Conjugal Rights (when is this absurd portion of the Law to be abolished?), the President orders "an attachment." This is Love to order with a vengeance. If the order is not complied with, then the President goes a step further, and "orders an attachment to issue." But what if there be no issue? The Law utterly fails. There's a cynicism about the association of wreckage with marriage in the Divorce and Admiralty Divisions being under the same President.

In England there are Masonic Dinners, and Charitable Society Dinners of all sorts: "Nothing can be done without a dinner,"—which is exactly what the starving poor say.



### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Enter Mr. Chesterfield Grandison Potts. "How d'ye do, my dear Mrs. PETTIFER! I've come to CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PERFORMANCE OF THE LADY OF LYONS, AT MRS. TOMKYN'S. IT WAS SIMPLY PERFECT!"*

*Distinguished Lady Amateur. "OH, FAR FROM PERFECT, I FEAR! TO BE PERFECT, ALAS! THE PART OF PAULINE REQUIRES THAT ONE SHOULD BE YOUNG AND LOVELY, YOU KNOW!"*

*Mr. C. G. Potts (who piques himself on his old-fashioned courtesy). "MY DEAR LADY, YOU ARE A LIVING PROOF TO THE CONTRARY!"*

### "TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"Sir CHARLES DILKE, who has been the guest of the QUEEN, left Windsor Castle yesterday morning, upon the conclusion of his visit to the Palace, and returned to London."—*Daily Paper*, November 29.

SCENE—*The Interior of Her Majesty's Boudoir for the transaction of Public Business. Desk covered with numberless Official Documents, Despatch-Boxes, &c. Present—The QUEEN and Sir CHARLES DILKE.*

*Her Majesty.* It gives me the greatest satisfaction, Sir CHARLES, to repeat to you in person my very hearty thanks for the many visits you have paid to the dwellings of the Poor in London.

*Sir Charles (bowing).* I can assure you, Madam, that had not your Majesty made the suggestion, my own sense of duty would have caused me to undertake the task.

*Her Majesty (smiling).* You know it is a tradition in our family to do our best for the sick and destitute. My children are never so happy as when they are assisting to establish Homes or Hospitals. And now, before you conclude a visit which I trust has been a very pleasant one to both of us—(Sir CHARLES bows low)—let me see if I clearly understand what you have said. It is your opinion that legislation directed to ameliorate the condition of the Poor—(Sir CHARLES bows, and murmurs beneath his breath, "The Proletariat")—is the safest mode of protecting our present Constitution; that, in fact, kindness—charity and real interest—shown to beggars and those who are forced to live with criminals—if not, indeed, to criminals themselves—is the best, if not the only, method of nipping Communism in the bud. Is not this the sense of what you have said to me?

*Sir Charles (in a deprecating tone).* Certainly, Madam; although I scarcely ventured to use the very plain expressions your Majesty has graciously adopted.

*Her Majesty (with a smile).* I thought, Sir CHARLES, you were

fond of plain-speaking. I have a very good memory, and fancy that no one could ever accuse you of not having the courage of your opinions. (*Handing Sir CHARLES a copy of a popular periodical.*) You will see that you have not been forgotten this week by *Mr. Punch*. Let me tell you, Sir CHARLES, that there are not very many of my subjects who can boast of having figured as the hero of an entirely complimentary Cartoon. But I think, as usual, *Mr. Punch* has shown wise discrimination—you deserve the distinction. I suppose you are very conversant with his pages?

*Sir Charles.* I know every line *Mr. Punch* has written by heart, Madam. I see that your Majesty has been studying Volume Sixty-two. (*Looking through the leaves of a book lying on the table.*) Dear me, how time flies; this was actually published eleven years ago!

[Suddenly starting and regarding Cartoon for March 30th, 1872, intently.]

*Her Majesty (smiling).* I can guess the picture that has attracted your attention. It was produced just after a silly thoughtless boy had pointed an empty pistol at my carriage, and *Mr. Punch*, with his customary ingenuity, had turned the incident to account. There was a certain young enthusiast in those days who, full of good intentions, had not quite attained to years of discretion. This young enthusiast, in his zeal for reform, and hatred of shams, attacked good and bad together, without showing much discrimination. *Mr. Punch* pictured this young enthusiast aiming a blow at the Throne itself, and excusing his conduct on the score "that there was nothing in it!" Ah! that picture appeared eleven years ago, and I feel certain that that young enthusiast must have taken the lesson to heart. Yes, I am told by his colleagues, that he is one of the hardest working Ministers of the Crown—able, straightforward, loyal—as much a friend to his Sovereign as to her People! (*Smiling.*) Are you still looking at that Cartoon, which seems so strange to us nowadays?

*Sir Charles (bowing to the ground, with the Volume in his hand).* No, Madam, when I came to that Cartoon, I thought it time to turn over a new leaf!

[Scene closes in upon a very pleasant picture.]



## HAMLET, PRINCE OF BIRMINGHAM.

*"Enter HAMLET and (UN)certain PLAYERS."*

FIRST PLAYER (H-ET-NGT-N). "I HOPE, SIR, WE SHALL REFORM *THIS* INDIFFERENT WELL!"

HAMLET (CH-MB-RL-N)—(*impatiently*). "O REFORM IT *ALTOGETHER*!!"

Act III., Sc. 2 (*adapted*).





## THE FAIRYLAND REVIEW.

Is "slating" fit for fairy hands? By any chance could you imagine Fairies writing for the *Twaddlesome Review*? Or penning heavy columns in a carping, captious key, And being rude and quarrelsome 'neath shelter of the "We." Of course not, so in merry rhyme some Christmas books we'll "do," In a light and airy fashion, for the *Fairyland Review*.

But first let's speak well by the card, or rather by the Cards, For here they are in thousands, with "Best wishes," "Kind regards." Enough to build a House of Cards just now have come to hand, Or build a Paper Palace in delicious Fairyland!

Here's RAPHAEL TUCK with packs on packs, a vast and brave array, With etchings, colour symphonies—an elegant display! E'en though you sneer at Christmas Cards, you'll feel inclined to gush

O'er wondrous screens and novelties in satin, silk, and plush! And MARCUS WARD, who revels in variety untold, Has bees and books and butterflies, all glorious with gold, With rare artistic wonders, too, so beautiful and bright, In pictures, poems, and welcomes most daintily bedight.

But HILDESHEIMER-FAULKNER, as everybody knows, Have scores of lovely studies of the lily and the rose: With dicky-birds and pussy-cats, with rare conceit or rhyme, Enshrining pleasant greeting for the merry Christmas time! The figures, flowers and calendars undoubtedly are good, With tiny fans of novel form, from EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE; And PRANG & Co. and ACKERMANN send marvels of design, And SCHIPPER's tiger-lilies are indubitably fine! JOHN WALKER sends hand-painted cards, on ivory they're limned, On dainty satin cushions all most radiantly trimmed; While SPARAGNAPANE—suggestive name for this most skilful man—He'll "spare nae pain" to Cosques make as lovely as he can. O'er TOM SMITH's Christmas Crackers you'll gleefully rejoice, They're wonderfully various and exquisitely choice.

Here are countless books for babies, you scarce know which to take—Mrs. BARKER will enchant you with her *Little Wideawake*: 'Tis full of coloured pictures, which make each story clear, By CHARLOTTE WEEKS, and others, with KATE GREENAWAY, and WEIR.

The book about *King Arthur* you will be delighted with, The drawings are by FRASER and the history by FRITH; To very great advantage in *Ascents* does he appear, In telling of the perils of the hardy mountaineer.

The verses on bold *Robin Hood*, that outlaw of renown, Are edited by RITSON and the drawings are by BROWNE. And *Every Girl's* and *Every Boy's* are Annuals to buy—A fact which all the boys and girls immediately descry! *St. Nicholas* in volumes is a fund of pure delight For children of all altitudes at morning, noon, and night.

Only a *Child*, a story is by M. A. ELLIS writ, With pictures to propitiate each frolicsome young chit. *Blind Man's Holiday*'s a welcome work, by one who seldom fails, With ABSOLON to illustrate a string of merry tales. *Afternoon Tea* has wondrous charm, its pictures are so quaint, 'Tis just the book, the very book, for baby-hands to paint; And SOWERBY and EMMERSON you easily may see, Are ever hailed by little ones with joyfulness and glee! While youngsters who would like to know of boats and blocks and sails

Should give their minds to studying *Ships, Birds, and Wonder Tales*.

The *Fairies* writ by ALLINGHAM, most joyfully you'll read—Miss GERTRUDE THOMSON's pictures they are excellent indeed! The *Fairy Horn*, by THEYRE SMITH, pray don't forget to view, Or overlook another SMITH who writes *The Babe's Début*: And every word you'll master—with no desire to skim—In very clever *Clever Hans*, by dear old Brothers GRIMM. A skilful author deftly spins a pleasant children's yarn Which HENNESSEY well illustrates—they call it *Hannah Tarne*.

Ah! *Nights with Uncle Remus* will scare away all gloom; For such an uncle, TOMMIES will all cheerfully make room! The tale of dear old *Robinson*—our *Crusoe* brave and bold—In words of single syllables is curiously told By clever Miss GODOLEPHIN, and most artfully does she Adapt for baby paraphrase the old *Swiss Familee*. But here is *Old Wives' Fables* writ by EDOUARD LABOULAYE; And here's *The Children's Christmas* you're delighted to survey: MYLES BIRKET FOSTER's music wed to R. S. WATSON's lays—A mighty pleasant volume makes for merry Christmas days!

*Sheer Pluck. With Clive in India*, are books boys can't put down, The author is GEORGE HENRY, and the artist GORDON BROWNE;

Who, in *The Golden Magnet*—by the skilful MANVILLE FENN—With clever graphic pencil gives a piquancy to pen: In *Wigwam and the War-path*, too, his talent has full scope, To illustrate the stories that are told by ASCOTT HOPE. *Picked up at Sea*, by HUTCHESON, you'll gladly read, no doubt, And a score or two of others we can't now write about. And here the Fairies pause for play, they fain would dance, and so You'll wait for information from TITANIA & Co.

## IN THE TIME OF THE RESTAURATION.

We have, a long time ago, of course, "Dreamt that we dwelt in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by our side," but we only realised it the other night at the Holborn Restaurant, when, the vassals and serfs being represented by the civil and attentive waiters, "of all who assembled within those walls, we were their hope and their pride"—that is, up to a certain well-earned bonus, which, except when "No Fees" is the rule on penalty of dismissal, is always due to ROBERT the Waiter.

It is also a long time since we have been in this part of the Holborn Restaurant Restaurated. There is nothing like it anywhere, as far as our recollection serves, in London or in Paris.

Seeing the Holborn full, but not overcrowded, and vacant places immediately filled up by relays of Diners,—we may paraphrase the words of Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD's immortal contribution to Nigger Minstrelsy, and sing,

"We've been to the East, we've been to the West,  
We've been to South Carolina,

Which isn't a fact, but it saves trouble to retain this line as it stands in the original,—

But of all the things we'd like to be best,  
It is the Holborn Diner."

And to Mr. J. MOLLOY's sweet air of "*Dinah Doe*" might be set

"O Diner, Diner, Diner, Diner at the Hol-  
born syn' he for a guinea  
May dine four, nor spend a pinny  
More than that if your way you know."

Only you mustn't sing this while the band is performing, nor, indeed, when it isn't, unless you keep it to yourself, in which case, you may give yourself as many airs as you like without interfering with anybody. The *salon* where we were entertained is one of the public dining-rooms, and it at once occurred to a musician of our party, "What a Hall of Music it would make"; while the ladies immediately discovered that it would be magnificent as a Ball-room. Wouldn't it be splendid! A fancy ball here! Well it would, but . . . "Yes, with supper in the Venetian saloon." Ah! that's another matter. But we are satisfied with it as a Restaurant.

Just think what the old chop-house used to be! Ladies couldn't go there, and if you wanted to give them a dining-out treat,—just something out of the usual run,—and quite equivalent (so it might be artfully put) to a visit to Paris without the "crossing"—though this might be included by walking—you had to take them to an expensive hotel, dine in a private room, and were compelled to make a party of it in order to be at all lively. But here, DARBY and JOAN can go in, take their little table all to themselves, a table garnished with fruit and flowers, while the band, hidden to discourse, does so in the second gallery, and you can play a good knife and fork (spoon too if you like, *sotto voce*, of course) to its accompaniment.

Then if you are not going to risk indigestion and draughts by going to a theatre, you can at 8:30 call for the fragrant Mocha, the qualifying *chasse*, and strike the light lucifer previous to applying it to your cigar. Then you can lean back in your chair, and regard your *convives* with that feeling of entire satisfaction which comes over a good man when he has well dined, and you will say that this is the best possible Restaurant in the best of all possible worlds. Then, being in a "merry mood," you will call for the attentive Manager, Mr. HAMP, and with an aspirate, *emphasis gratia*, tell him you have done Hample justice to the *menu* and to the Pom-mery, which is here, I believe, a *spécialité*. A Frenchman, say the observant MAX O'REIL, would conclude, from seeing the number of people dining at the Holborn, that the English are *not* a domestic people; that they are always frequenting Restaurants and seldom dining at home.

If all Restaurants were like this one, with six courses and dessert for three-and-sixpence, and all good—though of course the days must vary—JOAN, the thrifty housewife, would find dining here actually cheaper than dining at home: but this might interfere with Mr. DARBY's Club arrangements. The Holborn Restaurant dinner will be to many jog-trotters, who may be just a bit tired of domestic monotony, an acceptable novelty, in respect to which we are glad to make this Inn-ovation.

"CHANGING THE BRAND."—Getting a new Speaker.

## THE MORE-AND-MORELY SERIES.

THE latest additions have been *The Prince*, by MACHIAVELLI ("a gentleman of Scotch extraction," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM), and *Bacon's Essays*. Delightful reading in the clearest type. Professor MORLEY—HENRY, not JOHN, the former being the Professor, and the latter the Practiser,—in his preface to the *Essays* shows, that in respect to the character of the representative of the "wisest and the meanest of mankind," he is in no way biassed towards one side of BACON. Read BACON's *Essay on Judicature*, and then study his conduct of the case, *Regina v. Essex*, when he held the brief for the Crown. "A great deal of gammon about this BACON," as the subtle old JOSEPHUS observed. It is supposed that BACON enjoyed a pipe with RALEIGH, and introduced Pig-tail. There is a hotel still called after him in Great Queen Street, the Great Queen being of course, Our Precious BETSY. Here's the health of the More-and-Morely Series taken generally, and "may they live long and broser."

"THE SPIDER'S WEB" AT THE OLYMPIC.—Likely to remain longer in the Auditorium than on the Stage, although the latter does contain "the flies."

EGYPTIAN NEWS.—The English "Evacuation Day" has been postponed.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 165.



THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

"O blame me not because my verse is rare!"

Sonnets, No. IX.

## A BAR AND A CROTCHET.

THERE is no doubt that this is a musical age; but till reading the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, we had no idea that the Royal College of Music had so successfully popularised the Art. We have often heard of a Singing Chambermaid, but never before of a Musical Barmaid:—

**YOUNG LADY Wanted,** as Barmaid and Pianist. A comfortable home guaranteed.—Send terms, age, and photo. Address, &c.

A young Lady who can touch the piano and handle the beer-engine with equal facility, must be indeed a paragon. One who can fly from MEYERBEER to bitter beer without a pang, and can be equally at home with MENDELSSOHN and mild ale, must be a real treasure. It opens quite a new field for female labour; and girls who can combine PALESTRINA and pork-pies, PURCELL and Port-wine, HANDEL and ham-sandwiches, BISHOP and brandy, DIBDIN and Dublin Stout, BEETHOVEN and bitters, MOZART and Moseley, CHERUBINI and cordials, OFFENBACH and 'Ollands, STRAUSS and sherry, SULLIVAN and Sillery, and CLAY and Curaçoa, will never be in want of employment.

SEVERO Torelli, by FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, at the Odéon, is a big success. Of course, it will be "transferred" to London. Friends at a distance please Coppée.

## "PRESUMING!"

It is presumed by the English Law "that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty." Quite so; and now let us see how it works.

*He is Accused.*—There is only a single Witness against him. He can declare his respectability, and point to the records of a hitherto blameless life. Quite superfluous, as already observed, "it is presumed by English Law that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty." In spite of this, he is taken into custody, and marched off to the Station House.

*He is Brought up before a Magistrate.*—As he is presumably innocent, he is placed in the criminal's dock. He is told that, as his guilt is not to be thought possible until proved as plain as the sun at mid-day, "he had better not say anything, as it will be taken down and used against him." Finally, he is remanded for a week.

*Bail is Refused.*—As the greatest care must be taken that a blameless man shall not suffer, he who is presumably guiltless is quietly lodged in prison, where he undergoes a punishment apparently intended only for the wicked. However, while sweeping out his cell, and looking through the bars of the gaol, he can console himself with the thought that it is presumed by the English Law "that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty!"

*He is Re-examined.* He again appears in the dock. He is again warned to be careful. He is guarded by the Police, and snubbed by the Magistrate. All this because "it is presumed, by the English Law," &c., &c. Finally, he is committed for trial, and once more is carried back in a prison-van to the gaol—consoling himself with the thought that "until he has been proved guilty," &c., &c.

*He Awaits his Trial in Gaol.*—Although it is contrary to the liberty of the subject to incarcerate an innocent man, he undergoes as much imprisonment as a convicted thief or a condemned assassin. Moreover, he has the services of the Chaplain, whose ministrations being peculiarly efficacious with convicts, are consequently extremely comforting to a presumably innocent man. If the Warder and the Governor regard him with distrust, he yet feels that they must know that "in the eye of the English Law a man," &c., &c.

*He Takes his Trial.*—He, as the most interested person in the Court, has least to do with the proceedings. His own account is inadmissible. He cannot "speak through" his Counsel, for that person at most can merely hint at his innocence. He thus learns practically that although "the English Law presumes that a man is innocent until he has been proved to be guilty," British Justice will never allow the accused to personally testify to the fact.

*The Verdict of the Jury.*—After months of acute anxiety, passed by the accused behind prison-bars, twelve "good men and true" at length are collected together to declare that he is "Not Guilty." Justice is gratified. Under the circumstances, then, it was quite right "to presume that until a man has been proved to be," &c., &c.

*The Verdict of Society.*—People remember that the liberated one has been several times before a Magistrate, often in a gaol, and once in the dock at the Old Bailey. So, although quite agreeing that in the eyes of our English Law a man is deemed—and should be deemed—to be guiltless until his sin is brought home to him, that—of course theoretically—he has left the Court without a stain upon his character—that, in fact, the charge made against him was false, and the prosecution he had to undergo was superfluous, yet—yet—yet can't help presuming that "there must have been something in it!"

## UNJUST RATES!

Mr. PUNCH's indignant protest against the iniquities of unjust Rates has produced an amount of interest and gratitude among the poor victims of the abominable system, that has pleased but not surprised him.

Another poor puzzled Ratepayer, with a wife and small family, who opens his shop at 8 A.M. and closes it at 10 P.M., and finds himself, with all his care and self-denial, gradually getting poorer and poorer, while his Rates are becoming higher and higher, sends us a statement showing that for the same house he now inhabits, whereas he used some years ago to pay £16 a year for Rates, he now pays £30, to enable him to do which he and his poor little family have to make such sacrifices as reduce his living to the mere necessities of life. A few years ago the street in which he lives was widened. It was not of the slightest benefit to his trade, but rather the contrary, as people hesitate to cross a wide street, but his Landlord immediately raised his Rent £30 a year, and his Rates were, of course, raised in proportion; in addition to which he had to pay an increased Rate for the cost of improving his Landlord's property.

Another victim, who carried on business in one of the principal City thoroughfares, was paying the enormous rental of £800 a-year, his gross profits being £1,500. The street was improved, as it is called, and his rent increased to £1000. So that out of the £1,500, the annual profits of his life of toil and anxiety, his grasping Landlord, who literally does nothing but watch for an opportunity of getting a little more, takes two-thirds for his share, and the poor struggling Tradesman has the remaining one-third left for his share, out of which he has to pay an enormous sum for Rates, which sum was increased by nearly £40 a-year by the improvement which had already cost him £200 a-year, which his Landlord had received without the expenditure of a single shilling!

If these be but examples of what is going on around us, who can sufficiently admire the astonishing amount of patience with which this crying iniquity is borne?

With a view of probing this important matter still further, Mr. Punch has requested one of the youthful members of that portion of his staff who dedicate their lives to his statistical department, to analyse and digest the whole of the statistics that were forwarded in waggon-loads to the Home Office last spring by the various local Authorities of the Metropolis for the information of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. This has accordingly been done, with results that, Mr. Punch confesses with a blush, have even staggered his well-conditioned mind. They are, of course, far too voluminous for the short space that he can spare from the other multitudinous calls upon him, but they will possibly be shortly published in six volumes folio, as light reading for the Christmas holidays.

But just to prove what an El Dorado to wealthy men is the City of London, to which favoured spot Mr. Punch will for the present confine himself, what a perfect Paradise to grasping Landlords, what a haven of bliss to those who toil not, and who spin not, and who pity not, he will call attention to this one astounding fact, that, whereas, only some fifteen years ago, the annual rent paid for the houses occupying the one square mile of the City of London amounted to about one million eight hundred thousand pounds, the annual rent now paid for the houses occupying the same one square mile, has increased to the enormous sum of four



## "OUR BOYS."

*Pater.* "KNOWLEDGE, MY BOY, IS BETTER THAN WEALTH—"

*Filius.* "YE-ES. BUT, PO'MY WORD, D'YOU KNOW, SIR, I THINK I PREFER THE INFERIOR ARTICLE!"

millions! It is perhaps almost needless to say that this astounding statement was at first received with, to use the very mildest phrase Mr. Punch's ample vocabulary suggests to him, a scornful smile of incredulity, but on the quietly repeated assurance by his gifted statistician that it was as "right as ninepence," he at once yielded the point, and hereby presents it to an astonished world as perhaps the most remarkable revelation of modern times.

The annual rent paid for the buildings on a single square mile of land is four millions sterling! consequently, at twenty-five years' purchase the fee simple, as the simple Lawyers call it, of this single square mile of land would amount to just one hundred millions sterling!

"HOW THE POOR LIVE."—The 16th of this month will be just forty years since TOM HOOD's immortal "*Song of the Shirt*" appeared in Mr. Punch's pages. The "*Bitter Cry*" is as loud and as heartrending now as then. Mr. Punch is generally first in the field for the public benefit, and, when necessary, he is first in the slums, as he was this year with his "*Real Haunted House*," which appeared in page 50 of the number dated August 4th.

## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO III.

## THE MEN.

"THE Men." All-comprehensive term, most wide  
Of generalisations, in the tide



Of female prattle ever bobbing up,  
Like mimic icebergs in a claret cup,  
Or "I's" in EGOMET's smart social "pars."  
The Men! A galaxy of twin-orbed stars  
Gleams round great PUNCHIUS as he nibs his pen  
To sparkle to the Sparklers on "the Men."

The subject, to the softer sex's view,  
Is zenith, nadir, and horizon too.  
These be the Greeks, to be or crushed or charmed,  
'Gainst whom our Amazons would fain be armed.  
Odd fish, the modern males, of breed not great  
For Matrimony's old and simple bait:  
A sigh and a soft hand, a dimply smile,  
A sleeve-worn heart, a naively obvious wile,  
A lip-curve tremulous, or a tearful look,  
Will scarce avail to lure them near the hook.  
So Lalages and Bonnibels might win,  
But souls susceptible to *chic* and "tin"  
Not so are taken. When soft OVID sang  
*Æsthetic argot* and athletic slang  
Were strange to female lips. Men had not heard  
That *Atalanta* "romped in like a bird;"  
We are not told that "burning SAPPHO's" talk  
Was crammed with idioms fit for Cheyne Walk;  
No plunger yet had taught the bard's *Corinna*  
To "put the pot on" or to "spot a winnah."  
Nor yet had any green and girlish reader  
Learned barrack slang and club-room chaff from "WEEDER."

Well, *tempora mutantur*. Now, as then,  
The female problem's how to "fetch" the men.  
The fisherman who, armed with net or rod,  
Laid the same bait for gudgeon as for cod,  
Might miss his finny spoil. What would you catch,  
Arch Anglers? Would you make the Season's match  
Or take a social "Lion" by the mane?

Well then, remember this—*All men are vain*.  
The mightiest often most so. Here's firm ground  
Amidst the quicksands, shifting and unsound,  
Of the male nature. CLARE, your corn-flower eyes,  
Without much wisdom may bewitch the wise,  
By worshipping their wisdom—in sweet show.  
(The genuine cult might be too hard, you know)—  
Not as NEEL does it; NEEL's so prompt to gush,  
The readiest vanity, constrained to blush  
By overt adulation, may fight shy;  
But oh, the adoring lift of a soft eye  
Suffused with silent homage! So, be sure,  
Looked simple *Desdemona* on the Moor;  
And every clever or heroic fellow  
Is, doubt not, more or less of an *Othello*  
In this regard. Say he's a soldier-star,  
Back from big conduct in a little war.

He takes you down to dinner. As you hook  
Your arm in his that rapt adoring look  
Comes to your finer orbs which one may mark  
In MARY ANNER sauntering in the Park  
With her six foot of scarlet. Or suppose  
The brightest light that ever sudden rose  
On Science's horizon asks your hand  
For the first dance. With smile most sagely bland  
He'll sidewise bend his massive brow which store  
Of Tyndall "twisters" and Darwinian lore  
Freights to top-heaviness, to catch the shy  
Low query from your lips. How lights his eye  
With smile complacent when your lips let fall  
In polysyllables their little all  
Of *Times*-learnt terminology. You lift  
Arch eyes. "Those hunters of the river-drift,—  
Pray have you *seen* their bones?"—a shudder small—  
"And do they *really* topsy-turvy all  
Chronology completely, and upset  
Mosaic myth? Sounds wicked; yes,—and yet  
I *should* so like to know. They cramp us girls"—  
A sigh—"in crude conventions." Science twirls  
A dubious moustache. He "fears to bore,"  
"But if you *really* care." "Oh! you *adore*  
All—all that sort of thing. Bathybius, now  
What *does* it mean, exactly?"

Solemn brow  
Of Science, tangled mop of modish Art  
Cover alike conceit. 'Tis girlhood's part  
To move that master-passion in its lair  
'Neath the bald pate or the full flowing hair.  
Ask Eros else. The urchin-god will smile,  
And sing a bantering ballad, in this style:  
*His* version of the text seers are so sweet on,  
The old *Mataiotēs Mataioteton*!

## CUPID'S CAROL.

We, I and Venus, sway all things between us,  
Rule both the hearts and the heads of humanity.  
Some, though, have neither. How hold *them* in tether?  
With thine invisible bridle, oh Vanity!

Hearts? Though no few men, and some among women,  
Bear valves of leather in bosoms of granite, I  
Know how to tickle the cold, hard, or fickle;  
All will respond to thy feather-touch, Vanity!

Heads? There is many a vacuous zany  
Lacks enough brain e'en to suffer insanity;  
Yet me will follow. A cranium hollow  
Forms fitting home for thy vapours, O Vanity!

Ask you the motive of offerings votive,  
From Coldness to me, Cynic's gush, Pride's urbanity?  
Why Churl and Stupid alike cringe to Cupid,  
Fawn upon Venus? 'Tis Vanity, Vanity!

Pity's akin to love, the proverb says:  
Less closely than the well-gorged greed of praise.  
Known by that name? Nay, Sirens, not at all,  
"Yearning for sympathy" the wise it call,  
And you are wise. The cynic club-trained youth,  
Who mocks at sentiment and yawns at truth,  
Is a shy fish, and little apt to rise  
To tremulous lips or soft appealing eyes.  
You will not wick *him* with a pretty pose,  
Twitterings by moonlight, twaddlings o'er a rose;  
No *Romeo* he, his coldly critic sneer  
Appraises passion like an auctioneer.  
And yet beneath that *morgue*—preserved perchance  
Like fish in ice,—for all his sceptic glance,  
And keen self-conscious wariness of mien,  
Vanity lives and thrives, as quick and green  
As in the soldier's or the *savant's* soul;  
He's bound, by devious ways, to the same goal.  
Nay, tell it not in Clubdom's Gath, his heart—  
If he'll permit one so to name that part—  
Hangs obvious on his sleeve in such plain sort  
As makes it quarry clear for Cupid's sport.  
Vain of his knowingness, the verdant sage,  
Read by keen SYLVIA like an open page  
Is caught by *chic* and coolness, and the veiled  
Suggestion of the fire that never failed  
To soften save when flaunted. "SYLVIA? Oh!  
A jolly girl; no nonsense, don't you know,  
And understands a fellow,"—synonym  
For the warm gusher's "sympathy," with him;  
And this deep fount of "sympathy" once tapped,  
The wariest bird is safely lured and trapped.



## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By *Punchius Naso*.)

## CANTO IV.—THE MEN (CONTINUED).

TRAPPED? And is Love a net? Is all its art  
To play the vigilant bird-snarer's part,



And vagrant fancies, like shy finches, catch?  
Humph! Would you win a mate or "make a match"?  
So queries WINIFRED of the watchet eyes:  
So counter-queries PUNCHIUS the Wise.  
Gusher and Cynic are alike but geese;  
One cackles, t'other hisses. Babblers, cease  
Apportioning your praise to this or that!  
Although the one is sharp, the other flat,  
They both are simply out of tune with truth;  
The wise man will be neither, knowing both.  
But means to ends must be adapted still;  
Many will practise with elaborate skill  
The Art of Love, who ne'er may know its nature,  
Since Passion's lore and Cupid's nomenclature  
Are learned alike by Cynic and by Clown,  
TIMON or CYMON. TIMON takes the Town  
With icy insolence of drawing speech,  
Slow as the circulation of a leech,  
Yet of so callous confidence that it  
Passes with dullards less self-poised for Wit.  
Would Psyche win *him* with a passion pure?  
Rather he'd rise to arch TIMANTHA's lure,  
TIMANTHA false as *Cressid* and as cold  
As *Becky Sharp*, but so serenely bold,  
So valiantly responsive, eye and hand,  
So swift to see, so prompt to understand,  
The veiled or half-avowed, that "a smart run"  
With her is more than rapture,—'tis "good fun,"  
Society's best beatitude, all unknown  
To the soft bosom or the straitened zone.  
And CYMON? CYMON is a Curate mild,  
Or cricket-loving muscular big child.  
Bull-throated, sheepish-smiling, he can smite  
The spheric leather almost out of sight,  
Flex the ash scull to semblance of a bow,  
Or hurl the hammer seventy feet or so.  
Him would you witch with babblings about books,  
Parade of crewel-work or crochet-hooks?  
No, with the chances Henley Reach or Lord's  
To Mayfair *Galatea* free affords,  
When she would tickle Titans. She, of late,  
Athletic honours, in a Cookham eight,  
Contests with mere male muscle, adding grace  
That wins the eye to strength that wins the race.  
Ah! me, the snowy flannel cinctured close  
With azure, fair flushed cheeks that shame the rose,  
The close-mopp'd curls crowned with the jaunty straw;  
The comic clench of the soft-rounded jaw,  
Stern set in strenuous effort, the alert  
Tense muscle, prompt for steady spin or spurt!  
Whom, what might they *not* win? CYMON at least  
His blue unspeculative eyes will feast  
On such a picture, feel his fancy warm  
At this divine development of "form."  
CYMON whom *Punch* hath seen on Thames's tide,  
In all a Benedick's unbounded pride,  
Of fresh possession "stroking" smartly down  
Past Cliefden's golden woods, bare-armed and brown,  
With glance triumphant o'er his shoulder cast,  
And laughing query, "Do I pull too fast?"

Sure of a confident negative from lips  
Through which sweet breath in equal pulses slips  
Unfluttered and unstrained. Clear, bright, and strong  
Her laugh bewitched him, whom the Sirens' song  
Had left untouched. Where laughter wins its way  
Why waste the sweetness of *LIGIA*'s lay?  
Yet where you'd softly snare, shock not nor frighten  
A more sophisticated modern Titan,  
Self-conscious, self-admiring, proud to pose  
The Providence of pic-nics, one who rows,  
Pot-hunting prowess in his every stroke;  
Him too close emulation may provoke,  
Not prepossess. Him follow and not lead!  
The hands that fumble, and the lips that plead  
Will with the subtlest throes of flattery thrill  
His soul, and mould young *Anak* to your will.  
Hear Cupid's confidences once again!  
Did Love's selected Laureate choose, the strain  
That uttered his revealings might display  
The touch Asmodean. Nay, turn not away  
Fawn-eyed *LUCILE* or fiery-orbed *FAUSTINE*!  
He sings *virginibus puerisque*. Spleen  
Sardonic might an *Ars Amandi* shape  
That garlands should not deck, nor fancy drape  
In garb Arcadian only. Cupid knows  
More than in genial stanzas fitly flows  
When girlhood is the audience. He could tell  
How Mammon and worse spirits counter-spell  
His purer inspirations; how the heart  
Is made a Moloch altar, or a mart  
For sordid merchandise. Not for to-day  
The sterner strain, this song shall not betray  
*FAUSTINE* or fright *LUCILE*. He holds the myrtle,  
And not the nettle; sharp his dartlets hurtle;  
But if some sting, the sly satiric touch  
The softest bosom shall not scathe o'ermuch.

## CUPID.

AMANDUS, pride of the swift-flowing river,  
Callous as Pan held his triumphant way on,  
Untouched by any dartlet from my quiver,  
Holding girl-hearts, like gathered reeds, to play on  
Pleasant impromptu pipings, fleeting lays,  
Brief peans of self-praise.  
A comely churl, a shallow-soul'd Adonis,  
A river-haunting, self-possessed Narcissus,  
Cackling in slang of "form," and "pots," and "ponies,"  
Deeming girls born to comfort, flatter, kiss us,  
And fond of varying shandy-gaff, pipes, spurting,  
With non-committal flirting.  
AMANDA—ah, AMANDA! Such bright twists  
Of tangled chestnut glittering as she shook 'em!  
And who would think that pair of dimpled wrists  
Could stroke untired from Maidenhead to Cookham,  
That swelling breast bear with so little trouble  
Passion or pulling double?  
A cool coquette, with glance as warm and sunny  
As Marlow Reach in August midday. Knowing  
AMANDUS quite *au fond*, soul, muscle, money:  
He deemed that he was coaching her—in rowing,  
But, unaware and all unwilling, taught her  
The art of cynic-slaughter.  
An easy art! Eh? None of *mine*? Why, verily,  
I had not *much* to do with this cool couple.  
Yet I, *dans cette galère*, oft chuckled merrily  
To watch wit make cold metal hot and supple.  
Alternate blast and *douche* dart points will temper,  
Or hearts—*eadem semper*!  
*Hers* was no Pan-pipe for the passing playing  
Of any cynic-satyr draped in flannel,  
But, siren-strained, the churl to bonds betraying,  
Though Phœbus might have deemed it poor and scrannel.  
It does not need the flutings of a god  
To witch a comely clod.  
So every sort of man, the sage, the sad,  
The thrall of muscle or of maudlin fad,  
Hath his unarmoured place. Think not to trap  
In Girtton meshes, like a soft she sup,  
The hero of the cinder-path; nor hope  
With *Pater-patter* or *Tibullian* trope  
To snare the unconscious slave of lesser slang,  
Whose ears upon Burlesque's stale twaddlings hang,  
And hold Anacreon's raptures rot and trash,  
Compared with variants of the verb "to Mash."



### PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY.

*Sir Pompey's Architect (producing a Plan). "THERE, SIR POMPEY! I FLATTER MYSELF I HAVE MADE THAT DRAWING PLAIN TO EVEN THE MEANEST CAPACITY!"*

### THE SPEAKER.

*(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)*

#### PART VIII.—HOW TO PROPOSE THE HEALTH OF AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

"TIMES change, and we with them," and its Latin equivalent are particularly stale platitudes. Staleness, however, does not detract from their truth. All things alter, and are altered—even lists of toasts. Twenty or thirty years ago, Literature, Science, and the Drama were scarcely recognised. Nowadays an Actor is invariably received with the utmost cordiality when he rises to return thanks for the "great heartiness" which has accompanied the drinking of his health. But we are not likely to stop here. Of late there has been displayed, in the most influential quarters, a great disposition to "take up" another character, whose Stage, fitted with a trap-door used more frequently in the morning than in the evening, is yet thoroughly associated with the most sensational performances. No doubt his turn will soon arrive for this special form of distinction. So, under these circumstances, it may be as well to prepare the Public for the occurrence.

To carry out the intention of making this Handbook as complete as possible, the report of the first occasion on which the toast will be proposed is now prophetically given. As the subject is decidedly dramatic, it is dealt with in a dramatic form:—

SCENE—A Banqueting-Hall filled with miscellaneous Guests. The Chairman has proposed "the loyal toasts," and is about to suggest one of another character, when a simpering middle-aged Spinster claims permission to address a few words to the assembled throng. Her request is granted, and she rises jauntily, announcing herself as—

*Miss Tricky Gruesome.* You must really forgive me for claiming your attention for a little while—I promise that it shall be only for a little while. ("Hear, hear!") I am rather surprised at the interruption. Remember that I am a Lady; and, as a Lady, I claim all the privileges of my sex. (*Loud cheering.*) Having disposed of a very unseemly outrage—(*cheers*)—I think we can get on

comfortably together. Like other Ladies, I am extremely nervous and timid. What else can you expect of a female who possesses neither the strength nor the boldness of a man? (*Cheers.*) I, and those like me, would be shocked at a prize-fight—it would be so brutal. ("Hear, hear!") And if we were asked to be present at a Spanish "distraction," in which a bull had to be killed, and blinded horses to be gored to death, we should simply faint. (*Cheers.*) Oh, yes, I pride myself upon the attributes of my sex—mercy, kindness, refinement. (*Loud applause.*) But poor woman must have her pleasures, and one of the most agreeable to her is that which is associated with a Court of Justice. ("Hear, hear!") I consider a good trial the most charming thing in the world—I do, indeed. When a good trial takes place at the Central Criminal Court, nothing is more delightful than to secure a nice comfortable seat on the Bench, where you can hear and see everybody. I am sure the Judges and the Aldermen are the most charming of people; and are never so pleased as when I, or one like me, is perched up beside them.

*A Judge (interrupting).* Pardon me, Madam; but it is my opinion, and the opinion of many of my colleagues, that a woman listening to the painful details of a heart-rending case of felony, is a scandal to the civilisation of the nineteenth century.

*Miss Tricky Gruesome (giggling).* Oh, you are too hard upon us! (*Laughter.*) I only wish you were as hard upon the prisoners brought before you! (*Renewed laughter.*) Why, you scarcely ever put on your little cap, although it's most becoming! (*Continued laughter.*) But to be serious. I repeat that there is nothing more delightful than to assist at a really good trial, especially if you are personally comfortable. Think of the entrance of the prisoner. You put up your opera-glasses, and scan his face. Is he pale? If so, how interesting! Does he tremble? If he does—how perfectly sweet! (*Applause.*) Then the evidence. Perhaps a child is examined, and cries, not liking, of course, to denounce its own father! What could be more charming than this! Then the Counsel spar at one another, and it's such fun! (*Cheers.*) Or they are cross-examined, and isn't it a joke? (*Renewed applause.*) And then perhaps comes lunch. (*Laughter.*) Yes, it is a pleasure when you have just a nice little pile of freshly-cut sandwiches, and, say, half-a-pint of sherry. (*Cheers.*) Still, I do think that the Sheriffs might supply us with something better. ("With a pint!") They are nasty disagreeable old things there! (*Roars of laughter.*)

*A Sheriff (smiling).* I beg pardon for interrupting, but it is no part of our duty to provide a meal for our fair friends.

*Miss Tricky Gruesome (playfully).* Oh, you naughty man! I do not believe you a bit. (*Laughter.*) Then after lunch—(*A Voice: "And the sherry."*) Yes—and the sherry—(*roars of laughter*)—after lunch and the sherry, what can be more impressive than the eloquence of the Counsel? Their voices are so grave, and they often say such beautiful things! And while you listen to them you can watch the face of the accused through an opera-glass while it changes its expression. ("Hear, hear!") Then when the Judge sums up, the excitement reaches its height. Is it to be Guilty or Not Guilty? What is to be the fate of the interesting stranger in the dock? Then, when the Jury retire to consider their verdict, you have time to look round the Gallery to see if you can discover the wife of the interesting stranger in the dock. (*A laugh.*) You grow more and more excited, until at last the twelve good men and true return and deliver their verdict. It is Guilty, and you can guess the rest! (*Prolonged cheering.*) Well, for this pleasant day I thank the Judge and the Bar and the Jury. But there is another who deserves my heartiest recognition. He is not present, but his subtle influence pervades the Court. He hovers about the Prisoner, in the spirit, all day long. It is the knowledge that he is waiting ready, eye ready, to do his duty at a moment's notice that gives the scene such a flavour of excitement and romance. (*Cheers.*) What would the trial be without him?—flat and stale and unprofitable. (*Renewed applause.*) Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, this excellent official is the commencement and the finish, the Alpha and Omega of all the proceedings. He stands near the Judge, walks whispering to the Jury, and, as he gets close to the Prisoner's side, turns him as pale as the whitest marble. And shall we forget this silent, this ghostly friend? This spirit that

increases our pleasures and intensifies our excitement? Shall we forget him when his obituary notice is a column in length in the London paper? No!—a thousand times no! Ladies and Gentlemen, then, with all my heart, I give you—the *Common Hangman!* (*Scene closes in upon the reception of the toast.*)

What the hard-working public official would say in reply is a matter of uncertainty. And as, fortunately, his utterances, although frequently given at great length in some quarters, are interesting only to a tithe of the Public, it is unnecessary to pursue the matter further.

## THE SACRIFICE OF THE JUDGES.

(A moving Story of the Courts.)

It was a day of deep anxiety. The Judge and his two children sat in the darkened room, nervously awaiting the result of the Meeting of the Council. The apartment was filled with guide-books, guns, fishing-rods, and Lists of Members of the Yachting Clubs.

"Father, *what* shall we do if they make any alteration?" asked HERBERT.

"I do not know, my boy!" answered his Lordship, gloomily. "I have given you a comfortable appointment, and I think it is scarcely fair to alter the conditions under which you accepted it."

"Nay," replied his son, gently, "as I had to undergo an examination before I could be called to the Bar, I know a great deal more law than you who were not blessed with a similar discipline."

"True—very true!" murmured his parent.

"And, therefore, as I *do* know more law than you," continued HERBERT, in a less gentle tone than before, as he was not pleased to be interrupted, "I am of opinion that any alteration that the Judges may make will not give me a cause of action."

"Very likely," said the Judge, sorrowfully, "I admit, my son, that this trouble has unhinged me. I feel so prostrate, that the youngest of Solicitors might almost knock me down with a Statutory Mortgage deed!"

And then the old man was fairly overcome, and wept like a child.

"My own dearest father!" said ALICE, throwing her arms about his Lordship's neck, "I cannot bear to see you thus. Can I not console you? May it not be that any alteration their Lordships may make may be for the benefit of that Public you have served so long and so worthily?"

"Benefit of the Public!" cried the veteran Lawyer, wildly. "What benefit can it be to anyone to deprive me of my little pleasures? Does it hurt anyone when I breathe the balmy breeze on the Mediterranean, or drink in the sweet scent of the heather on the Highland moor? No, it is cruel, cruel, cruel!"

"Yes; and what am I to do?" exclaimed HERBERT, with nearly equal excitement. "How am I to undergo my tiresome wearing work of doing nothing in particular if—"



## VACATION JUDGES.

THEY HAVEN'T QUITE SETTLED IT, BUT THEY ARE ACTUALLY GOING TO TAKE THIRTEEN DAYS OFF THE LONG VACATION!! THE BAR WILL STRIKE.

Then there was a pause, as a powdered footman brought in, on a salver, a telegram, and, falling gracefully on one knee, presented the missive to his Lordship. Then the servitor retired.

"It comes from the Council of Judges," whispered the old Judge, trembling with emotion. "I was not able to attend their Meeting, as you know they proposed to consider at it the poor four or five months we take for our little autumn holiday."

Then the old man put on his spectacles, and opened the telegram. He glanced at it, stared wildly at it, and, uttering a fearful shriek, sank to the ground in a swoon.

*He had read that the Long Vacation was to be curtailed by Thirteen full days.*

"THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES.—It appears that the Aristophanic Burlesque to which Critics when seeing modern burlesque, have so often and so learnedly referred, bears so strong a resemblance to pantomime, that the comic "business," as one writer in the *Standard* candidly remarked, would be "set down as padding, were it not the work of ARISTOPHANES." He was also astonished to find in *The Birds* Greek puns. Not content with their Author's lines, the two Cantabs who played *Peisthetairoi* and *Euelpides* "introduced," to quote the same authority, "quips and quirks, much as Mr. TOOLE does in English"—that is, these two amateurs were simply *oi γαργαί* (the gargers). The language of the talking birds, by the way, must be a classic example of *ἑνὰ πρὸς ἑνὰ*.



## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business, and a little about their own. First, to Mr. Wilson Barrett, of the Princess's, about "Lords and Commons" at the Haymarket, with a few incidental remarks on "Claudian."

MY DEAR BARRETT,

I AM so delighted with the notion of the pamphlet-letter written to you by Mr. GODWIN, F.S.A., and profusely illustrated by that eminent Artist, that at this moment I cannot for the life of me write to anybody else but you. It doesn't matter whom I have to answer, or what I have to write about, I am compelled, by an irresistible impulse, to write to you, my dear BARRETT, and tell you all about it,—whatever it is. I know that, according to the first Epistle of GODWIN to the Representative of *Claudian*, you and Mr. WILLS and Mr. HERMAN, your Scenic Artists MARY HANN—beg pardon, I mean Mr. WALTER HANN—and Mr. STAFFORD Hall, also your Costumiers, Madame AUGUSTE, Mr. BARTHE, and the Lady whose name is suggestive of the Fisheries' Exhibition—Miss SNEEL—are all so deeply "interested in the Early Ages of Christianity" (Bless 'em!)—that it will be difficult to distract your attention from this absorbing subject. You, my dear BARRETT, must be so taken up—excuse the Bow Street expression—with the sublimities of your all-engrossing Art (have you yet decided on any new picture-posters of yourself as *Claudian* wherewith to murally decorate the Metropolis?) as to be unable to afford the time to make yourself acquainted with what is going on outside the Princess's Theatre. You will therefore thank me for telling you.



Mrs. Bernard-Bier appropriately draped.

Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, who, you may be aware, are the Managers of the Haymarket Theatre, not very far from where yours is situated, have recently produced a piece by Mr. PINERO (who is an Actor as well as an Author) entitled *Lords and Commons*. As it is not classical, nor in any way associated with Christianity, early or late, you would not, just now, be much interested in it. It is beautifully put on the Stage, the last Act being one of the best "interiors" I have ever seen, and I remember a good many. But there is no Earthquake.

The Critics were rather down upon the piece, though perhaps if Mr. BANCROFT had adopted your judicious plan of taking the Critics into his confidence at a Dress Rehearsal, the result might have been slightly different. The Author has not protested, and so I presume he is satisfied. If this hypothesis be correct, Mr. PINERO is very easily pleased.

*Lords and Commons* is a piece written by an Actor for certain Actors, not by a Dramatist for any Actors. It is as full of "characters" as a German Reed Entertainment used to be, when each performer used to play two or three parts which were termed "Illustrations." It is badly constructed, as the audience, not being let into the secret at the commencement, are hostile to the Author.



Mrs. B. B. Flopping;—Devenish like Sarah B., eh?

An audience should never be left in the dark, except, of course, for an Earthquake or some terrific effect of that sort, or for a change of scene, when they may for once and away be in the historical position of the Hebrew Law-giver on the occasion of the

candle being extinguished,—but excuse me for quoting this Semitic precedent to you who are so deeply "interested in the Early Ages of Christianity."

But to return to the Haymarket. Those of the *dramatis persone* who represent the members of a Haughty Aristocratic Family talk as no Aristocrats out of the *London Journal* ever talked,—at least, I hope not,—though I admit I have associated with so few 'aughty families as not to be a thoroughly competent authority. The hero of this piece, *Lord Caryl*, married, when he was very young, an illegitimate daughter of some old Earl, and when he discovered her illegitimacy, which it seems he did a few days after the wedding, he left her, and they never met again for fourteen years, not, in fact, until kind Mr. PINERO brought them together in *Caryl Court*, Haymarket, when the husband did not recognise his long-lost wife in *Mrs. Devenish*,—a name which, my dear BARRETT, your knowledge of Dorsetshire will tell you is invariably associated with Beer, and curiously enough it is associated at the Haymarket with Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE. The Devenish Beer at Weymouth is far more satisfactory than the Mrs. BEERE's *Devenish* at the Haymarket, who behaves in a most objectionable manner, and styles herself in a vague sort of way "A Child of the People"; so that, as she comes to turn the 'Aughty Aristocrats out of *Caryl Court*, this appellation is suggestive of her being BECKY ISAACS the Sheriff's daughter, the Woman in Possession. However, old *Lady Artful* (admirably played by Mrs. STIRLING), is suddenly taken ill, can't be moved, and has to be carried up again to her own bed-room and attended by her daughter, a very stogy Aristocrat of the 'aughty type, whose staginess is not toned down by Miss CALHOUN, though the hard edges are taken off on the arrival of Mrs. BANCROFT, who, as *Miss Maplebeck*, does her best to make things pleasant and natural all round, and succeeds, I am bound to say, as only Mrs. BANCROFT the Inimitable can. Unfortunately, *Miss Maplebeck* is no more essential to the piece than are Mr. Chadd and Mr. Tredger, the pantomime tradesmen, who will, of course, be furnished with their legitimate business at Christmas-time, and will tumble over Mr. BROOKFIELD, wonderfully and fearfully made up as old Lord Percy Lewiscourt, afterwards Clown, whenever he lies down on the threshold, and be picked up by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP as Mr. Smee, the Butler, afterwards Pantaloon. The Chorus of Tradesmen to see the old family out and the new family in, is unworthy of Mr. PINERO's head as a Dramatist, but does credit to his heart as an Actor with sympathies for such of his fellow-artists as are doomed to "utility" and small parts with "lines."

Mr. ELLIOT, as the Doctor, who comes in for about five minutes' with a little entertainment on his own account, is simply perfect. He is another example of the "Illustration." What a pity that he hasn't a song! There's plenty of time for it, and *Sir George Parnacott, M.D.*, "with a song" would look well in the bills.

I should not have suggested this, my dear BARRETT, but that there is a song in the piece—an incidental song, composed by Mr. BUCKLOSS; it is announced in the programme,—which is sung "without," of which the words were to me as inaudible as were the, I've no doubt, charming lyrics of which I could not hear one word in *Claudian*; and the purpose, except for an old stogy hackneyed effect,



"We are a 'Aughty Family, we are!"



not immediately evident. Now, if instead of this, the Doctor, Mr. ELLIOT, when he has that too brief scene with Mr. BANCROFT, were permitted to say something about the Countess's lungs, then to mention throat, and so lead up to voice, then Mr. PINERO, to whom nothing of this sort could possibly be a difficulty, could give him a few lines to lead up to his song—a piano-accompaniment could be easily introduced (BUCALOSSI "heard without")—and this would be, we venture to say, the hit of the piece. Then, subsequently, the Doctor unseen, at the "Prompt side," could sing the refrain of his song, in the last Act, in place of the "incidental song" now sung by nobody knows and nobody cares who. On Boxing Night, when Mr. ELLIOT enters as the Doctor, there will arise from the whole house one great cry of "Song, song!" and, if nothing has been provided, he will then and there have to give them "*Hot Coalins*"—in the chorus of which Mr. BANCROFT can join, and he can anticipate the rhymes in the good old fashion, where the singer hesitates at the end of each verse. But, my dear BARRETT, I need not recall this "business" to a man of your immense practical experience.

If Mr. PINERO wrote *Mrs. Devenish* for Mrs. BEERE, he is of course gratified; if he didn't, then he can imagine the part being better played. As it is, I confess I was utterly astonished at Lord

Caryl's sudden tenderness for the sepulchral-voiced, flopping, enforcement-of-conjugal-rights sort of person which the "Child of the People" becomes in the hands of Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.

Why does Mr. BANCROFT insist upon his name, "JERVOISE," being pronounced as spelt? Those who call him "JERVIS" are perfectly right, and the quondam swell and man-about-town cannot have forgotten the



The Early Christmas Caryl out in the Cold; or, One of the Stage Waits.

proper pronunciation of his own name. You wouldn't have a Tetrarch called a Tea-tray at your classical establishment, would you, my dear BARRETT?

And now, having posted you up (fancy my "posting you up," as if you hadn't been posted up enough all over the town for the last year!) in what's going on at the Haymarket, I may take leave to congratulate you on the result of your first representation of *Claudian*. The prologue is one of the brightest things I've seen for some time; the remainder of the play about the dullest. But you, my dear BARRETT, or your dear HERMAN the Plottist, must have provided at least one of the Critics with a book of the words at that judicious Dress Rehearsal, or with extracts, as next day I saw the "Holy Clement's" cuss in full in the *Daily Telegraph*. How did the Holy Clement's words get *verbatim* into that journal? I met with it elsewhere also. Mind you, you're quite right; all Critics ought to have the book beforehand, so as to judge of its literary merits; but no Critics of any position should go to a Dress Rehearsal. The Eminent Hand who does the Theatrical Notices for the *Times* was for deifying you and your talented assistants; he was for writing up over the door of the Princess's, "Enter boldly, for here, too, there are Gods,"—which I see you now quote among your numerous advertisements,—only, now I come to consider it, I fancy that he must have meant this as a suitable inscription for the entrance to the Gallery. But he should have inserted "by payment or with an order" after "Enter boldly," or else the visitor would be chucked out in about two twos, whatever might be his admiration for the classics. The Eminent *Times* Hand should be aware by now that you can't "enter boldly" even into the Gallery of the House, not among "the Gods," but the Reporting Angels, without a pass. I must try and hear *Claudian* again, unless I can get a book of it, so as to judge of Mr. WILLIS's dialogue. But as to Mr. HERMAN's plot, though the Eminent Hand above-mentioned would place its compiler in the "foremost rank of dramatists," it seemed to me to be, with the exception of the strikingly dramatic prologue, a jumble of such ancient materials as *The Wandering Jew*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and CHARLES DICKENS'S *Haunted Man*, or the *Ghost's Bargain*, and as monotonous and uninteresting as a Panorama of the Essex Marshes in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, except for a dash of old transportive melodramatic colour, when the Tetrarch (looking rather like a shabby IRVING) amused me a little. I think that if the part of the Blind Girl could have been played by Miss MARY ANDERSON (for example), I should have liked it better. Miss EASTLAKE seemed to me, my

dear BARRETT, to be doing nothing but clutching at her drapery, and grinning horribly. If this were a first night's nervousness, I sincerely pity her, and hope that the next time I witness this performance she will have got over it, and be able to give me some idea of what the part should be beyond an hysterical imitation of Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, in *The Silver King*, staggering about sideways and plaintively calling out "Master! Master!" Capital companion-pictures for your posters, my dear BARRETT,—Miss EASTLAKE, as *Amida*, crooning "Master! Master!" and Mr. GEORGE BARRETT as the Old Servant in *The Silver King*, with his "Missy! Missy!"

As for your Earthquake, my dear BARRETT, it is simply "no great shakes." Yours, NIBBS.

## THE FAIRYLAND REVIEW.

THE Fairies haven't done their work, and Queen Titania grieves—Her faithful subjects buried are beneath the Christmas Leaves! A thousand festive fairy pens once more their course pursue, To note the Christmas Harvest for the *Fairyland Review*.

There's ALICE WEBER's pretty tale, *The Old House in the Square*, Which M. E. EDWARDS illustrates with gracefulness and care: GRIMM'S *Household Stories* you will find a fund of fairy lore. With coloured cuts by WEHNERT which you'll gladly linger o'er. And *School Girls*, every girl at school undoubtedly will please, With tales of girls of every clime—French, Grecian, Japanese. While KINGSTON'S, whose *Adventures in India* compels Each boy to listen eagerly to everything he tells!

The *Marvels of the Polar World*, its snow and ice and cold, And all its charms and horrors, are by ROBERT ROUTLEDGE told. All children will be pleased enough, we venture to assume, With FRANCES PEARD'S bright story of the *Ashledon School-room*. But *Every Boy's*, it is a book that every youth enjoys—E. ROUTLEDGE is *par excellence* the editor for boys!

The *Minstrels* is a merry book, and so is *Pantomime*, With countless pretty pictures and bright melodious rhyme. *Two Little Friends*, *Young Coasters* too, likewise *The Old Farm Gate*, With *Little Birds* and *Snowflakes* are, by youngsters, thought first-rate.

In lively *Lazarella* and other *Drawing-room Plays*, We've naught for E. L. BLANCHARD but the heartiest of praise! And budding drawing-room actors the cunning hands will bless Of YARDLEY, and of BARKER too, and Mrs. MACKARNESS. *Poultry Keeping* is a handy book, its pages will reveal Some valuable wrinkles by the author, SAMUEL BEALE; He tells you from experience—his facts you can't gainsay—Both how to keep your cocks and hens, and how to make 'em pay!

With KINGSTON'S *Powder Monkey* how delighted boys will be, With STABLES' *Wild Adventures*, and with ADAMS' *Shore and Sea*. They'll pore o'er THAYER'S *Washington*, and LIEFDE'S *Beggars*, too, And likewise read his *Brave Resolve*, with close attention, through. Let's gaze on LETTS'S *Diaries*, let's cordially own, They're better now than ever, for he ne'er lets well alone!

In *True Tales for my Grandsons*, Sir SAMUEL BAKER writes, And HENNESSEY well illustrates some thrilling scenes and sights! But ANDERSEN'S brave *Stories for the Household*, there's no doubt, Each youngster who can read and rave will read and rave about. Miss MAYO'S *Thoughts and Stories* girls undoubtedly will choose, And Mrs. BARKER'S *Coward*, boys will eagerly peruse; While FRITH'S smart tale of *Unac*, they'll devour it with zest, And *Tempest-tossed* they'll find to be of striking interest.

A truce to all this studying: we'd fain sing Tra-la-la! And find out what is "on the Cards," and do the Card-i-da!

The treasures HILDESHEIMER sends we cannot half disclose, In calendars, and floral wreaths, and brave portfolios; In etchings of the Isis, and in photos of the Lakes, Variety is wonderful in all he undertakes! And NATHAN sends us snowy scenes, and robin-redbreasts too, With babies and with butterflies in pink, in white, and blue; With studies by the summer sea, and views upon the Thames; And WALLIS sends with MEISSNER some rare artistic gems. While LUKS has figure subjects fit for albums and for books, With wondrous coloured photographs—in fact, *objets de luze*!

Now if perchance you're captious, we are very sure that you Will never rue the gorgeous cards you get from DE LA RUE! The classic and the sporting scenes, æsthetic and Chinese, And those palatable palettes are ever sure to please; With diaries and calendars, compact and picturesque, Designed to suit the mantelpiece, the pocket, or the desk.

But stay, the fairy ink is dry, split is the fairy quill, The fairy fingers inky and the fairy song is still! The fairy spirit weary and the fairy brain perplexed, So further revelations are—"continued in our next!"



## A TIMELY CAUTION.

Jack. "YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF YOUR HAIR, EFFIE! REMEMBER THAT AT ANY MOMENT IT MIGHT ALL BE TAKEN OFF THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, AND STUCK ALL OVER YOUR FACE, LIKE POOR MAJOR PRENDERGAST! MIGHTN'T IT, AUNT MATILDA?"

## THE ANGLO-INDIAN MUTINY.

LOYAL *quand même*! A motto noble, needful,  
For banded Britons all our wide world over.  
Who to its claim so dutifully heedful  
As the old Island's true, devoted lover?  
Whether he roves in wild and lonely ranges  
Far from her drum-beat and her church-bells' chimes,  
Or smiles, at ease, beside the flowing Ganges,  
O'er the fierce fulminations of the *Times*,  
He feels calm warder  
And champion just of English law and order.  
But Mutiny! A word of evil-sounding,  
Needing indeed supreme justification,  
There where the dusky millions swarm, surrounding  
The seat of him who represents our nation,  
Its sceptre symbolising to the hordes  
Of subtle aliens. Foolish as disloyal  
Self-wounding insults, wild and whirling words!  
Unworthy of a race self-deemed so royal,  
This vocal fury,  
Fit but to shake the rafters of Old Drury!  
You the best judges? Shouters, *no*, not wholly;  
Race pride and prejudice, and heat sectarian  
Perturb your poise. The sight is melancholy.  
Will racial hatred ne'er seem antiquarian?  
Will Bogies ten times banished still return  
To make fools pull long faces, hasty triggers?  
How long will blind and bumptious hatred burn  
Against the hotly-classified "dashed niggers"?  
Preposterous schism  
Perpetuate be in guise of Patriotism?  
At least self-interest ought to be *astute*.  
The Indian Elephant obeys his driver,  
But if its riders squabble, the sage brute  
Of wisdom (taught by folly) may be wiser.

Not wholly disinclined to throw and trample  
Mahout and howdah-load he still may be;  
And if *they* quarrel, 'tis a bad example  
That he will hardly be the *last* to see.  
Gentlemen, shame!  
Keep courage, peace, cool heads, *loyal quand même*!

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

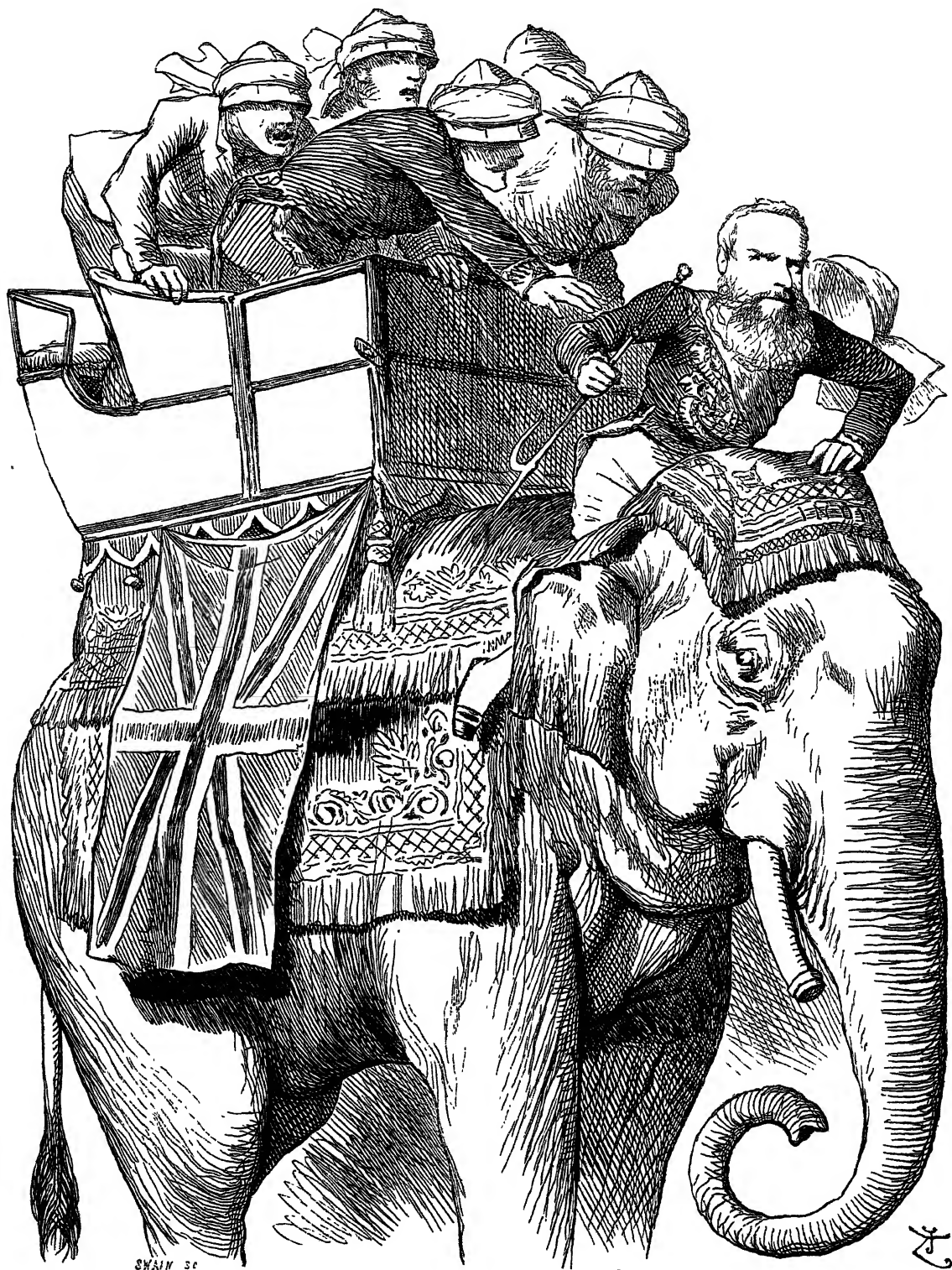
(Letters from a Young Gentleman of Fashion who "Adopted the Stage as a Profession.")

28, Shrimp Street, Shellford, Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,

I AM so much obliged for your letter. The game was just a "*leetle*"—but there, I know you wanted to try the *Parcels Post*. I sent most of it as a present to the Company. *What* a week I've had! Dinner to-night at Lady AWBERRY's has been my first glimpse of "orderly comfort." The excellent Miss POSTER, my indefatigable Manageress, transformed again, like *Cinderella* at the Prince's Ball, and wreathed in smiles, as if she never *could* lose her temper. I've really no time to send you my "reflections," as you so kindly ask me. The twenty-four hours are fully occupied with learning by heart, rehearsing, thinking of one's clothes, eating, and sleeping. The notice-board at our Theatre is more like a Kaleidoscope than anything else—it changes about every day, and I am "cast" for this, that, and the other, like a conjuring trick. I don't think that the Stage as a profession is quite up to what I had imagined it to be,—but then, of course, I'm working my way up, and hope to emerge somewhere satisfactorily.

I was very nervous the first night, but I was quite determined to say my lines on the Stage after having said them so often to GEORGE. Mr. DERWENTWATER didn't seem to think my dying confessions, as the Earl, necessary to the piece, and so he skipped over them, and went on with a speech of his that ought to come afterwards,—but I thought I *would* confess all the same. I'm afraid I rather interrupted his solicitations for pardon and expressions of sorrow for his



## THE ANGLO-INDIAN MUTINY.

(A BAD EXAMPLE TO THE ELEPHANT !)







Old Sportsman. "BURNING SCENT!" Mr. Verdant (out for the first time, and delighted at being spoken to). "EH? ARE THEY? WHERE?"

ill-spent life, by beginning my confession in the middle of it. The audience didn't seem averse to a duet, although Mr. DERWENTWATER was much huffed after the performance.

When I got back to our little dressing-room, tired and hot with my exertions, I found Messrs. GARRICK and DERWENTWATER evidently upset. Now I was quite satisfied with my first night's work before an impartial audience; many a shrill whistle and other signs of encouragement had I received from the Gallery. I had done my best. However, Mr. DERWENTWATER didn't like me at all as the Coachman, or the General; he thought my rendering of the Earl "cruel"; the Arab Guide (who only has to say two words in Arabic and then gets stabbed), and Sea Captain (who only dances a quadrille) he thought might just pass muster. As for my Prison Warder, he expressed himself strongly and said, "Bad, Sir; d—d bad." He then very kindly entered into a lot of advice, which, he told me, was for my own good. "It will be better for yourself," he kept saying; and as far as I could make out, it would be "better for myself" if I never turned my face to the audience, kept well at the back of the Stage with him in front of me, and left out half my lines.

Now, Mr. GARRICK (who had been very busy making a free use of my vaseline all this time to get my wig-paste off his face) gave it as his opinion that I'd no business on the Stage at all. His idea seemed to be that no one with any private resources, however small, ought to be on the Stage, and that the Profession should be entirely filled by men with wives and large families to support on their salaries, quite irrespective as to whether they had any natural ability or not. Education and love of the Art he called very bad names. "You'll never do any good," said he. "Why, look at me! I've been twenty-three years in the Profession, and that's the only way to make an Actor, Sir. I've been married this twelve years."

Now, I wonder if I shall have got on as well as Mr. GARRICK in twenty-three years' time! I can't help thinking, although it is most kind of these Gentlemen to take so much interest in me, that being able to afford a few ordinary comforts *must* be a help if one wants to study Art. If one is obliged to work so hard with a hammer and nails, and be most of the day in one's shirt-sleeves, like the Stage Manager, one *can't* devote so much time to quiet study, or pay sufficient attention to refining one's mind and style of acting; perhaps I'm wrong, though.

Mr. GARRICK and Mr. DERWENTWATER went on talking at me (for my good) till they were Ulstered-up again ready for the street. They both

agreed I'd better "chuck it up," and I said "thank you;" but I shan't chuck it up, and I settled in my mind to do just the same next night as I had done that. I don't learn lines to have them cut out.

Miss POSTER said that as my friends were coming on Wednesday, she would give me parts that stood well out in the plays that night, and not so many of 'em. I was to be *Robert Ffolliott* and *Sir Leicester Deadlock*. The following night I was to be *Bernardo*, *Guildenstein*, the Second Actor, and *Oswic*, in *Hamlet*, and a villain in *Kathleen Macourneen*; Saturday, the British Consul in *Demerara*, in *British Born*; and Miss POSTER hoped I wouldn't mind blacking my face to play a nigger in *Dred*. I thought my week seemed pretty well cut out, but perhaps I was lucky not to be cast for any of the manual work.

Miss POSTER tells me I am a great anxiety to her, and that some people would be glad to pay a premium for the opportunities she gives me; but I think as long as I am able to fulfil the parts she gives me to the apparent satisfaction of the audience, and work for her all day and most of the night, besides paying for my clothes, I oughtn't to give much premium! But you know, my dear Duchess, I've no business to tell you all this, because we're supposed to be always bright and gay and jolly, and ready to entertain *anybody*, instead of being overworked, underpaid, or not-paid-at-all drudges! Perhaps I am not very well to-day, for I don't seem to be taking a very lively view of my profession.

I suppose I shall find out where the Art comes in, but at present, I confess it is seldom mentioned, and if it is, certainly not "reverentially," as I used to hear of it from the superior persons at your evenings. As to making up, it's more knack than art. In haste,  
Yours,  
HUGO DE B\*\*\*.

"HOW THE POOR LIVE."—It is to be hoped that the Poor will be enabled to live better, but there is so much tall writing and sensationalism on the subject, that the sensible Public is beginning to ask How the Journalists and the Publishers and Pamphleteers live? If the answer is "By the Poor," it is not so pleasant.

"MY Uncle the Admiral," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is very old-fashioned, and always goes to sleep every day after dinner with his Banana on his head."

## "MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

"WHY, cert'nly!" But we are inclined to think that if one resides in the same house with a muchly-spanked grand piano the charms disappear and the savage breast asserts itself. Other people, however, do not always think so. Witness the following advertisement which recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:-

**A**N African Lady is desirous to RESIDE and BOARD with a Widow Lady, with free use of piano and drawing-room, and within easy access to London Bridge or Victoria Station. Terms for self and child £7 per month inclusive.

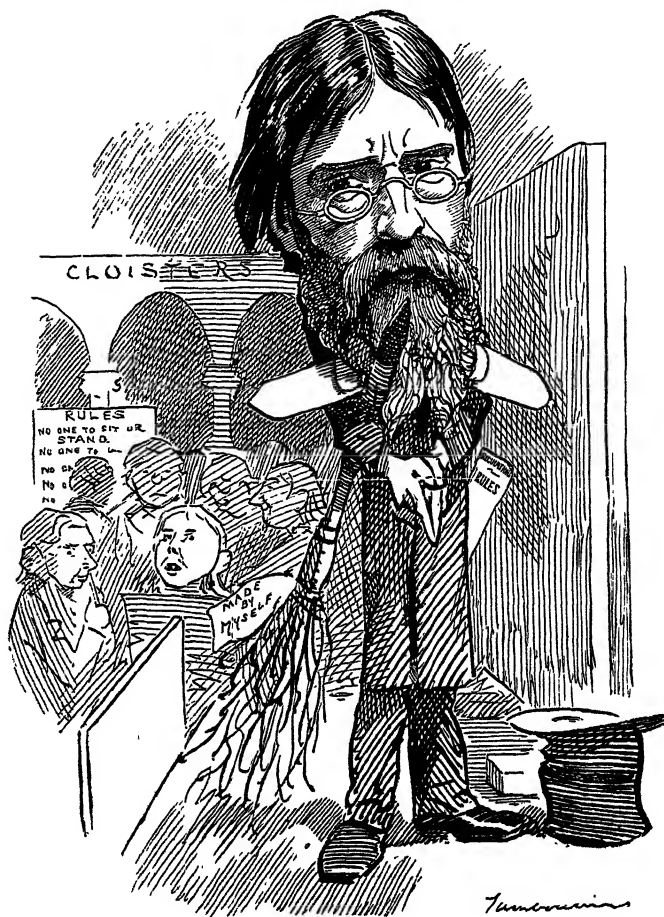
Seven pounds a month scarcely seems what one would call extravagant remuneration, and "free use of piano and drawing-room," appears to require defining more accurately. If the African Lady desired to warble "*Listen to the Mocking Bird*" before breakfast, or her child wished to dance a breakdown in the drawing-room and sing "*Put me in my Little Bed*" before retiring to rest, the other occupants of the house might possibly object. We are very glad to see there is no allusion to bones, banjo, or tambourine.

## A Jew d'Esprit.

"LOOK here," said Mr. DE MONTMORENCY (*né* ISAACS), "I want an example of someone who changed his name for money."

Then Rabbi BEN SOLOMON, after thinking for a few seconds, raised his venerable head, and replied, "It would be done, my son, by anyone of the name of 'COHEN' who changed his name for 'COYNE.'"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 166.



HERBERT HERKÖMER, R.A.

THE ARTISTIC MR. BARLOW TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO DRAW.

## SIGURD THE SOCIALIST!

[Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS having publicly advocated Socialism, and the division of capital among the labourers, declines an invitation to put his revolutionary theories into practice.]

'Twas MORRIS that spoke out of Kelmscott, that's hard by the Hammersmith Mall, "A Socialist I, and the workmen the profits of things that you sell

Should share, and employers of labour should act on a different plan, And give up their capital freely to help on the bold artisan."

Then uprose a pestilent stranger, and wrote to the *Standard* also,

Said he, "When you make your wall-papers, my MORRIS, I'd much like to know If you share all the wonderful profits you make, my æsthetical boy,

With your brothers in Art and in labour—in short, with the men you employ?"

Then MORRIS he dodged and he ducked, as in angular flight does the snipe,

And said that he thought on the whole that the time for such deeds wasn't ripe;

Quoth he, "I'm a Socialist true, but, on further reflection, the fact is,

The theory's all we should hold, and I won't put the plan into practice."

WESTMINSTER.—"Shut the Abbey, by all means, to our great men for the next hundred years," observed Mr. HENRY IRVING. "Why, I've got an Abbey all to myself,—in America."

## DEAD LEAVES.

We are true lovers of old books. We do love to bury ourselves amongst their leaves, in company with great ones of the past, now silent except in the quiet eloquence of type; and though our lot be cast amongst the ink-spillers, affect the wisdom of others, as we wax older, far more than our own. It is pleasant to escape into the nooks and corners of the Past out of the Present's full and noisy thoroughfares, where the burning questions of the day jostle in paragraphs against the latest gathering at Lord JONES's country-house, and the gloomy metaphysician, who says he embodies the Age, but looks as if it brought him in but little, stumbles against the portly Editor of a Society journal, who winks sagaciously, as who would say that he has his own ideas of what the Age likes best. He has, in fact, an air much as if life were well worth living; while the metaphysician, though with his literary teeth scarce out, is a distinct warning that there are circumstances under which it is not. When he grows older, may he see the error of his ways, and edit a Society journal. For the generation which would fain be thought clever for pretending to read him for an hour of a morning, makes amends by a deep draught of personal paragraphy afterwards, and winds up in the evening with the subtle wit of *Humpty-Dumpty*, the famous Messrs. GAMMER and GURTON's last new Comic Opera. Meantime, O Metaphysician, mark this, and perpend! We that are frivolous, yet humbly of the old faiths, have two worlds to make the brightest of, or hope so. You have but one, and pay attention to its glooms. If you are right, and we wrong, when the end comes we have had the best of that one world of yours; but if you be wrong, and we right, might it not be said, as with the Clown, "Where are we *then*?" You are well-informed, and we,

thank Heaven! are not. But what of that? It is better to live in a fool's paradise, than in a wise man's purgatory.

But our pen wanders from our purpose (being a pen essentially so prone), which was this. To wonder if the world and the ages ever really change at all, among those our excursions into old books. The corners which we love the best, perhaps, are the lesser and least remembered writings of great men. Among them, as is but natural, we find embedded strange bright pearls of thought and of expression—for such men never care to be niggardly, and can afford to throw their pearls away—which, lacking the brilliant settings of the men's more famous gems, are apt to shrink quietly away into their modest shells, to reward only at times the search of a casual explorer. If he be of the modern advertising order, he can parade it for his own, and perhaps live long on the price of it.

It is but a week or two since that we dug for Mr. *Punch*, out of the Goldsmith mine, some strange passages that moved us to rub our eyes, and ask in what century we were living. Why, they are all in those autumn-stained pages:—Critics and Metaphysicians, Sophists and Fashionables, burning questions and all! Have not the Marquis of SQUALLSBURY and the terrible Mr. RISINGSUN, Sir GRAVE EYRES, and my Lord GREYHAIRS, all suddenly discovered, within the last few weeks (though certainly with no view to votes—oh, dear no!), what is the pressing national need of the hour?—of course, a new one? We had been pondering with the rest of the world upon the novel problem of the poor's housing,—with which ground-rents and empty palaces, and huge untenanted estates covering so insignificant a proportion of this enormous island, have of course nothing to do—(and again we say, oh, dear no!)—when in turning for relief to those old-world readings of ours, and trying to forget for a time the miseries proper to our period, we read in the off-pages of one who is



## ETIQUETTE.

*Rector (to Exemplary Young Person from his Parish, and formerly in his Bible-Class, now in service in Belgravia).* "WELL, JANE, I TOLD YOUR MOTHER, AS I WAS GOING TO LONDON, I SHOULD CALL AND SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ON, AND I HOPE YOU—"

*Jane.* "OH DEAR ME, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR, I'M VERY—ONLY I—I BEG PARDING, SIR, BUT MY VISITORS IS EXPECTED TO GO DOWN THE AIRY, SIR!" [Tableau!]

now a past-master in the great world's Masonic system, even the following words, and rubbed our eyes again:—

"What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes among labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted, exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did . . . Of the workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the back of our houses, until some Poet like HOOD wakes and sings that dreadful '*Song of the Shirt*'; some prophet like CARLYLE rises up and denounces woe, some clear-sighted energetic man like the

writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder. Awful, awful poor man's country!"

We rubbed our eyes, and wondered. Was this real? Were we not reading of the question of this day? Was not the *Chronicle* a misprint for a later sheet? Was the clever and earnest-minded writer one Mr. BITTER CRY in the *P. M. G.*? And the prophet, could he be, perchance, the Marquis of SQUALLSBURY? No. For we were reading of the question of another day, in lines which appeared many years ago in these very pages—the pages of *Mr. Punch*; and were written by a great man with a very great heart, of which the lesser knew not. And the name of that man was THACKERAY.

Alas! is not the problem this—that the Poor we have always with us, Lord SQUALLSBURY is very seldom with us, but, as a rule, rather against us, or we are against him. But, be that as it may, might not Lord SQUALLSBURY himself, after stirring the question in political reviews, think of a new solution? We have heard, though we can ill believe it, that the great house of Capfield stands sometimes empty, with its miles of unembarrassed air about it. Might not a detachment of these same Poor, in one of those seigniorial absences, be "housed" there, with good supervision, once, just by way of experiment? The idea sounds shocking. But, after all, why not? You have raised the ever-walking ghost again, my Lord. Might you not try that much to lay it? MARITUS.

## A REFLECTIVE ODE.

So thus it ends,—a poet Peer!—  
And as I drop my lyre and gaze  
On this my largest, latest blaze,  
I wonder what my work is here!

Will this grave bench on which I sit  
Prove harder than my poet's chair?—  
This gaudy head-gear that I wear  
But fret me with a faulty fit?

Will too, when breaks the opening throng  
Of crushing Commons' 'gainst the bar,  
Some cynic sight me from afar,  
And shameless shout, "A song! a song!"

And shall I, swept by force of years,  
Uprise and drown the Speaking Throne  
With matchless music,—till I'm shown  
The door amidst derisive jeers!

Or shall I find no lyric vent,  
But leaving mute my muzzled Muse,  
Her sweetest, saddest measures fuse  
In mere *Content* or *Non-Content*?

But, there—I trust that somehow good  
Will come of timely honour yet,  
And genius prove for coronet  
As good a mate as Norman blood.

For why should I not take my seat?  
Not first am I to reach the void  
Where tinsel has great souls decoyed,  
And made their rounded lives complete.

A Peerage! If it be but vain  
To hand to son what earns the sire,  
Then have I thrum'd no fruitful lyre,  
Nor much subserved another's gain.

Yet, though I know not everything,  
I somehow guess this news will fall  
At last as welcome news to all,  
And get to have a pleasant ring.\*

Thus runs my dream! So here am I,  
My coronet about to don,  
Half hoping, when I've got it on,  
It will not sit too much awry!

\* I think IRVING will be pleased if I take it. But between the Cup, &c., &c.—A. T.





"OLD FRIENDS."

EXUBERANT RAPTURE DISPLAYED BY THE JONESES ON READING IN THE TIMES THAT SMITH, THEIR OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIEND, HAD AT LAST BEEN MADE A K.C.B.

## THREE CHEERS! AND VIVE LA CORPORATION!

THE Corporation somehow have the knack of always doing the right thing at the right time, and in the right way. Seeing with regret the somewhat strained relations at the present time between the two great Western Powers, England and France, in regard to China, they eagerly seize the first opportunity that offers to pour oil, as it were, upon the somewhat troubled waters, and they do it in their own peculiar, but eminently satisfactory way. Having resolved to place upon the pedestals at Blackfriars Bridge, statuary, in the highest style of Art, they have selected for the first subject, FRANCIS THE FIRST, King of France! The statue was to have been tried yesterday, but on what charge we are unable to say. We hope it was acquitted and let off. But if condemned to remain, the inscription, it is said, will be in both languages, and will run as follows:—

"England and France! France and England! root and branch, and may they continue and flourish for ever!"

["*La France et L'Angleterre, L'Angleterre et la France, racine et branches, et qu'elles continuent et fleurissent à jamais!*"]

EARL GRANVILLE is said to be so much pleased at the brilliancy of the idea, which is reported to have originated with the new LORD MAYOR, that the Baronetcy that usually follows upon distinguished services or Royal visits is considered to be already assured.

It is said that if Mr. TENNYSON is made a Peer, he will be an ornament to the House of Lords. Will he? Not in that hat and "auld cloak" of his. *Here is a chance for a Testimonial from Genuine Admirers.* Boots might be included,—latest Masher style,—and the sooner this is set on foot the better.

"THE Late Sunsets!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "The sunsets have been very remarkable, but I haven't noticed their being particularly late."

NEW RULE OF THE HOUSE.—If Mr. ARTHUR PEEL'S appointment as Speaker be confirmed, the first Member who says that "the House is now turned into a Court of A. PEEL," will be fined or clocktowered.

## THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH is delighted to hear that the arrangements for next year's Show at South Kensington are progressing famously. Here are some of the items expected to prove most attractive to visitors:—

Everybody who passes the turnstiles will be entitled to have his or her pulse felt by the President of the Royal College of Physicians, at least once a day!

A Medicine-and-Pill-Tasting Pavilion will be provided gratis; skilled Surgeons will also perform operations at a greatly reduced fee.

Dealers in cheap descriptions of wine will be allowed every facility for recommending their vintages, by means of samples to be drunk on the premises, on condition that they also supply convenient mortuaries in the grounds.

Among the Exhibitors in the British Section will be:—

*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*—The Great Temperance Pick-me-up.

*The Dean of Bangor.*—Beetroot Syrup, the Substitute for Tea.

*The London Water Companies.*—A few of the largest and most interesting animals to be found in ordinary drinking-water.

*The Licensed Victuallers' Association.*—The exact amount of hops in a gallon of beer (through a microscope).

*Dr. Richardson.*—Specimen of a really Healthy Room, with no carpet, a great deal of ventilation, no dust, and no furniture to harbour any.

There will be a Great International Health Competition, under the highest medical supervision. The healthiest person will receive a prize of £500, on condition that he attends daily in a special chamber, and consents to show his tongue to the visitors at least once in each quarter-of-an-hour.

No Attendants will be permitted who are not in robust health. Certificates from their Parish Doctors will be required to this effect. Any Attendant catching a cold will catch it; a cough will lead to instant dismissal.

Doctors who disagree with each other will be allowed to go into a special chamber, and fight out their differences. Admission to this apartment will be high.

There will be a Chamber of (Sanitary) Horrors! Here will be found Specimens of Houses with bad draining, Houses with no drain-

ing at all, Easy Methods of connecting the cistern with the main-drainage system, and wax models of the following:—Jerry-Builders who use bad mortar, Butchers who have been fined more than three times a month for selling "unsound" meat, People who don't consume their own smoke, Tobacconists, Writers in the *Lancet*, Medical Officers of Health, and the Man who invented Zoedone.

Each week a *Conversazione* will be held, under Distinguished Patronage, when Essays will be read, and Discussions take place on various Sanitary Matters. For instance, a Distinguished Person will state how he feels after running five miles and then eating a hearty supper; and other Distinguished Persons will then state how *they* feel, and very Distinguished Doctors will then say *why* everybody feels as they do feel, and so on. Among the papers already promised are some on the following topics:—

On the kinds of filters which are actually deadly, and those which are only extremely dangerous to life.

Does boiling diluted sewage render it a safe drink for invalids?

Whether a course of temperance beverages, adulterated sherry, or a leap from the Monument, is most likely to end in sudden death.

The Twopenny Dinner, of Soup, Fish, Two Entrées, Joint, and a Choice of Sweets or Cheese, with Beer or Wine, all included, is expected to be one of the "hits" of the Exhibition.

Pugilistic Encounters will take place three times a day between individuals brought up respectively on—(a) Water and Beer; (b) Beef and Lentils; and between (c) Early Risers and Late Risers.

Fountains of Apollinaris Water will play in the grounds, but Visitors will be expected to bring their own brandy-flasks. At stated intervals the leading London Doctors will give exhibitions of their skill in Diagnosis, on selected patients from Infirmarys, to the music of a Special Band supplied from the Hospital for Incurables.

[N.B.—To prevent disappointment, Mr. Punch begs to say at once that at the close of the Exhibition no Baronetcies or honours of any sort will be given away to anybody connected with the arrangements.]

NOTICE TO THE ENTIRE WORLD.—Our Christmas Story commences next week, it is entitled

THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

THE SECRET will not be let out even at Lending Libraries.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



## RICHARD DOYLE. (IN MEMORIAM.)

DROPT the wizard pencil,\*resting  
That unchilled, untiring hand!  
Should some sorrowing Fay come  
questing  
From the Court of Fairyland,  
Come inquiring among mortals  
For another fit to pass  
Through those dim sequestered portals,  
Fit that realm to type and glass,  
Of its wealth to be possessor,  
Humour's harvest, Fancy's spoil,  
Where should she find right successor  
To unrivalled RICHARD DOYLE?

Why must so fine necromancy  
Know the arresting touch of death?  
Why must world-delighting fancy  
Bide at last the icy breath?  
So love asks with noble folly,  
Running o'er his mimic world,  
Creatures winsome, quaint, and jolly,  
Arabesquely blown and twirled  
From his pencil point profusely,  
Scattered like the flowers of Spring,  
Lightly, lavishly and loosely,  
When DOYLE'S wit is on the wing.

On the wing! 'Tis ever on it,  
All unlike the little bard  
Who excogitates a sonnet  
After labour long and hard.

He is no pedestrian plodder,  
Double-handed he deals out;  
Whimsies wilder, brighter, odder  
Never swarmed in Fancy's rout.  
DRAYTON'S old *Nymphidia* neyer  
Was more populous of whims  
Than the limbo opened ever  
When this wizard dreams and limns.

"Wood-notes wild" the analogues are  
Of his quaint and elfish crew.  
Who makes question if the rogues are  
Anatomically true?  
They're alive and love-inspiring,  
Which some fresco-frights are not;  
Age with childhood comes admiring,  
Cold correctness counts "great rot."  
Living fun and fancy spoil us  
For the coldly critic strain;  
'Gainst them Academic Zoilus  
Blows his counterblasts in vain.

Not the imps of Elf-land merely  
Populate his pictured page;  
Who drew bow more keenly, queerly,  
At the follies of his age?  
Winged with whim, and tipped with wild-  
ness,  
Straight withal his arrows flew;  
Satire sharp with genial mildness  
Mingled in the world he drew.

THACKERAY'S Colonel fits his pencil,  
But his sharper skill can shape,  
*Sans* long nose or tail prehensile,  
Cad, or snob, or human ape.

Turning o'er his own past pages,  
*Punch*, with tearful smile, can  
trace  
That fine talent's various stages,  
Caustic satire, gentle grace,  
Feats and freaks of Cockney funny—  
BROWN, and JONES, and ROBINSON;  
And, huge hive of Humour's honey,  
Quaint quintessence of rich fun,  
Coming fresh as June-breeze briary  
With old memories of our youth—  
Thrice immortal *Pips's Diary*!  
Masterpiece of Mirth and Truth!

Olden ties unknot too quickly  
Take new charm as we review  
Fancy's wit-world thronged so thickly.  
*Mors*, who has so much to do,  
Might, one dreams, give longer tether  
Unto lives that keep so young.  
Heads of wood and hearts of leather  
Freely in his way are flung.  
No! He will not long be cheated  
Of the choicest of his spoil,  
To the further shore has fled  
Fancy's favourite—"DICKY DOYLE."

## THE SENTRY OF THE CENTURY.



## "SLIPPERS FOR SOLDIERS.

—As one of the results of recent committee work on equipment, it has been decided, says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, that a pair of light canvas waterproof slippers will be carried by the soldier in his valise on active service, instead of a second pair of boots, which will be carried in the first line of transport. A small supply of spare boots will accompany each battalion, to replace the few that may be prematurely worn out. It has been found that troops can keep the field, in a rough country, on one pair of boots for two months, and it is believed that the addition of light canvas shoes, to put on when the boots have been removed, to ease the feet, will answer all requirements."—*Globe*.

## SOME SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

Now, do wealthy and careful men and women seize hold of some habit displayed by their poorer relations, habits of which they have said nothing during the year, as an excuse for never seeing or speaking to those impoverished relations again.

Postmen—who have lingered and loitered with your letters for eleven months, now not only deliver them at the appointed time, but, in their kindly zeal, are anxious to open, read, and answer them for you.

Dyspeptics look forward to their waking condition on the 26th with feelings of agony and apprehension.

Norfolk poultry-farmers drink success and long continuance to good old English customs.

Descriptive Writers arm themselves with Maps of London, and evolve articles headed, "Roast Beef in Bermondsey," "Turkey and Sausages in Wapping," and "Mince Pies in Spitalfields."

The lesser feminine lights of the Stage invest in five shillings'

worth of illuminated cards, and sit anxiously down awaiting a crop of bangles, bracelets, diamond butterflies, boxes of bonbons, and eighteen-button gloves.

Railway Porters become suddenly intelligent, and convinced that every traveller by every train desires a compartment to himself.

Heroic sacrificers of the truth avow openly that they have ghosts in their families capable of putting all the annuals in the shade, and that they themselves have seen them.

Tradesmen order in several reams of note-paper and a few gross of blue envelopes.

Cabmen salute their fares with cheery remarks as to the seasonableness of the weather.

Schoolmasters are praying that Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, History, and Geography could all be classed as extras.

Fond lovers buy and give to each other the very last things in the world that each other wants.

Fashionable preachers drink much strong tea, in the hope of eliciting something fresh from their brains.

Men in possession are sure that everything can be settled comfortably, and that nobody wants to do any harm to anybody else.

Pictures representing bright, crisp, exhilarating, frosty weather, are in large demand.

Umbrellas, Waterproofs, and Respirators, to protect the human frame from rain, slush, mud, and fog, are in enormous request.

Daring young Journalists, early in the morning, wildly wonder what effect on Society would an article, commencing "This, the most loathsome season of the year" have, and conclude not to write it, but to go to bed.

Publicans arrange that the most generous and lavish of their regular customers shall win the goose in their Annual Club.

Elderly people raise highly successful blue devils for themselves by recalling the friends they have lost.

Blue-Ribbonites swear off on account of the season of the year.

Anti-Blue-Ribbonites swear on harder and harder on account of the season of the year.

Starving street Arabs and ordinary paupers are all at once discovered to be hungry.

Several nervous imaginative invalids become chronic imbeciles, through being waked up at dead of night by the strains of the "*Mistletoe Bough*."

Hypochondriacal subjects trust that they will be in their coffins before the New Year's festivities set in.

Mr. *Punch* comes out as usual, and without the cynicism with which it is now fashionable to regard this kindly genial season, wishes all his Readers as Merry a Christmas—as they deserve.

## REALLY!

At the ensuing Balls at the Mansion House a new dance will be introduced, which it is expected will achieve great popularity. It will be called the "Conger Reel."



### THE EXCEPTION THAT CONFIRMS THE RULE.

*Sir Peter (who is of a moralising turn of mind).* "IT IS A SINGULAR FACT IN HUMAN NATURE THAT THE VERY VICES WE MOST OBJECT TO IN OUR ACQUAINTANCES ARE PRECISELY THOSE WE HAVE OURSELVES!"

*Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns.* "NOT ALWAYS, DEAR SIR PETER! FOR INSTANCE, IF THERE IS ONE VICE I LOATHE ABOVE ALL OTHERS, IT IS WORLDLINESS!"

### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(Newest Style.)

OXFORD, DECEMBER 23.

THE next examination for the Tooleian Provincial Company's Travelling Fellowship will be held on the 13th of January next. Intending candidates are requested to send their photographs, list of parts, press notices, and other certificates, together with a stamped envelope, under cover, to "The Rev. the Acting Manager, All Souls," on or before the 1st prox.

At a Convocation held yesterday it was decided to grant the prayer of the Provost of Oriel, the Master of Pembroke, and the Warden of Wadham, that they might be allowed to renew their present engagement at an East End London Theatre, and continue their successful impersonation of the Three Witches in *Macbeth* for a still further run of six nights.

Two carpet and bolster exercises for the Degree of Doctor of Lofty Tumbling were performed on Tuesday afternoon at the Sheldonian Theatre with some success in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and a small but friendly assemblage.

The subject selected for the forthcoming Newdigate Prize Poem in English Verse on 1885 is "AUGUSTUS HARRIS."

CAMBRIDGE, DECEMBER 23.

THE Examiners for the Special Examination in Vampire and other Trap-Shooting have issued the following Class List:—CLASS I. None.—CLASS II. None.—CLASS III. None.—CLASS IV. The Professor of Applied Mechanics (*honoris causa*).

At a Congregation to be held at noon to-morrow, it will be pro-

## Mario!

DIED DECEMBER 11, 1883.

VOICE of the golden past! The Stage grows dark,  
The End has come, and slow the curtain falls.

MARIO is dead! It cannot be, for hark!

His name is echoed in repeated calls.

Long we have lost him, but fond memory slips

Back to the days his song so glorified;

His magic fame falls from a thousand lips—

Music grew dumb the day that MARIO died!

Knight of the silver song! Who can forget

Your *Almaviva*?—for his beauty glows

In recollection—ah! the grand duet

With glorious GRISI in *The Huguenots*!

"Ah! mio Fernando!" that was song sublime,

And *Favorita's* ecstasy complete,

When, with a passion that has conquered time,

The tyrant sword fell at your noble feet!

King of the hearts of all! With folded arms,

As white-robed priest, by *Leonora's* cell

You stand in fancy, whilst the myriad charms

Come with love-music and your magic spell!

"*Angiol' d'Amor*!" that was the song you sung

In tragic torture of accented pain.

MARIO, my Master, would that we were young,

To see enchanted women weep again!

Man of the deathless voice! How they will greet

The lost companion who returns to them—

RUBINI and GIUGLINI, honey-sweet,

Will swell the chorus for your requiem.

When the last portals to be passed by men

Are fired with melody—amidst the glow

Song's immortality will triumph, then

GRISI at last will meet her MARIO!

### Beware of the Mole.

THE Metropolitan Mole, which burrows through every part of London, is likely to receive a check. Subterranean London is now so pierced, tunnelled, and honey-combed, that the respectable householder may wake up some fine morning and find he is in his own coal-cellar, with the chance of going further. The Mole, however, made a mistake when he turned his attention towards the Parks. The Metropolis has so few lungs remaining, that these must be jealously protected; and London is thoroughly aroused to the necessity of making a vigorous stand against permitting the Mole to even look at the Parks. The war-cry is, "No Larks with the Parks!"

posed "that half the travelling expenses incidental to the Vice-Chancellor's recent unsuccessful appearance at Worthing as *Romeo*, be defrayed from the University Chest." Some opposition is expected.

The Examination for the Chancellor's Medals for Pantomime business will commence on Monday next. Attention is specially directed to the fact that the Examiners will, in adjudging the order of merit, attach much importance to the quality of the *Viva Voce*, and expect the answers delivered from the large pasteboard heads of the Candidates to be full, round, clear, and of a character to be distinctly audible at the back of a crowded Boxing-Night Gallery.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT has been offered, and has accepted, the Professorial Chair of *Poses Plastiques*, vacated by the Master of Peterhouse on account of chronic rheumatism.

### BARON HONOUR.

ONE SIDE OF IT.

"A PEERAGE"? Well, and wherefore should you frown  
If titled I elect my name shall live?

Thus is the Judge's, Banker's, handed down.

Why not the Poet's? Cease,—nor flout the Crown,

That offers the one honour Crowns can give?

THE OTHER.

THE passing echo of their ducal cheers

Lends lustre to your life! 'Conceit sublime!

Go to!—nor marvel at our rising jeers,

Since the great spirits *you* should count your peers

Sit on the splendid benches of all time!



"GLAD, MY LORD, YOU HAVE BEEN TEMPTED TO CHANGE YOUR HAT!"

#### NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

READING the various and conflicting accounts of Mr. HENRY IRVING's first appearance in Boston, U.S., *Mr. Punch* feels himself placed in the position of HERODOTUS. The historian heard eight or ten different descriptions of an occurrence that took place under his window, and as none of them agreed with his own observation, he asked himself how he could possibly write history. When *Mr. Punch* has nothing better to do than writing the history of IRVING's American tour, he will want to know how he is to reconcile the following statements:—

*London Times*, December 12, 1883:—

"Mr. HENRY IRVING made a very successful appearance at Boston yesterday in *Louis the Eleventh* before a large audience, which included the leading citizens. The chief Boston newspapers publish long criticisms upon the performance, describing the warm and enthusiastic reception of the great actor, and the profound impression made by him."

*London Daily Telegraph*, same date:—

"Mr. HENRY IRVING made his first appearance in Boston last night, in the character of *Louis the Eleventh*. The theatre, which is the largest in America, was crowded, and the performance was altogether a magnificent success."

*The London Standard*, same date:—

"Mr. IRVING has appeared in Boston as *Louis the Eleventh*. The audience was of a high character and large, but the house was not full. The actor met with a kind reception, but the audience only became enthusiastic after the Fourth Act, when Mr. IRVING was recalled several times. The newspaper critics in Boston deny that he has genius, but they praise his industry."

Critics may and do differ as to their opinions, but reporters ought not to differ as to their facts. Which is right? But—after all—who cares?

## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. (1) To S. B. Bancroft, Esq. (2) To J. L. Toole, Esq. (3) To W. Kendal, Esq.

MY DEAR BANCROFT,

You are engaged in playing *Tom Jervoise*, pronounced "Jervis," as you are probably aware by this time, and so will have been unable to visit the Princess's (unless you can spare time to patronise a benefit, as I see you kindly did on the occasion of Miss SOLDENE's *Matinée*), to see the new play *Claudian*, with plot by Mr. HERMAN, dialogue by Mr. WILLS, and Acting by Mr. WILSON BARRETT, so that *Claudian* may be described as a "WILLS-AN' BARRETT" Drama.

Well, my dear BANCROFT, *Claudian* is not much in your line. and when I have told you that there is a dramatic prologue capitally stage-managed, a beautiful scene, and a striking *dénoûment*, and when I have added that after this the audience is doomed to disappointment, as there is nothing much to follow, that the scenery, though good, is not such as nowadays calls for extravagant laudation, not being within measurable distance of the great Temple Scene in *The Cup*, at the Lyceum, that the plot is uninteresting, and



Claudian the Wills-an' Barrett Masher (A.D. 362) and his Mashed Victims; or, Harlequin Beautiful for Ever and the Curse-ory Clement.

that Mr. BARRETT appears to have much more to do in the way of declamation and paying careful attention to himself in classic attitudes than in genuine acting, I have said all that can be said about the piece, except that the dialogue may be, and possibly is admirable; yet after hearing it twice, I could not undertake to swear whether it is written in the most classic prose, or the blindest verse. All I know, is that the Tetrarch, who is a sort of comic IRVING, is twice likened to a toad, that Mr. WILLS-AN' BARRETT's "heart goes out to" the young person who is so blindly devoted to him; that, though thoroughly aware that "when he comes amongst them their sunshine is obscured," and that he brings sorrow on all to whom he shows kindness, he yet will persist in meddling in other people's affairs, muddling them sadly, and actually stopping people, who are utter strangers to him, in the public thoroughfare, to inquire into their business, which he knows perfectly well is no sort of concern of his. In the last Act, the absurd æsthetic love-sick maiden, who has obtained Mr. WILSON BARRETT's permission to call him "Master," describes the Master's great love in terms which, being too suggestive of beautiful scriptural imagery, rather jar upon the ear of a not over-fastidious spectator.

Why did not Mr. WILSON BARRETT let Poet WILLS write the words of the incidental ballads? They were in his way, surely, more than in that of the Plottist HERMAN? Why have a Poet on the establishment and not use him, eh, my dear BANCROFT? I have no doubt that, in consequence of the gush and guggle of some of the Critics, but specially of the Eminent Hand on the *Times*, the Public will patronise this entertainment up to a certain point. But I do not think it is in for any extraordinary share of popularity, nor is it my opinion that Mr. HENRY IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY need tremble for their position. It will want a bigger Earthquake than that at the Princess's to shake the footing that HENRY and ELLEN have got with the Public. Of course, you with your light or heavy comedy, as the case may be, are "out of it," and can afford to watch the struggles of tragedians with a smile.

A propos of HENRY and ELLEN, when is the latter going to be *Marguerite*, and the former *Mephistopheles*? Don't you think that

Poet WILLS might do them a version of the French play that CHARLES KEAN made so popular? That's the best one for dramatic purposes. If, my dear BANCROFT, you happen to be writing to either HENRY or ELLEN, suggest this query—unless you're thinking of doing *Mephistopheles* yourself—and if so, with Mrs. BEERE as *Marguerite*, eh! But this is to inquire, as WILLS-AN' BARRETT does, as *Claudian*, into other people's business, which does not concern your old friend, NIBBS.

To J. L. Toole, Esq.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR OF RESERVED FORCE,

You asked me on your return to town and settling down in London for Christmas—(most of us in London for Christmas have to "settle up")—to give you some account of *The Rocket*—your friend

PINERO's new piece at the Gaiety—where once you begged the audience to excuse your glove, and executed your inimitable step, which I should have thought was patented and duly protected had I not seen it actually performed by a young lady dancer in Mr. WILLS-AN' BARRETT's Byzantine Palace at the Princess's. "By permission of J. L. TOOLE" was not expressly stated in the programmes, but no doubt you have some private arrangement. I will tell you about *The Rocket* perhaps next week, but won't detain you now [except to say that TERRY is very funny in it], as I know you are busy in getting up several classic dramas and arranging your lectures for the ensuing term at Oxford.



Pinero the Playful at the Gaiety; or, "Rock-it, Terry, Rock-it!"

Yours truly, NIBBS.

To W. Kendal, Esq.

MY DEAR KENDAL,

I HAVE so much to tell you about *Pygmalion and Galatea* that I must leave the description till I have more time at disposal.



LYCEUM—"Pygmalion and Galatea"; or, The Bounding Barnes and the "Statue at Large."

Oh, you would enjoy it, I'm sure. Mr. BARNES does your part, you know; and I rather fancy Mr. W. S. GILBERT—he wrote this piece, you may recollect—took him in hand at rehearsal, and toned him down a bit. Excellent Mr. BARNES!—ordinarily rather more of the Barnes Common than you or I could wish,—but this time it's all Greek to him,—I mean he's a thorough Greek, and there's not even a touch of Putney about him. The effect is excellent when an Author knows how to rehearse his own pieces, and can get intelligent Artists to act upon his hints. But of this, as SHAKESPEARE says, "Anon." I mustn't forget to tell you all about the Young Folks' Ways, Missy ANDERSON, and the rest of

the Company. You will be enchanted to hear that the House was crammed, and that I could only get a seat right up in the corner—or, rather, wrong up in the corner. All theatres must be doing uncommonly well, as yours will be the only one, I hear, where within a few days there will even be *A Scrap of "Paper"* visible.

Your attached NIBBS.

## The Plain English of It.

SAYS LIDDON, "O JOWETT, since that chair you've sat in, We've never yet heard such decided dog Latin!"  
SAYS JOWETT, "Why, LIDDON, that merely infers That I used their own language to meddling curs!"



## "EXCELSIOR" AT THE ROYAL COURTS.

(A Forensic Tragedy in Three Parts.)

### PART I.—IN THE CORRIDOR!

"I will take to the Law," cried the Young Enthusiast, glowing with excitement. "It is my ambition to scale the Woolsack itself!"

"Stay!" replied the Sage, with a shudder. "You do not know what a trial lies before you."

"You mean hard reading—cramping—examinations."

The Old Man smiled derisively.

"You do not understand the situation," he murmured, after a pause. "Anyone with average ability and severe study can master enough law to be called. But I fear for your body—it will have to endure the many severe tests awaiting it in the Law Courts."

"I am hardy. My muscles are of iron."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Sage, "But are you a member of the Alpine Club? Have you ascended the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas? Can you climb? Can you see in the dark?"

The Young Enthusiast assured the Sage that he was most anxious to qualify. Then for years he ascended the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas, and for years dwelt in a prison in total darkness.

The Sage, pleased at the lad's earnestness, told him, on his return, that he might now pay his first visit to the Law Courts.

Nothing loth, the would-be Judge hurried to the Strand, and plunged wildly into a corridor. It was as dark as Tartarus. He crawled along, now tumbling down a staircase, now ascending unexpected steps. Anon he passed a dimly-lighted room, in which shivering Jurymen were vainly attempting to read documents. Now he came to a gloomy dungeon, barred and vaulted, in which he supposed, from the fragrance of cooked meats, that it was intended that luncheon should be discussed. Dazed, bruised, and disheartened, he returned once more, threading his way through the black passages, and travelling up and down the secret stairs until he found himself again in the entrance-hall.

"And you are still anxious to go to the Bar?" asked the Sage.

The reply was in the affirmative. Five years later the Young Enthusiast was called, and bought his wig and gown.

### PART II.—AT THE BAR!!

"You intend to practise?" asked the Sage.

"I do," replied the Gentleman of the Long Robe, who was nearing middle-age. "I know what I shall have to do. I quite understand that I must read with a good Junior, perhaps even enter a Solicitor's office to learn the details of practice—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted the Sage. "Once more you are merely concerning yourself with trifles, idle details, when you should be giving the whole of your attention to the condition of your body. You must prepare your frame to endure the trying heat of the Courts. A journey in the Soudan should be undertaken at once."

The forensic Telemachus accepted the advice of his Mentor, and spent many, many years in the Desert.

At length he returned, and entered the Royal Courts once again. It was now his duty to seat himself in a kind of pew, into which hot air the reverse of fresh was continually being pumped up with fearful force. He was almost baked.

Still he persevered, and, surviving all his fellows, was made a Judge.

### PART III.—ON THE BENCH!!!

"You have done right to ask for leave of absence for three years," said the Sage.

"Yes," replied the newly-elected legal dignitary, "I wish to rub up my Authorities. In my present position I shouldn't be—"

"Nay, nay," interrupted the old man, placing his hand kindly on his Lordship's shoulder, "you can leave your law to take care of itself. It must be your duty now to visit the North Pole. You will never be able to keep on the Bench unless you can brave an Arctic winter—unless you have braved several Arctic winters."

The now elderly lawyer bowed acquiescence. His Lordship immediately set sail for Greenland, and soon was the discoverer of the lowest temperature on the face of the earth.

It was a wonderful sight to see the Enthusiast on his return braving the elements in his own Division. The bitterly cold air was forced by pumps from morning until night upon the devoted head of the presiding Judge. The gusts came rushing over the seats and desks of the Bar until diverted by the Jury-Box they found a safe and well-secured goal in his Lordship's own chair!

One day the Sage was blown on to the Bench by one of these withering blasts. He approached the Enthusiast, and spoke to him.

"You have done well. It was I who told you that the hardness of your body was of far greater importance than the storing of your mind, to succeed at the Bar and on the Bench. You have taken my advice in good part, and now I come to tell you that you are appointed Lord Chancellor of England! Let me congratulate you!"

The Sage held out his hand, but there was no response. The Enthusiast, in spite of his training, had—been frozen to death!

## NOT BEFORE IT IS WANTED;

OR, A PROMISING PROSPECTUS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HOMELESS AND WANDERING VISITORS HOTEL COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE Directors of this unique and magnificently conceived enterprise, undertaken with a view to supplying that now long experienced National want, a suitable palatial residence for Princes and Potentates found wandering in search of a fitting domicile about the back streets of the Metropolis, have much pleasure in informing their intended august Patrons, that their perfectly-appointed establishment will shortly open under the direction of a well-known and experienced retired Central-European Monarch, whose distinguished services they have had the honour to secure.

The following (extracted from the Company's Abridged Prospectus) comprise a few of the leading features of the new establishment:—

The building will stand on a convenient and imposing site judiciously selected in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolitan District Railway Station, St. James's Park, and within easy access of the Aquarium, Westminster Bridge, the House of Detention, and the Foreign Office.

There will be no lettered name or title on the *façade* of the new Hotel, which will, with the object of giving rise to a pleasing illusion, be specially designed by the architect to resemble as far as possible that of a not far distant neighbouring and generally unoccupied Royal Palace.

A trained and certificated Diplomatist, who can speak several European languages fluently, will be permanently attached to the staff of the establishment, and give his services gratis.

A couple of effective Sentry Boxes will also be placed at the principal entrance, and occupied permanently by two of the Company's Private Soldiers, who, dressed in the correct uniform of HER MAJESTY'S Foot Guards, will be efficiently drilled for their duty.

Gold Sticks in Waiting will attend in the Hall for the purpose of receiving Royal and Imperial Visitors. They will also, if desired to do so, precede them to their respective apartments, walking backwards up-stairs for a small extra charge.

The general scheme of the establishment will include several public Throne and Reading Rooms, a Privy Council Chamber, Gala Banquet Hall, and a series of excellent Billiard and Abdication Tables by the best makers.

In order to meet the requirements of august personages who desire to be surrounded at a reasonable cost with such State accessories as are proper to their dignity and position, the subjoined Tariff of Prices has been carefully arranged by the Management, in the hope that it will be found not incompatible with a charge on the most moderate civil list:—

### TARIFF.

Private Royal or Imperial Sitting-Room (per day)	5s. to 7s. 6d.
(Ditto, ditto, with throne, 2s. 6d. extra.)	
Ditto Bed-Room (exclusive of light)	3s. to 6s.
State Imperial ditto, with half-tester velvet canopy	8s.
Double-bedded ditto (suitable for two Emperors)	14s.
Breakfast, consisting of Tea or Coffee, with cold Meat, broiled Ham, or Eggs	2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, with full Military Band outside	3s.
Chop or Steak, with potatoes	1s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, with Salvos of Artillery at intervals	1s. 9d.
State Dinner of Soup, or Fish, <i>Entrées</i> , Joint, with Cheese and Celery	3s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, including Toast-Master and Musical Grace	5s.
Ditto, ditto, in Uniform, at High Table (if singly)	1s. extra.
Gas Illumination on Exterior of Sitting-Room, according to device (per evening)	From 2s. to 10s. 6d.
Cup of Tea	4d.
Ditto, on Throne	6d.
Two Lancers to attend Cab or Carriage to Theatre or Reception (for first hour)	1s.
For each succeeding hour	6d.

N.B.—Arrangements concluded for display of Fireworks in private sitting-room, in commemoration of Accession or Coronation Days, according to quantity, and negotiations promptly entered into with Provincial Mayors and other distinguished individuals expressing their readiness to honour the Company's Royal and Imperial Patrons by their notice. Parties also made up and personally conducted to visit State Apartments of Royal Palaces (when open to the Public), or to inspect and explain waxwork effigies of Royal Family at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

Daily crowd (with cheers), on entering or leaving hotel, by contract. Strictest attention paid to the slightest International prejudices.

An *ultimatum* always ready on the premises.



## OVERDOING IT.

"WHAT! GOING ALREADY! AND IN MACKINTOSHES? SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO WALK!"

"OH, DEAR NO! LORD ARCHIBALD IS GOING TO TAKE US TO A DEAR LITTLE SLUM HE'S FOUND OUT NEAR THE MINORIES—SUCH A FEARFUL PLACE! FOURTEEN POOR THINGS SLEEPING IN ONE BED, AND NO WINDOW!—AND THE MACKINTOSHES ARE TO KEEP OUT INFECTION, YOU KNOW, AND HIDE ONE'S DIAMONDS, AND ALL THAT!"

## A THING OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty! Sophist bold and cool,  
 Dream you with such preposterous laudation  
 Of hideous crime, to blind and to befool  
 Once more a sore-distraught wrong-headed nation?  
 It is so easy, needs so little art,  
 Only a face of brass and lips unflinching.  
 Thus ERIN's champions play their patriot part,  
 Glosing o'er murder and with treason paltering.  
 Most noble, oh, most noble! Worth all hire  
 A myriad dupes may proffer. Seems their guerdon  
 Not taint with blood? Does conscience never tire  
 Of patent sophistry's perpetual burden?  
 A thing of beauty! Sycorax's son  
 Rose-wreathed and lily-garlanded! Delightful!  
 Sweet innocent, so full of gentle fun,  
 Not savage, never murderous, scarcely spiteful!  
 Scowling—he sometimes scowls—in pretty play,  
 Maiming—when maim he must—with purest motive,  
 Slaying—for sometimes he's constrained to slay—  
 In sportfulness, or as an offering votive  
 At Patriotism's altar. Taint of crime  
 He knows not any more than touch of passion,  
 A gentle ghoul of patience quite sublime,  
 Blameless as beautiful, and quite the fashion!  
 Crown him with wreath Arcadian, set the crook,  
 Within his clutch. Great Heaven! it sounds sardonic!  
 In memory of the past 'tis hard to brook  
 Glosings that seem so hideously ironic.  
 Go to, cold Sophister! Those murderous knives  
 Gleam still before us; we hold recollection  
 Of your ghoul's holocaust of blameless lives,  
 Rose-wreaths hide not the awful retrospection.  
 Crown *Cæsar* with lilies, if you like,  
 And hail the ruthless monster as a brother.

Gold for good words! That bargain you may strike,  
 And truly, "one good turn deserves another."  
 But think not chill effrontery will deceive  
 True hearts or History. Casuist cold and sinister,  
 Spite of all word-adornments you may weave.  
 Your god's a Monster, you its worthy Minister!

## NIGHTCAPS AND DREAMS.

DEAR MISTHER POONCH,

A' a'm hale and hearty, mon, thoo I'll see ma Eighty-first year, coom next Easter. A' a'm oop for t' Cattle Shoo wi' Yoong JOHN, Misther NICKLEBY's Godsoon. We allis ca's he Yoong JOHN, thoo he ha' yoong JOHNS o' his oon na'. I see a doethor chap ha' been a-writin' to t' papers about "night-caps and dreams." Let 'un tak' t' reeght soort o' neeght-cap, and he'll ha' nowt but pleasant dreams. Soom owd broon branny and hot watter, and nae t' much o' t' watter, ha' been ma' neeght-cap, fur t' last saxty year, and a' t' doethors in t' world weant bether it, I tell 'ee. Your obedient Servant,  
*Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden.* JOHN BROWDIE.

## SIX YEARS IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

"Six ears in a House-Boat"? Rather six eyes and six hands, or sixty eyes and sixty hands, in a House-Boat, judging from the amount seen and chronicled for the benefit of lovers of the Thames. If you doubt what we say, go to the Old Bond Street Galleries, and judge for yourselves. There in the depth of winter you may take the cheapest possible trip up the Thames, and linger as long as you like amid its choicest scenery. Why, by the way, does the accomplished Artist call himself KEELEY HALSWELLE, when he avowedly spent such a long time in a boat without a Keel? This is probably his little joke. No matter. "Halswelle that ends well;" and very few Thames trips have ended so well as the one that everyone can now enjoy at their leisure in Bond Street.



## CROWNING THE O'CALIBAN.

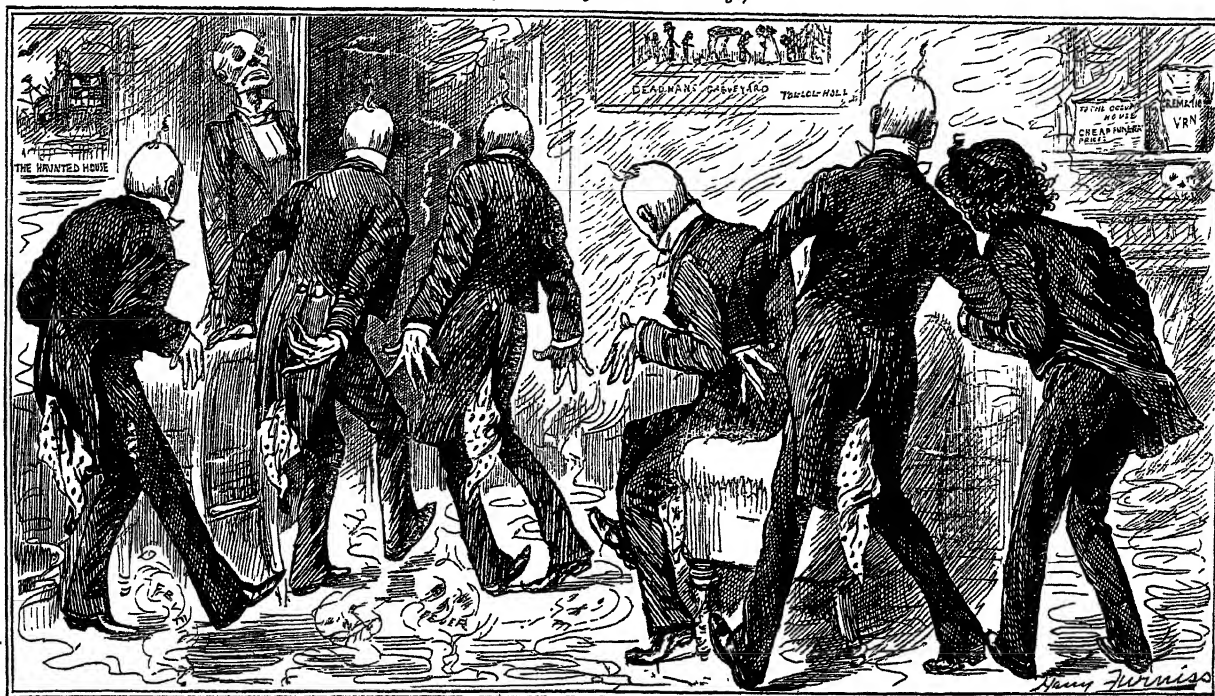
[“ Never was there a movement . . . with such odds against it, in association with which there was so much moderation, and such an utter absence of crime and the strong passions which lead to crime.”—*Mr. Parnell's Speech at the Rotunda, Dublin.*]





## THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

(A Sanitary Christmas Story.)



## CHAPTER I.

Y five Uncles, I shall never know what made me do it, but I determined to get rid of them.

Yes; there were five of them! They had taken respectively, but without much success, to the Army, the Navy, the Church, the Bar, and the Medical Profession, and were, Heaven bless them! so much alike, that, but for the outward garb of their respective calling, I could scarcely have distinguished one from the other.

I recall them now, as they stand before me in a row,—five dear, hale, hearty, good-tempered, and singularly confiding old bachelors as you could wish to see. They had never done me any wrong. True,—on the occasion of my christening they had, between them, given me a plated fork, knife, and spoon of an inferior quality; but, as years



had rolled on, I had forgotten,—indeed, I had almost forgiven this.

What was it then? Impulse? Perhaps. Or was it that they stood remotely between me and the enjoyment of £6 13s. per annum? Again—perhaps? But who can tell? Enough that something seemed to say to me, “Before the first of January next your Uncles must disappear.”

Christmas was near at hand, and I quickly decided on my course. I had recently been reading in a penny illustrated paper an admirably written life of one of the elder Borgias. It fascinated me on this gloomy December evening, and I resolved on action. Scarcely conscious of what I did, I walked to the nearest Chemist, and asked mechanically for a pound-and-a-half of the best arsenic.

There was a faint glimmer in the shop, and the proprietor eyed me curiously. Then he got out a large pair of scales.

“You require this for rats, I presume?” he asked, smiling by mere force of habit, as he shovelled about the deadly drug.

I started for an instant, but I soon collected myself.

“Yes—for rats,” I rejoined quietly; “I have five coming to dine with me on Christmas Day.”

I was thinking of my Uncles, and spoke absently,—but my inter-

rogator paused. Something I had said had evidently interested him. He stole softly round the counter, and led me to the door.

We were standing in the thickening fog now, and he had taken me kindly by the hand.

“There be land rats, and family rats,” he said, quoting SHAKESPEARE, in a sweet husky voice, “and you doubtless would get rid of them. But you are young, ah! too, too young for a Coroner’s inquest; and arsenic is but poor stuff nowadays. Take the advice of an old man who, in his time, has not been unfamiliar with the working of the local Burial Club. Try something surer.”

“But what?” I gasped, my bright little Christmas fancy seeming to fade, as I spoke, in the stifling winter gloom.

He laughed bitterly. “You ask *what*,” he echoed, “when the water company, the milkman, the tinned provision merchant, and, deadliest of all, the modern builder, conspire to defraud the poor old toiling but honest dispenser of simple poisons of his hard-earned pittance? Ha! ha! ha! you are indeed young!” Then the door closed,—but not till three hoarsely-whispered words had reached my ear.

The words were these:—“Try Deadman’s Terrace.”

## CHAPTER II.

I lost no time. At nine o’clock the next morning I had seen the Agent. At ten I had taken No. 13, Deadman’s Terrace, on a three years’ agreement. My furniture went in the same afternoon, and by the evening’s country post I despatched the five letters of invitation to my five Uncles.

Was I mad? No. Was I sanguine? Yes. For everything promised success. I noticed that there was straw laid down the road as far as the eye could reach either way,—that there was a hatchment, too, on every other house. My spirits rose.





## A PRACTICAL VIEW.

*First Parishioner (to recently-appointed Minister).* "VERRA GLED TO FALL IN WI' YE, SIR, AN' MAK' YER ACQUA'NTANCE! I HINNA BEEN AT THE KIRK SYNE YE CAM', AS I WIS IN ROSS-SHIRE."

*Parson.* "WELL, I AM VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU. YOU MAY HAVE HEARD WHETHER MY SERM—"

*Parishioner.* "OH, A' THE FOWK ARE GREATLY TAKEN WI' YER MENNERS AN' APPEARANCE, YER ATTENTION TO THE PUIR BODIES O' THE PARISH, YER VISITIN' THE SICK, AN'—WHA CARES FOR PREACHIN'!"

But let me recall the situation. First, the house—*my* house, the one I had taken. It comes back to me now as in the first moment I entered it. I can almost feel the icy chill that struck into my very marrow from the dripping dampness of the walls; the staggering faintness with which I mounted to the drawing-room floor, overcome

by the appalling odour that pervaded every nook and corner of the premises. My Solicitor was with me at the time. I can see him, in that far past distinctly, reeling backwards in a fit, and borne away delirious, never to recover, to the nearest hospital.

Other pleasing recollections flit through my brain. There is the caretaker, pallid, but supported against the death-dealing miasma of the basement by gin and habit. I can hear her voice as she gives me grim details of my own and the surrounding property.

"Where all this here terrace stands, they do say, Sir, was a fever-swamp as had all the rubbish of the neighbourhood thrown into it for years, and there wasn't a house of the whole seventy-two of 'em that use'n't to have three funerals a quarter when

they first started. Some says there's something wrong with the 'ouses still, but, bless you, I don't believe it; for they was, the whole lot of 'em, run up in three months—nice green wood put into 'em, too,—and it can't be drains,—as, for matter o' that, none of them, to my certain knowledge, 'as got any at all."

It was New Year's Eve, and I was moved by the generous spirit of the hour. I remember giving the good soul half-a-crown, and going to my study in a state of pleasant, feverish, but hopeful excitement. The hour was near. I had not long to wait. Presently came a loud ring at

the bell, then another, quickly followed by three more. My Uncles were here at last! In a few minutes the whole five of them had arrived.

"Well, JACK, my boy," they all said, in turn, in their honest, cheery manner as I showed them to their respective rooms, "you seem to have a rare snug berth of a house here. I mean to enjoy myself, for I never felt so well in my life!"

As I shut them into their various mephitic but cosily furnished cells, with their cans of hot water to dress for dinner, I smiled quietly. Then taking a dose of fever mixture myself, as a mere precaution, I awaited them on the drawing-room rug. They came down at length, and I saw at a glance that the advice of my good kind old friend, the criminal chemist, had been sound. As they entered the room, I noticed the marvellous effect that even this short stay under my roof had already produced on them. Their hale look was gone. On the announcement of dinner they staggered rather than walked to the door. I had taken the arm of my military Uncle.

"You are not well?" I said, carelessly.

"Nothing, my boy," was his prompt, soldierlike reply; "but the



room seems whirling, and—hang it!—I've not felt this sort of sensation in my head since I was blown up in the magazine at Fuzzypore."

*It was clear that Deadman's Terrace had begun its work!*

(To be continued.)

## A TOYDY LOT.

TRUTH'S Exhibition of Christmas Toys for the Children in the various London Hospitals and Workhouses is open on the 19th and 20th. How delighted Old Caleb Plummer would have been to have assisted in turning out some of these, and to have sung with the Peri, adapted to the peri-od, "Toy! Toy! my task is done!" Only Dollies with wooden heads and sawdust hearts could refuse to assist this excellent Christmas Christian's work which brings joy to so many a "little one in."

We trust that there will not be one such uncanny puppet among them as would have pleased that old grim-guffin, TACKLETON. Of course, being started by Truth, it is no secret that the show was originated by Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., and this distich might be placed over the entrance—

"The work is LABBY'S  
To please the babbies."

And "Truth to tell," Mr. Punch wishes it the greatest possible success.

"LAVVY," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I like our menu, which means bill of fare, you know, to be in English; but there's one exception: 'Larks' seems to me such a vulgar word, and so I always put them in as 'allumettes.'"

FROM AN INTELLIGENT CORRESPONDENT.—Sir, Is the Ban of Croatia in any way connected with the "Curse of Kehama?"

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 167.



NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.,

ILLUMINATING THE SUN.

## AN ANSWER PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

"LAST week in your Fancy Portrait," write several Artistic Correspondents, "you called Mr. HERKOMER, HERBERT HERKOMER, R.A. First, he isn't 'HERBERT' but 'HUBERT'; and, secondly, he is not 'R.A.' but 'A.R.A.' Gentlemen! Gentlemen! wasn't it a Fancy Portrait? And if Mr. HERBERT (we like 'HERBERT' better than 'HUBERT,' and so did the Printer) HERKOMER is not all our fancy painted him, why grumble? If he doesn't 'fancy himself'—rather—as R.A., well, we did, and we wish he may get it,—as no doubt he will. What's the good of a fancy portrait if it is to be a plain matter-of-fact resemblance? Why, it might as well be like its original at once, and we all know from the sworn evidence of the Royal Academical Experts that the merit of mere likeness does not give a portrait its artistic value. 'Go to! Go to!'—SHAKESPEARE.

## FOR THE NEW CITY DIRECTORY.

ACCOUNTANT.—One who never accounts.  
Cotton Broker.—One who breaks.

THE Post-Laureate to be a Peer. He should be something more than a Baron. His own wishes are expressed in one of his best-known poems, "If you're waking—call me Early."

## ON THE NEW UNDERGROUND.

GIVE me a ticket, please, which will enable me to get out at the Reformers' Oak in Hyde Park.

Do we really travel underneath the Serpentine? How fortunate that I provided myself with a waterproof before starting.

I suppose that it is because the line passes somewhere near Buckingham Palace that the explosion occurred last evening which knocked out all my front teeth and spoilt a new pair of trousers.

Is it true that all the omnibus conductors between Westminster, Charing Cross, and Regent Circus, have joined the Invincible Organisation, owing to being thrown out of employment by the competition of the new line?

As no ventilators of any kind whatever are allowed on this railway, perhaps the Company will provide suitable mortuaries at Edgware Road and Westminster Stations for the reception of asphyxiated passengers.

Did you say that the sound of Ministers, engaged in heated argument, could be distinctly heard when the train comes to a standstill under Downing Street?

No, because since the cask of dynamite was discovered hidden in the funnel of an engine worked by a Fenian driver, all traffic has been suspended on the days when Cabinet Councils are held.

Dear me! Who was it—Mr. HOWARD VINCENT, I fancy—who said that London was the safest capital in Europe?

How pleasant, after all, it is to know that all the little ragamuffins from Chapel Street, Edgware Road, are now able to take tickets to Birdcage Walk Station, and play about the Mall all day, after assisting at the Trooping of the Colours in the morning!

Oh, Guard! I am afraid I must really have taken the wrong train, as I have booked for Hammersmith, and yet here I am at midnight landed, in a dense fog, on a damp grass-plot, in the very middle of the Green Park!

"WHEN FOUND," &c.—The Times Reviewer, in his second notice of the *Life of Lord Lytton*, says of him in his early working days, when making £500 a-year and spending £3000, "Almost an unknown man, and generally detested by the Critics, he had to meet the deficit by indefatigable toil." We draw attention to the words which we have placed in italics for the information of those who follow without inquiry the opinions of self-constituted professional leaders of public taste. "Pelham brought him into fame, though the manuscript had been rejected by the publisher's reader." An old story; but on the other hand, to how many would-be Authors has rejection by the publisher's reader been a boon? The Reader—the one solitary reader whom these mute inglorious Thackerays and Dickens, these nipped-in-the-bud novelists, have had—is a public benefactor. We doubt if we should have heard of Mr. ANSTEE GUTHRIE'S, or GUTHRIE ANSTEE'S, *Vice Versa*, but for a very judicious and discriminating Reader. But that any Author, once started, should have to fight against the "general detestation of critics," says much for the successful Author, and much against the Critics.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM tells us her youngest Nephew has just become a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, and she has given him one of the best Aromatic Telescopes that could be bought for money.



## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

## CANTO V.—DRESS.

DRESS! Spheric word with cyclic meaning fraught!  
Whole universe of fancy, passion, thought,



Closed in five letters! What, of all that moves  
The female breast, from teas to tragic loves,  
Moves it so solely, with such conquering stress,  
As to crowd out emotions born of Dress?  
PUNCHIUS, his task the course of love to trace,  
Perchance should have apportioned the first place—  
Not the Fifth Canto—and his freshest fire,  
To the soul-searching subject of Attire!  
Woman's infirmity, alone supreme  
And self-sufficing, boundary of all dream,  
And all desire, circuit beyond whose scope  
Flies fancy never, never flutters hope.  
Love seems its mere dependent. Yet the tie  
Twixt them is close and strong. To lure Love's eye  
Vestureless Venus vaunts a lesser charm  
Than she whom "Form" and Fashion jointly arm  
For wider conquest. Young VANESSA knows  
The power of "Form" as well as she who rose  
Fair from the Paphian foam-wreaths, "Form" displayed  
Not less bewitchingly because arrayed  
By Fashion, not by Neptune. It were odd  
If deftest skill of the old briny god,  
With snowy spray and sea-wrack only aided,  
Revealed so deftly, so discreetly shaded,  
As the joint wisdom and united skill  
Of *Modistes* and *Mammas*, equipped at will  
With all that Mode and Mammon furnish forth,  
The wealth of Babylon, the wit of WORTH,  
The typic fig-leaf aptly to adjust  
To varying exigence of zone and bust.  
VANESSA, matron-coached, has an idea  
That she could give long odds to Cytherea  
In roseate revealings, and romp in  
An easy winner. How to best begin,  
How most adroitly finish—problem this—  
Young jockeys and coy *ingénues* may miss,  
Not ARCHER or VANESSA.

But a pout  
Wreathes with the shadow of a wistful doubt  
Those soft, uncalculating, free-arched lips,  
Not yet in love with scorn or cynic quips.  
Well, willow-waisted GRACE, your dainty guise  
Is innocently aimed at manly eyes!  
Aha! You blush, bending the briar-spray down  
O'er the white forehead which affects to frown.  
Why not? 'Tis seldom men *sincerely* scorn  
The Art whose aim is Nature to adorn  
In Nature's highest shape. Though Satire gird  
With pen or pencil at a *modé* absurd,  
Satire would feel the funniest of shocks  
Should Satire's wife abjure the *modé* he mocks,  
And earn the dreaded name of Dowdy! Clime  
Compels convention. Ours no golden prime  
Of life Arcadian. To the critic eye  
All human vesture seems absurdity,  
Most comic of necessities. But men  
Are not all *Truffaldinos*: Attack them then  
With arms *Le Follet* fashions to your use.  
Culture the code of Fashion may abuse.

But not abolish. Dress is the supreme  
Philistinism of our sphere; no dream  
Of rational revolution or revolt,  
No wit-winged flight of *Ridicule's* swift bolt,  
Can move our soft assailants. Dullard man  
Abides the siege, but fathoms not the plan.  
The witchery of fine folds and artful dyes  
He'll credit, clever CLELIA, to your eyes;  
The tasteful cincture of the trim-laced zone,  
Lithe LUCY, is a charm he'll deem your own;  
The swell and sweep of drapery ordered well  
He'll blend with you, majestic ISABEL;  
The snowy girth of taper wrist and throat,  
The lace that flutters, and the plumes that float,  
O dainty GRACE, he'll think seraphic things,  
Inseparable from you as gowns and wings  
From the ideal angels of our songs.  
"Form's" fitting vesture to the soul belongs,  
In common apprehension. Who so keen  
As to appraise the spell of glow and sheen  
Apart from silk-clad sorceress, siren trim,  
Whose every contour soft and slender limb  
Radiates robe-charmed brightness? Cupid knows  
The witchery of tense glove and tasteful hose.  
Hear what the genial god confides to *Punch*,  
O'er "Boy" and bivalves, at a Fleet Street lunch!

## CUPID.

"Beauty when unadorned adorned the most!"  
Oh, prettiest of Parnassian commonplaces!  
The tri-forked Mount, for all its valiant boast  
Of free ideals and unfettered graces,  
Is as convention-bound—in most things—still,  
As Primrose Hill.

*Pygmalion* to-day might compromise  
With vesture ere he vitalised his statue.  
Picture pure *Galatea's* gentle eyes  
Arch o'er a Mayfair fan-arch beaming at you!  
No Cyprian studio yours for sculpture Phidian,  
Or song Ovidian!

Is Art a grey Tithonus lagging slow  
After the flying footsteps of the Morning?  
So twitterers tell us. But the roseate glow  
Of clouds, the pomp of flowers make sweet "adorning,"  
Which scarcely mars the beauty of Aurora,  
The charm of Flora.

Beauty in beauty robed, though less divine  
Than in pure self-sufficingness, best fitteth  
Our less than Golden Age. The hyaline,  
O'er which storm-wrack or snow-cloud never flitteth,  
May canopy the robe-unaided Charis  
The free-limbed Paris;

But could the charm-appraising shepherd-boy  
Judge at a modern Beauty-Show, he'd grapple  
With the idea of "Dress as a Decoy,"  
And, I will wager, not withhold the apple  
Because *La Mode* arrays your Mayfair goddesses  
In ball-room bodices!

So Cupid, sweetings, on the mighty theme.  
What subtler sense through his soft praise may gleam  
'Tis yours to measure. That the Paphian fire  
Is quickened and not quenched by deft attire  
He owneth.

Yet be wise; cross not the gods  
By inharmonious freaks with Taste at odds.  
A tint *flamboyant*, or a dowdy turn  
Of skirt or scarf, may dim the lights that burn  
In eyes late worshipping; a tender twist  
Of tendril hair, a curve of slender wrist,  
Lace-girt or golden-circled, may avail  
To re-illumine flames that faint or fail.  
Fitness, not fashion, is the conquering lure,  
Eros to win and suitors to secure.  
But there's a subtler art—oh, study this!—  
'Tis blending both in one fine synthesis!  
Fitness on fashion moulds, and fashion bends  
To the behests of fitness to such ends  
As sublimate *Le Follet* into charm,  
Making of Beauty's bonds a keener arm,  
And half redeem us from the stern *duressse*  
Of that opprobrium of the Human—Dress!

CRACKER DOOM.—To be pulled at Christmas.



## THE SPEAKER.

(A Handbook to Ready-made Oratory.)

## PART IX.—LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

In the days gone by, at the fag-end of a toast-list at a Farmer's Dinner, "the Gentlemen of the Press" used to be given with a brevity attributable to the Chairman's exhaustion. That exhaustion had been caused by numberless "healths" of far greater importance than the welfare of those claiming to be Members of the Fourth Estate. The acknowledgment was usually entrusted to a lad of eighteen or thereabouts, who addressed, in impassioned accents, an audience of wine-weary sleepers. But nowadays all this is changed, and "The Press," when it figures either in a proposal or a response, nearly invariably is provocative of the highest flights of eloquence. And until recently, this special recognition of Journalism was the only acknowledgment, from a toast-master's point of view, that such a thing as Literature was in existence. Again nowadays this is changed, and "the Pen" is nearly as popular after dinner as "the Sword."

However, when all is said and done, the toast is new, and consequently it may be as well to jot down a few suggestions calculated to assist the proposer of "Literature" in acquitting himself creditably. Here follows then—

## FACTS TO BE REMEMBERED BY THE CHAMPIONS OF THE PEN.

1. That the QUEEN has published *Stray Leaves from a Diary*.
2. That Lord WOLSELEY wrote *The Soldier's Pocket-book*.
3. That Lords MACAULAY and LYTTON both scribbled a little.
4. That the Earl of BEACONSFIELD got £1,000 (more or less) for *Endymion*.
5. That the Author of *Locksley Hall, and other Poems*, is about to be made a Peer.
6. And, lastly, above all and before all, that Literature pays, nowadays, nearly as well as cheesemongering.

This, of course, is taking a very material view of the subject. There is an alternative tone that can be adopted, the more especially that recently the tone in question has become very fashionable. The prevailing idea by those who accept this last view of the subject is that there is a hidden meaning in everything, which is either beneath or above comprehension. Thus there is something grandly suggestive about a gridiron. The fact that the homely article is used for cooking mutton-chops or beef-steaks is a mere uninteresting detail—it must be regarded as a peer to a sunset or a snow-covered mountain. Again, if a Theatrical Manager produces a successful play, and in consequence is able to announce on placards that "the Stalls are full," and that there is "only standing-room in the Pit," the mere commercial value of the venture must be ignored the while the enterprising entrepreneur is lauded to the skies for his "love of the beautiful," and his "deep earnest feeling for the welfare of Art." To make this plainer, it will be as well to give an illustration. And, as the subject is very often connected with the Drama, a dramatic form is the most convenient in which that illustration can be presented. To work, then:—

SCENE—A Banquet. TIME—When the sweets of the confectioner have given place to the sugar of the after-dinner orator. The tenth toast on the list has been proposed, honoured, and received a response. A young old man, with an effeminate air and a silk shirt-front, rises to introduce "No. 11" to the garrulous revellers. He wears a pince-nez, and speaks with the soupçon of a lisp. He is received with considerable applause on being recognised as Mr. ROSETTI TWADDLE, the eminent Critic.

Mr. Rosetti Twaddle (deferentially). Your Royal Highness—(graciously)—my Lords and—(abruptly)—Gentlemen. I have undertaken a somewhat difficult task this evening. But I do not dread the responsibility, as every task must be difficult if performed in an entirely earnest spirit. ("Hear, hear!") I wish to be entirely and wholly in earnest, for I take it that the highest aims of the man of culture are as the half-forgotten whispering of the Autumn leaves, unless approached with all the rugged force of an equatorial whirlpool. (Applause.) All things that are wholly true must be of necessity completely lovable. ("Hear, hear!") And as this is indeed the case, pens, ink, and paper, when the means of suggesting noble thoughts at once assume the exquisite grandeur of all that is most true, and consequently most admirable, in Nature, which is another name for Art. (Loud cheers.) The soldier of the pen should be inspired by a subtle influence, and it is this subtle influence—so strange in its ramifications, so wholly comforting in its suggestions—that I ask you to toast even as our ancestors crushed cups in their armour to the fairest ladies of their knightly choice. ("Hear, hear!") For, indeed, this subtle influence is a beautiful mistress—pure as a lily, as grand as an earthquake. (Cheers.) It was this gentle mistress that inspired HOMER, CHAUCER, or, to come to modern times, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. ("Hear, hear!") And it is this subtle influence, this gentle, this beautiful mistress,

who has inspired our dear friend TOMPKINS BROWN, the lessee of the Theatre Royal Parthenon. (Prolonged cheering.) I am glad you agree with me, for I take this consent as a sign of your entirely perfect intelligence. (Renewed applause.) It happened that I was at the theatre of our respected friend—respected, because he is the High Priest of Art—(cheers)—only a few nights ago. I had been in his private room, and had been discussing a poor play of my own. ("No, no!") Yes, poor, because it contained but a few thousand lines of indifferent verse. ("No, no!") You are completely kind! (Cheers.) And when we had come to the only right, the only possible conclusion, that mere Money was not to be weighed for an instant in the scales with Art—("hear, hear!")—and the consideration of the date for the production of my little fancy had been temporarily postponed, TOMPKINS BROWN invited me to "come in front" to see his latest contribution to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. (Cheers.) I obeyed, and never shall I forget what I then saw. I was in fairyland. There were scores of beautiful figures draped in gold and silver tissue floating through an atmosphere of the most delicately tinted gems. But I did not look at the scene. My attention was riveted on the chief Actor, who, wearing a white tunic with red spots, and a peculiar head-dress (handed down to us from mediæval times) with three thin upright plumes, was gazing at the wholly beautiful beings revolving around him, with intense earnestness. The face of the chief Actor was an epic. (Cheers.) His soul shone through the white paint on his nose, the red triangular spots on his cheeks and forehead. (Cheers.) His look of mingled wonder and admiration brought the tears to my eyes. ("Hear, hear!") A smile of marvellous simplicity spread over his prominent eyes, his artificially-widened mouth, like the shadow of a summer-cloud sailing over a corn-field. There was an exquisite pathos in his wonder, an infinite tenderness in his admiration. (Cheers.) That smile recalled Swiss cataracts, Italian ruins, the glories of Rome, the broken marbles of ancient Greece. (Renewed applause.) I murmured, "Enter boldly, for here, too, there are Gods!" (Frantic cheering.) I felt that I was watching a great Actor. ("Hear, hear!") Then he turned round, and, with admirable earnestness, knocked down the scoffing figure of his companion, an ancient Pantaloon. (Cheers.) That blow was a revelation. In it I traced a career wholly devoted to Art. (Renewed applause.) And what caused me to see so much? I will tell you. It was that subtle influence to which I have alluded—that subtle influence which guides the pen of the wholly honest critic, which opens the eyes of culture, and is yet as nought to the yokel and the Philistine. This subtle influence is the life of literature, the soul of criticism. And this subtle influence is what I ask you to toast. It is the life-blood of the pen and the bone, tissues and nerves of the pencil. ("Hear, hear!") I give you, then, from the very bottom of my heart, and with entire confidence in its reception, the revelation of to-day and the great master of to-morrow. In a word, I give you—Gush!

[Enormous enthusiasm, during which the speaker resumes his seat.

So much for the proposal. As for the reply, it is useless to give it. If inspired by the proper spirit, it would be wholly and entirely—unintelligible.

HAIG-ZACTLY So!—In the very useless dispute between Mr. CHARLES HAIG, wine-merchant, and the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, D.D., as to Liquor Trade and Christianity, it certainly seems to us that the wine-merchant has six-to-four the best of it in argument. Among other things, he said that the "sobriety of the Jews was not due to their religious regulations nor to their exclusiveness;" and he stated that at Passover-time, publicans in the East-end of London "put up a Hebrew word in their windows signifying that they have on tap a particular puncheon of rum which has been passed by the Rabbi." Now this is a bit indefinite. Had the worthy Rabbi "passed the puncheon" as he would among convives have "passed the bottle," or had he neglected it and passed over it, or passed by it, or examined it and then, because it "answered," given it a pass? The last, we suppose, is the correct version. We were not aware that there were Jew publicans; but, being reminded of the ancient riddle which might have had its origin in Palestine, it is evidently quite in the fitness of things that the publicans should be one of the He-brews. The idea of anyone of the name of Burns going in for total abstinence! Well, well, Time brings its revenges. But, assuredly, the Rev. Dr. DAWSON BURNS would have been disavowed by the "rantin' roarin' boy" of that ilk were he still in the "land of cakes" and ale, while as to Mr. HAIG, the sound of his name recalls the one place where to drink water is an impossibility, and the absorption of Hollands a necessity. See *Murray's Guide as to the Hague* and the quality of the water in the Low Countries. When we went there we followed the guide-book's advice, which was similar to *Bailey's*, at *Mrs. Todgers's*—"Don't touch none of it;" and, as may be imagined, we had a very Murray time of it. Hoop! Mynheer Boompjes!



## WHAT NEXT?

Viscount Fozzle (tenth transmitter of a foolish face) to Earl Boozle (fifteenth ditto).  
 "I HEAR THAT POET FELLAH—MR. WHATSHISNAME—IS GOING TO BECOME ONE OF US!"

## AN EXAMPLE AND A PUZZLE.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is an ornament, and a very beautiful ornament, to her Profession. An eminent Financialist (says *Truth*) asked her, through Mr. MITCHELL, what her terms would be to come to his house, dine, and amuse his guests afterwards. To which she replied, that she was not on hire for dining or evening party purposes. We hear, also, that she did something better even than this, of which it is not our *métier* to speak more plainly.

But what a contrast between the conduct of *La belle Américaine* and that of the French artistes who honour us with their presence during the Season! Of course our English Actresses never do the drawing-room show business with dinner included, refreshments and supper thrown in. Fancy the snubbing that an invitation of this sort (sent through Mr. MITCHELL, or any leading Librarian) would receive from Mrs. KENDAL if requested to recite *Galatea*, for example, or from Miss ELLEN TERRY if invited to come out as *Beta* (or *Gamma*, which was it?) in *The Cup*! or from Miss ELLEN FARREN if asked for *La Boulonnaise* in costume, or from Miss KATE VAUGHAN if invited to do three of her inimitable dances after dessert! What a Snob must the host be! and what a host of Snobs at the party! Yet it used to be done once upon a time, when, as "the Profession" didn't think quite so much of itself as it does now, it certainly was not thought so much of by "Society."

*Tempora mutantur*—but not to any very great extent. Lady THEODORE MARTIN or Mrs. CHARLES KEAN in their time would have sent the same answer to the snobbish Financialist as Miss MARY ANDERSON has done. But how about the Operatic Artistes who are both Actors and Singers? Why should they take pay for an evening's drawing-room show and not be considered as doing anything derogatory to their artistic position? Why should an Entertainer, who is in every respect on an equal footing with the Actor or Operatic

## THE FAMILY GHOST.

(A Christmas Carol. AIR—"The Mistletoe Bough.")

At the Old Manor House and ancestral Hall,  
 Where the ivy climbs over the gable-end wall,  
 A Rookery lends the domain a charm,  
 And the rats and the mice within-door swarm;  
 And, time out of mind, as the talk hath been,  
 There's a spectral Thing to be heard and seen.

O, the Family Ghost!  
 O, the Family Ghost!

A sound, as it were, of a rustling train,  
 That sweeps into the chambers, and out again,  
 And anon there appeareth an ancient Dame,  
 Like a figure stepped out of a picture-frame,  
 In a stomacher, frill, and farthingale,  
 And her eyes glimmer through an antique lace-veil.

O, the Family Ghost!  
 O, the Family Ghost!

There's a room where the Ghost is given to keep  
 So in that one apartment that none dare sleep.  
 No man-servant, maid-servant, girl, or groom,  
 Will adventure a night in the Haunted Room.  
 Should the Host any Stranger away there stow,  
 The Ghost of the Family lets him know.

O, the Family Ghost!  
 O, the Family Ghost!

A something in sooth it may be to boast,  
 That a fellow hath gotten a Family Ghost,  
 For a Family Ghost to a Family Name  
 Is a sort of appurtenance much the same  
 As a coat-of-arms, or a Family Tree;  
 No such Ghost but for persons of pedigree.

O, the Family Ghost!  
 O, the Family Ghost!

In your stuccoed Villas it scorns to dwell;  
 Stands only the hold of your high-born Swell.  
 It disdains to appear—having too much pride—  
 To the family circle at Christmastide,  
 Where, if ghost-stories then be but truly told,  
 It could, an it listed, a tale unfold.

O, the Family Ghost!  
 O, the Family Ghost!

THERE is no truth in the report that, in view of his exalted lineage, Baron TENNYSON will adopt as his new motto, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." These trifles are left for the consideration of Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Singer, take his *honorarium* for amusing the company after dinner, or at an "at home," without injuring his position, socially and professionally, while the opportunity of making twenty guineas, by a recitation or a dramatic monologue in character, is denied to the Actor or Actress, without forfeiture of social or professional status? Something wrong here, evidently,—but we were not "born to set it right."

## A NEW PART FOR A BART.

THE blithesome Bart. has in his time tried most things. But till reading the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, we were not aware that he had turned his attention to letting lodgings:—

A BARONET and his Wife will be glad to meet with a Lady (who may desire a quiet, comfortable HOME in the Country) to reside with them. An invalid or elderly Lady would receive every kindness and attention.—Address, &c.

Here is an opportunity for elderly Ladies to have a real good time. Fancy the pleasure of being supported by the bart-ly arm to dinner, having tea handed by a real red bart-ly hand, and in listening to words of wisdom that fall from the bart-ly lips. This utilisation of title is a capital hint, and doubtless Dukes in difficulties, moneyless Marquises, and the impecunious aristocracy generally, might make a fortune by letting lodgings in this fashion.

MR. BELT takes the £500, a slice instead of the whole hog for our Pyg-malion. Tisn't much gain, but he is content to put up with a certain lawes. "*Non ultima laus est*"—is this the last of LAWES?

THE Aldermen have named Mr. CORRIE GRANT, Mr. IN-CORRI-GIBLE GRANT.

## THE SECRET OF DEADMAN'S TERRACE.

(Our Sanitary Christmas Story—Concluded.)



## CHAPTER III.



THE dinner was over now, and my five Uncles were writhing with great difficulty towards their five respective rooms.

Yes,—there was no doubt of it, the dinner had been a great success! Had I deserved my good fortune? I think I had.

I had determined, as far as it were possible with the means placed at my disposal by the accommodating condition of the existing law, that my little inaugural banquet should materially assist and supplement, by a few swift and deadly strokes, the surer if slower work that was to be accomplished when it was over by my reeking walls and defective drainage. It was a modest resolve, and I was not destined to be disappointed.

I had arranged the menu with great care, and had selected my provisions with considerable tact. The fish, a fine full-sized cod, was one of the three hundred and seventy-five that only a few minutes after my purchase were seized by the Authorities and ordered to be instantly destroyed as a nuisance dangerous alike to health and life in the immediate vicinity of the consignment. With my meat I was even more happy! Through the

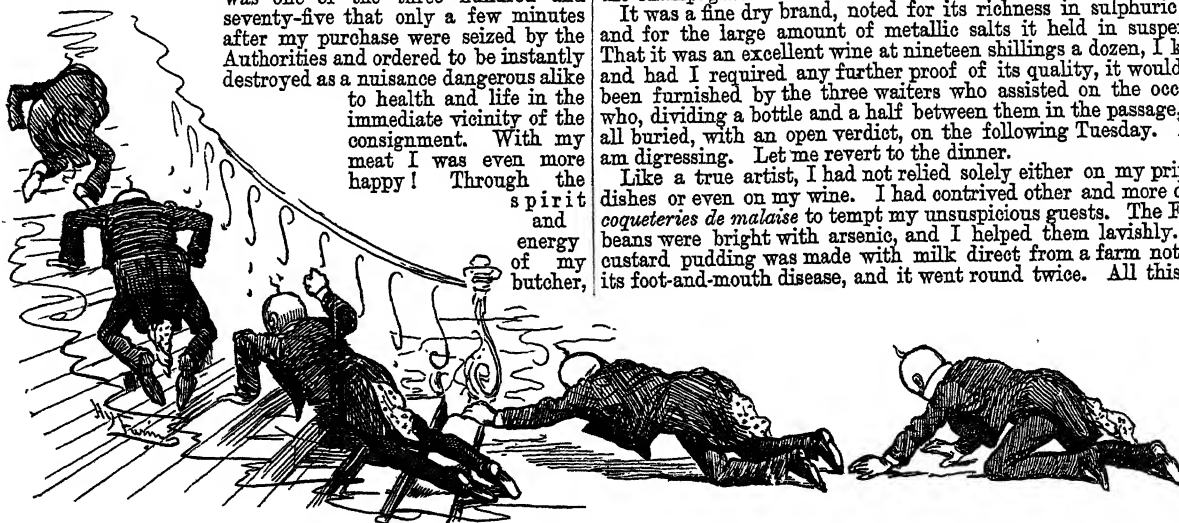
spirit and energy of my butcher,

whose enterprise was great in supplying the neighbourhood with prime but diseased joints that were quite unfit for human food, I

was enabled to secure a portion of a condemned carcase well suited to my simple purpose. I was not surprised, therefore, to notice that my five Uncles all became a little silent and thoughtful after the soup. But the incident merely encouraged me. With a careless toss of the head, I ordered the waiter to open the Champagne.

It was a fine dry brand, noted for its richness in sulphuric acid, and for the large amount of metallic salts it held in suspension. That it was an excellent wine at nineteen shillings a dozen, I knew; and had I required any further proof of its quality, it would have been furnished by the three waiters who assisted on the occasion, who, dividing a bottle and a half between them in the passage, were all buried, with an open verdict, on the following Tuesday. But I am digressing. Let me revert to the dinner.

Like a true artist, I had not relied solely either on my principal dishes or even on my wine. I had contrived other and more dainty *coqueteries de malaise* to tempt my unsuspecting guests. The French beans were bright with arsenic, and I helped them lavishly. The custard pudding was made with milk direct from a farm noted for its foot-and-mouth disease, and it went round twice. All this filled





me with quiet hope. But my chief *pièce de résistance* was a dish of tinned rabbit.

As a plate of this deadly *entrée* was placed before each of my five Uncles, and they began to pronounce it "excellent," my heart positively beat with excitement. For a moment I was almost scientifically interested, like one assisting at some pleasing and novel experiment.

For I recalled the celebrated luncheon of the poisoned tarts given by BENEVENTO MARAFFI, Fourth Duke of Milan, to HILDEBRAND THE NINTH and the Doge of Venice, and remembered how, when the latter had taken seventeen in succession, he turned, much to the astonishment and amusement of the Venerable Pontiff, a pale orange colour. So I watched my Uncles narrowly.

I had not long to wait. The cheap tinned poison of the American firm soon showed itself more searching and potent than the price-less preparations of Tofana.

Yes; there was no mistaking it! *One by one my five Uncles turned slowly to a deep rich emerald green!*

My first impulse was to jump on my chair and cheer; but they had risen to their feet, and were asking for a little water, and by a great effort I restrained myself. There was a huge tankard on the sideboard, drawn fresh that very afternoon. It contained fifty-seven per cent. of organic matter, and was supplied through a freely-furred leaden pipe from a cistern I had carefully concealed from the Sanitary Inspector. I could answer for the quality of that water.

With a cheery "You'll be all right, presently!" I forced a good quart of it laughingly on each of them. As I suspected, it did not refresh them; but its effect was marvellous.

At first they seemed stunned. Then the other four reeled blindly in the direction of my Uncle the Doctor. He had only taken twice of the rabbit, and appeared to understand them. He broke silence.

"I am afraid, my boy," he said, sobbing hysterically, "that you have treated us too—too handsomely."

The others nodded assent, and leaned against each other for support.

"We are not feeling very well," he continued, "and I think, on the whole, we would rather go to bed."

"The heat of the room?" I asked, in a playful offhand manner, as I rang for their five candles.

"The heat of the room! that is all!" was the muffled and wheezing reply.

I cut an involuntary caper, for I knew the End was near at last.

In another minute they were *creeping slowly and laboriously up the stairs, to their respective rooms, on all-fours!*

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was eleven minutes to eleven. So far things had gone well beyond my wildest hopes. How did matters stand?

I had said to myself, "before the beginning of the new year!" True, there were but seventy-one minutes left, yet I felt perfectly sanguine as to the result. The last state of debility had been reached with an ease that even at this grim hour pleased and interested me.

But the time had come for the house to do its work! As I thought of this, again my spirits rose, and I made my arrangements for the night.

As a simple precaution against the stifling miasma of the premises, I had provided myself with a complete diver's costume. In this I now arrayed myself. Fitting on tightly the glass-eyed helmet, that had a moveable india-rubber pipe communicating with the outer air, for purposes of ventilation, attached to it, I sat down in an easy chair before the flickering fire, and waited the issue of events.

How well I can recall that little interval of expectant repose!

I remember smiling to myself inside my diver's helmet. I was thinking of my five aged relatives upstairs, for, with a spontaneous Christmastide irony, I had arranged the nomenclature of their five rooms according to the insanitary peculiarities they respectively possessed.

The titles fitted fancifully through my brain. "The Deadly Damp Room," "The Open Sink Room," "The Poisoned Dado Room," "The Gas Escape Room," "The Frozen Chill Room." What a merry sound they all had in this, the last night of the good old year!

So I smiled, for I was wondering which of the five would be the first to do its work.

Yet, beyond the occasional upsetting of a wardrobe and a distant oath or two now and then, there was no sound from upstairs. Sometimes I thought I heard violent footsteps, as if someone were dancing. But they died away. Why was there no movement? Half-past eleven struck. I grew anxious.

I could not well leave the room, on account of the limited length of my protecting india-rubber pipe. To have taken off my helmet now would have been to have risked much. I hesitated. Yet the bells were already beginning to ring in the New Year. I rose from my chair, when, to my great relief, I noticed that a figure was standing in the doorway.

It had on a Military headgear, some Naval trappings, a dressing-gown, and bore, under its right arm, five duly executed wills. I saw,

at a glance, it was my Legal Uncle, in a state of temporary intermittent delirium.

"Ha! my boy!" he said, stumbling towards the table, and manifesting no sign of astonishment at my unusual costume. "We have had a rough time of it upstairs—a very rough time—but had—thank goodness—time to sign *these*. We have not forgotten you!"

"Thanks!" I said, with some feeling, as I took the promising testamentary parcel from his shaking hand. "Are they really bad?"

The bells were ringing merrily on the midnight air. The sound seemed to soothe him.

"It's all over!" he said, feebly shaking his head. "And I have only about two minutes left myself. I'll tell you what it is, my boy"—his voice sank to a whisper now. "I'm afraid you've got into rather an unhealthy house!"

After the five funerals, the five wills were duly opened, with all formality, in my presence, by my new Solicitor.

"Dear me!" he said, rubbing his eyeglasses. "Your Uncles appear to have left all their property to an Advertising Company, who are to expend the whole of it in the Sanitary Improvement of Deadman's Terrace."

I had been listening attentively. I slipped off my chair.

"And the annuity of £6 13s.?" I asked, anxiously, as he kindly helped me up from the floor.

"Has been thrown into Chancery by a maternal Second Cousin," he replied, gently. Then he led me to a cab.

Years have sped now, and I often pass through the old neighbourhood. Bright children issue from the doors, buxom housewives smile on the balconies, and vigorous and hearty fathers of large families return every evening from the City. Yet there is nothing to indicate a change—beyond a forest of ventilating shafts that now



tower and twist along the whole line of the familiar stucco façade. "The healthiest block of houses in all London," say all the Agents. "Strange, too!" they add, rubbing their heads, and recalling faintly certain insanitary rumours of vanished years.

Yes; "strange" indeed—but not to him who, like me, recalls, as he gazes up at No. 13, the weird explanatory light it could throw on *The Secret of Deadman's Terrace*.

#### Punch on Potations.

THE Hot-Water Cure is our latest of fads,

To cut out all tipples from Champagne to Whiskey.

Well stick, if you like, to the kettle, my lads,

Whose wits are *too* bright, and whose souls are *too* frisky.

But *Punch* has his own common-sense recipe,

A road to right happiness simpler and shorter;

He'd counsel you, cutting prigs' fiddlededee,

To keep in good spirits and out of hot water!

"IS HANGING PAINFUL?"—Under this title some letters have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is a difficult question to answer, as of course, it depends on what is hung. Some sky-high Artists say hanging is very painful to them at the Royal Academy.

WE have just received our copy of our Annual Invaluable Guide, Philosopher and Friend, yclept *Kelly's Post-Office Directory*. It is a charming pocket companion, and delightful handy book.



## THE MODERN ARS AMANDI.

(By Punchius Naso.)

CANTO VI.—MAMMA.

PUNCHIUS sat pondering o'er his mighty theme,  
When suddenly a keen electric gleam



Seemed to transpire his sanctum's roseate shade,  
And lo! a Presence! gorgeously arrayed  
In glistening satin of soft Lyrian sheen,  
"Invested with purpleal gleams," its mien  
Gravely majestic; ample-shouldered, large,  
Of such fair swell as CLEOPATRA'S barge  
Breasted the Cydnus with. Erect she stood,  
The British Matron; in no genial mood,  
If aspect augured aught. Her greeting fair,  
The courteous Sage his most capacious chair  
Filled with her portly amplitude. Thence she  
In round sonorous periods uttered free  
Maternal thoughts, and, as in eclogues old,  
By rusby brook or by close-wattled fold,  
Virgilian Swains discourse, PUNCHIUS, well suited  
To Mantuan grace with her interlocuted.

MATERFAMILIAS.

Punch, I presume?

PUNCHIUS.

Presumption is a word

Which to connect with you—

MATERFAMILIAS.

Don't be absurd!

What do you mean by "Love and laughter"?—I  
Quote from your "Proem"—What's your aim, Sir? Why,  
Love is no laughing matter,—or, any rate,  
Marriage is not! You as a comic zany rate  
The modern Cupid, make him talk that stuff  
Which men call "satire." Pooh! We're quite too tough  
For all that sort of thing to trouble much.  
A mother's heart male mockery cannot touch,  
We've far too much at stake. But Punch, you know,  
This *Ars Amandi* is not *comme il faut*.—  
JOHN just explained it,—and I really think  
As British Girdom's pet, you ought to shrink  
From—

PUNCHIUS.

Veiling satire with a genial laugh,  
And teaching wisdom 'neath the cloak of chaff?

MATERFAMILIAS.

Oh, bother! That's what JOHN calls "Big Bow-Wow."  
But—girls are quite sufficient trouble now.  
They do not want more "wisdom," I am sure,  
But more docility. If you cannot cure  
Their sentimental fads, at least don't turn  
Their heads with—well, I've really yet to learn  
What you quite mean—but all this curious mixture  
Of rhymes, and gods, and things. There's one great fixture—  
Get married! Now, your Cantos seem to sap  
Its firm foundation.

PUNCHIUS.

How?

MATERFAMILIAS.

Well, dear Old Chap—

You are a dear, when you are nice, you know—  
I really can't tell *how*, you fog me so.  
I'm not sure when you're serious. But indeed  
I must remonstrate.

PUNCHIUS.

Madam, pray proceed!

(To be continued.)

## ROBERT'S CRISMAS STORY.

(As append last Summer.)

I WAS a staying at swellish Surbiton and had been engaged at Appy Ampton a waitin on won of my favrit Companies, the Jiners. Ah them's good fellers, them Jiners is, and nose a glass of '47 Port as quick as any Company in Lundon, aye and injoys it two, and never refuses a second.

Well, as I was returnin home, I had sitch a singler adwentur as mite be common enuff in new Amerikay or even in old Ireland, but in that nice quiet plaice it did seem just a leetle staggerin.

Sornterin along quietly "by the margin of Tems's fare waters," as the Poet says, I took a seat, about harf way home, on a nice ard wooden form with not no back to it, kindly purwided by the lokal orthoritys for tired trawellers of which I was jest a little one, wen I was akorsted by a gentleman of not werry engagin aperience who was so obligin as to inform me that he was quite down upon his luck, and was gettin jest a bit desprit, and wood I kindly assist him with the lone of five shillinx!

In course I told him as I hadn't no five shillinx to spare, as I was only a pore Waiter, wen he sed as that story wouldn't wash, as any-boddy who'd bin akustomed to igh life could see at once by my wite choker as well as by my manners as I was a Parson! and posserbly a Bishop! Of course I was a good deal flattered at his little natral mistake, and said that as far as 6d. would go he mite have it and weloom, wen he suddnly quite haltered his manner, and said, as money he wanted and money he must have, and puttin his and in his pocket he pulled out a rewolwing Pistol, and sed I shoud have it for a pound.

I think I was never so fritened in all my life, and without stoppin for to think wot was best to be done, I aoshally gave him all I had in my pocket, which was about 9s. 6d., which he took with a cuss, and putting the awful lookin weppen into my hand, and sayin "Full to the muzzel," he ran along to the Park railings, jumped over, and was off like a shot!

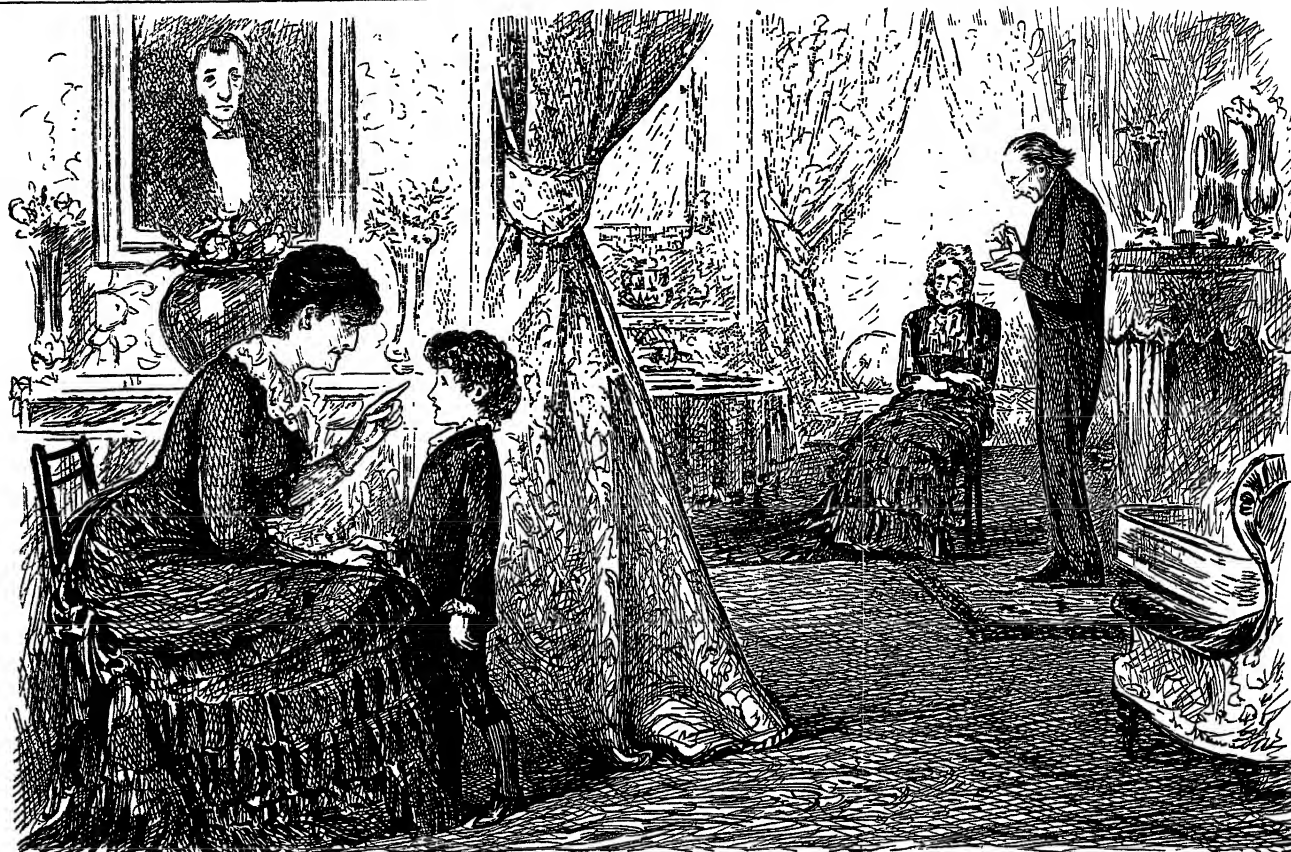
I set there, on that ard seat, with that dedly weppen in my grasp, for I should think quite a quarter of a our, wundring what on erth I should do with it.

Suppose, I thort to myself, a Pleaceman was to cum and see me thus, armed to the teeth, how could I conwince him as I was only a umbel Waiter who had jest made a purchase, and not, wot I looked exactly like, a sangwinery Bugler or Highway Man! I dared not put the cold fire-arm in my pocket, for if fear it mite be, as he had said, loaded to the muzzel, and mite go off of itself. I had sumtimes herd of these deadly weppens being loaded with slugs, and the meer thort of such disgusting Reptiles a crawlin about in my pocket, gave me a fit of the shudders.

Presently I herd carriage wheels a comin nearer in the distance, so in my hagony I rushed from my ard seat, ran along about 200 yards, and throwd it madly into the middle of the River, and then took to my eels, like a guilty thing, and never stopt till I come to the Ferry, when my frite was so great and my breth so short that I couldn't call out "hover" lowd enuff for the Ferryman to hear me for a matter praps of 10 minnets, and ewenshally retched home so much more ded than alive oh! that my kind land lord insisted on my sendin out for harf a pint of brandy, which he mixed with some skill, and of which he most kindly partook of, share and share alike.

Of coarse I esily misled my land lord by denouncing the Sammon, although, trowth to tell, it was remarkabel good, and so, after a lite supper of pork chops and stout, to bed, to bed, where I slept the sleep of the hinnocent Waiter and not of the gilty assassassin.

I have for sum time left the shores of the silwer Tems, unless indeed I may call it by that fond name at Londun Bridge, with mite be thort jest a leetle sorcaustic, so I may safely rewel the fac, that, if any one, includin the galliant Admiral of the Tems Conserwatives, wants what I've no dout is a butiful specimen of the hintresting article commonly called a rewolwer, all he has to do is to go to the place atween Long Ditton and Ampton where the ard seat is, and exady 200 steps nearer Surbeton he will cum to 3 grate Trees, ether Helms or Hoax, I don't know witeh, but I thinks the former, and nex to them is a werry big Tree with a broken bow, and exady opsit that, just  $\frac{1}{2}$  across the River, let him dredge and dredge, and he's sure to find the Burgler's companion, and watever he may think my dew, I will leave hintfirely to his Honner to send me. ROBERT.



### ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE!

*Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions). "I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOMMY. YOU SAW THAT GENTLEMAN TALKING TO GRANDMAMMA IN THE OTHER ROOM. WELL, HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW PAPA. MAMMA'S GOING TO MARRY HIM!"*  
*Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-D-DOES HE KNOW IT YET, MAMMA!"*

### STRANGERS YET.

*(A Suggestion for the Season.)*

In many a dreary and desolate place has our Annual Guest in his travellings found him,  
 In Tartar steppes, and in Lapland wilds, in fenny flats where the wild-fowl cluster;  
 In snowy wastes where the frozen watch from the "Crow's Nest" gloomily gazes round him,  
 And where on the edge of the Arctic pack the ice-bound wanderers mutely muster,  
 But where and when and in what chill clime has he ever chanced on a scene so cheerless  
 As this of the opulent City's slums, from our pallid sun by the brick-bulks hidden?  
 A scene to soften the cynic soul, to moisten eyes that are mostly tearless,  
 And bring the cry of a bitter shame to laughter-loving red lips unbidden.  
 Good Cheer? Old friend with the jovial front, you may take your shibboleth old and pleasant  
 To warm-housed wealth and to humble ease, to labour brisk and to age lone-stranded;  
 To prince and pauper, to Cit and clown, to lolling lady and toiling peasant,  
 But here are those it is strange to, strange as your bounty royal and open-handed.  
 These know you not, oh, snow-lock'd Sire! save perchance in pictures that tell them little,  
 E'en less than the show of the glittering shops, with their piled good fare and their gilt and greenery,  
 In which they have neither part nor lot, of which they may share no jot or tittle.  
 Say, genial Greybeard, what think you of our London waste and its winter scenery?

Good cheer? The dwellers in these dim courts are the Troglodytes of our Civilisation.  
 Tell them of sunny Italian skies, of Lakeland's verdure, of Cashmere's roses!  
 They'll understand you as well as when you prattle of Yuletide jollification.  
 Among them semi-starvation stalks, around them vice-curst poverty closes  
 A cordon stern as the lazar's ban against the coming of cheer and gladness,  
 Or if there's aught that shall waken mirth in their palsied souls, 'tis the liquid devil  
 That draws their lips with resistless lure, and wakes their spirits to dreadful madness;  
 And breaks as with hideous scoriac fire their life's monotonous low dead level.  
 A Slum Child, Father! What do you think of *this* childish shape?  
 On your rounds this morning  
 You'll meet with many a lad and a lass, their well-known visitor gleefully greeting,  
 What of *this* one though, who knows you not! Is there anything, think you, of woeful warning  
 In this poor, pallid and pitiful waif, your jolly old self with astonishment meeting!  
 Eh? Must be altered? Why, verily yes. *Punch* holds that same opinion—precisely.  
 "Peace and goodwill" has some meaning still, but here, FATHER CHRISTMAS, we seem to have missed it.  
 How to expound it to outcasts like this were good work for the Season if set about wisely.  
 Come, carol-invoked "Merry Gentlemen" all! *Mr. Punch* starts that work! *Gentles, will you assist it?*

MR. CHARLEY says that when he in future addresses an assembly, it will be in some place where "the people most do conger-regate."



## STRANGERS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "WHAT! NOT KNOW *ME*!—OH, THIS MUST BE ALTERED!"





## LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. To Augustus Harris, Esq.

MY DEAR HARRIS,

YOU'RE very busy with your Pantomime, of course, and therefore can't spare any time to go and see pieces, least of all Melodramas, of which, no doubt, you are tired. Of course you are. But why be a Manager and play yourself? I know what you'll of course retort, "If you want a thing well done, NIBBS, do it yourself." Precisely: "A thing"—but not several things; you can't do 'em all, and even now, do you know, I am afraid that our dear BARRETT will beat you hand over hand in sixteen-sheet posters and pictures on the walls of our artistically decorated Metropolis. You're not easily vanquished in that line, but look to your laurels—count them, see they're the right number, as I really think our dear BARRETT has taken more than one leaf out of your laurel book.



ADELPHI.—Final Tableau from "In the Ranks" and Among the Army Files; or, Harlequin Gideon the Fleecer.

However, be that as it may, you are busy night and day, trying on Big Heads, and showing the Harlequin how to do his jump through the shop-front and so forth, and you can't go and see "*In the Ranks*" at the Adelphi, which is the most stirring Melodrama I've witnessed for some considerable time. Why, even CLAUDIAN HERMAN might take a lesson from the construction of this Drama, and benefit by it. It is just the sort of thing I like, and, mind you, it is just the sort of thing the Public likes. Of course, you will be delighted to hear that the Adelphi was crowded. The audience was remarkably intelligent; not the hypercritical, cynical, falsely-enthusiastic audience which comes out for one night only, and that "the first night," but an ordinary any-night-you-like's audience, settling down to the story from the moment it began, becoming so deeply interested in the movements of the personages in the Drama that they wept with Miss ISABEL BATEMAN, the heroine,—they might have wept more if she had only let them,—cheered the unhappy but excellent Mr. WARNER in all his troubles, so that the more he was persecuted the more they cheered and applauded him, just to show that he still had some friends in front, and hissed and hooted both the villains, but especially the darker-dyed of the pair, in so savage a manner, that it seemed to me the Conductor of the Orchestra occupied a post of danger, as, if that mighty Pit had only been tried a little more, they'd have risen in their thousands, swept away the occupants of the Stalls, or carried them with them, and, overwhelming the Musicians, would have wreaked their vengeance on that thorough-paced scoundrel (no words can be too strong for his heartless and unprincipled conduct), Mr. Gideon Blake,—who, as represented by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, has night after night to bow his grateful acknowledgments with a smiling face for this public testimony to his artistic merit. To be hissed heartily for two or three hundred nights must be worth something when it has to be considered in a salary.

The Scenery! Mind you, you managed capitally in your last piece, and so did our WILSON B. in *The Lights of London* and *The Silver King*, but the effects, as a whole, were not a patch on the mechanical changes of *In the Ranks* at the Adelphi. They are wonderful in their succession and variety. My dear HARRIS, if your Pantomime arrangements are not at this late date all complete, you go in for something like this. Outdo it; as with fairies at work on a Drury Lane stage, it must be outdone, or it is not worth doing at all. But very soon Pantomime must devise something new, as it will have been beaten out of the field by the mechanical Stage arrangements for every new melodrama. But, dear me, when this letter appears, crowds will be already besieging your Box-Office, and *Miss Cinderella* will be just "coming out."

The dialogue of *In the Ranks* is thoroughly good. There are no long maundering soliloquies, no sermonising, and just such bits of local colouring as you might expect from your old friends PETTIT-cum-SIMS.

If you can get a spare moment, just go and see *In the Ranks*. I haven't time to mention the Actors: they're all good, specially Mr. JOHN RYDER, who gets shot in the back for being out in Dingley Wood (near Dingley Dell, you know, where the Immortal Pickwickians went out shooting) when he ought to have been in bed, but he turns up again all right in the last Act, and is hailed with cheers,—like the ship which came to the relief of the wreck in the Bay of Biscay,—by his friends the audience. Mr. GARDEN is capital, and so is Mrs. LEIGH. Wishing you success with your Drury Lane Annual,  
I am your devoted NIBBS.

## FLUTTERING A COLOMBIER.

MADAME (or Mademoiselle?) SARAH BERNHARDT has not been much before the public lately. To remedy this, "une ancienne actrice," one Mlle. MARIE COLOMBIER, wrote and published about her what *Le Figaro* calls "un abominable livre." Its preface led to a duel between two gentlemen, and the book itself so riled SARAH, that, unable to suppress the publication or to repress her rage, she visited the ex-actress's rooms, and proved herself a considerable ex-actress by exacting payment in full for what seems to have been a most scurrilous attack.

The unhappy Dove-cottager, Mlle. COLOMBIER, flew from room to room, pursued by the infuriated SARAH, who had commenced the interview by walking up to her, addressing her with "quelques épithètes dépourvues d'aménité," and following these up with a "violent coup de cravache" full in the face. Then chairs, tables, stools, and fauteuils were sent flying, visitors being present joined in the row, until the ancienne Actrice was thoroughly "en retraite," and had succeeded in retiring altogether, by the back-stairs, from the scene of so many striking situations. Then SARAH "épuisée, mais vengée," quitted the house, leaving the cravache as a trifling memento of her visit for Mlle. COLOMBIER. Thus ended the new dramatic adaptation of *The Ladies' Battle*, and in an hour afterwards SARAH was playing at the Porte St. Martin in the new Drama (apparently of the old Astleyan type), called *Nana Sahib*, in which two historical English characters, "Lord WISLEY" and "Lord EDWARDS," seem to have distinguished themselves greatly.

## LITERÆ HUMANIORES!

FIRE by the remarkable success that has attended his latest epistolary triumph,—a letter addressed to an August and Royal Personage,—the Great Philosopher of Humanity has just posted the following:—

The Emperor of GERMANY has often manifested symptoms of light-headedness. The Emperor of GERMANY will restore Alsace and Lorraine, and the head of BISMARCK in a hamper, to the Republic, and return the indemnity in a cheque, payable to bearer (addressed, under cover, to VICTOR HUGO), and, without making further inquiries, deserve all the profound thanks he can get from the civilised world.

The Emperor of CHINA is an infinitely bigger fool than he looks. The Emperor of CHINA will give and bequeath Tonquin, Dublin, Bachnin, Mongolia, California, Sugar Candy, the two Tasmanias, and the Gulf of Brechin to France (in trust for VICTOR HUGO), and defray the entire costs of the transaction as charged by his (VICTOR HUGO's) civilised Solicitor.

A MOST generous subscriber to *Truth's* fund for the children in Hospitals and Workhouses sent Mr. LABOUCHERE five thousand sixpences for distribution on Christmas Day. He simply signed himself "A FRIEND." May he never be "A Friend in need!" Happening to mention this fact to a real Friend in need, he at once said, "If the same Gentleman will send me a similar amount, or double, I will invest it for the dear little ones in—Turkish, until they've grown up." We don't think this generous offer will be jumped at; but if it is, 85, Fleet Street, is the address.

SEASONABLE ACTING CHARADE.—(Entered at Stationer's Hall.)—What simple flowers suggest the idea of a diary? And the Respondent will answer in action thus: first he will, as if pondering, utter,—"Fy";—then, as if he had suddenly hit upon the solution, he will exclaim "O!"—and lastly, he will name the diary "*Letts*."

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—The Question whether Mr. HORTON should or should not be appointed Examiner in Theology may be stated by another rendering of "To be or not to be"—i.e., "*Hori'un or H'oughtn't'un!*"

ALL HANDS TO THE—  
CLOCK!

We read the following paragraph in the *Daily News* the other morning, as we were taking our breakfast:—

"This morning the new Clock at the Law Courts (opposite Temple Bar) will be formally handed over to the Commissioners of the Office of Works and Public Buildings by Messrs. GILLET & Co., of Croydon, who have erected it. The Clock will be started at 11:30 by Messrs. BLOOMFIELD AND STREET, the Architects to the Royal Courts of Justice."

We were particularly careful not to "take a walk down Fleet Street" that morning. We trust the Commissioners were strong enough to hold the Clock when it was "handed over," and we are anxious to know where it got to after it was started by Messrs. BLOOMFIELD AND STREET. Did they start it with a flag, after the manner of the great MAC-GEORGE of Epsom Downs? Did they sing a merry little ditty—

Dickory, dickory dock!  
We've started the Law Courts'  
Clock!

'Tis bound to go, say GILLET  
& Co.

Dickory, dickory, dock!

We trust there were no serious accidents in consequence of these horological sports.

**BARNUMEROUS RUMOUR.**—It is said the great PHINEAS THE FIRST, Emperor of Showmen, is coming to London in the Spring with a White Elephant. Is it possible that it may turn out to be our old friend *Jumbo* whitewashed? The great mind that conceived the sublime idea of "WASHINGTON'S Nurse" forty years ago, is equal to any little practical jokes in the present day.

## PUNCH'S FANCY 'PORTRAITS.—No. 168.



THE "AMERICAN EVENING STAR."

MISS ANDERSON, BY JOVE! JAUN-  
-DIOED CRITICS MAY FROWN AT YOU,  
BUT YOU'RE THE LOVELY STATUE,  
MISS ANDERSON, BY JOVE!

TRAVELLING MADE  
EASY.

FROM London to Nice an easy way of going, *via* Chatham and Dover line, which we see advertises arrangements with sleeping-cars and through Express from Calais, which is delightful travelling; but the best of it all, specially at this season of the year, is the fact that the starting-hour from Victoria Station is 10 A.M. None of your getting up by gaslight shivery-shakery and anathematising everybody, L. C. and D. included; no wretched going-to-be-hung sort of breakfast; no forgetting everything at the last moment because you're half asleep; no up-all-last-night kind of feeling; and, in fact, misery generally; also, no certainty of indigestion and discomfort on board the steamer in the cold, damp, dark night, when the horrors of the situation are trebled consequent upon travelling by an after-dinner train in the evening, but a quiet, comfortable breakfast at a reasonable hour, and a fair start with all your wits about you, a cigar and the morning papers to occupy you for an hour or so *en route*, a fresh morning on the coast, perhaps calm, but most probably sunny, and then arriving at Calais in the very nick of time for the excellent luncheon that that first-rate buffet invariably provides. "Easy come, easy go," sounds like the motto for this Christmas Service, which takes place every Wednesday and Saturday. Brayvo, L. C. and D.!

"My Aunt, Lady GORGER-  
ANT," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,  
"is a believer in ghosts. In-  
deed she is the most supposi-  
tious old lady I ever knew."

## A PLEA FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE cynics have sneered at all Christmas tradition,  
And told us the time for festivity's fled,  
With pitiless pens they explain our position,  
In eager agreement that Christmas is dead.  
They say that a person of culture it sickens,  
To hear of the season in prose or in rhymes,  
That Christmas was simply invented by DICKENS,  
And went out of fashion with tales like *The Chimes*.

They'd banish all talk of the festival season,  
And rather remind us of duns and of bills,  
They hold that the Yuletide should offer no reason,  
For pleasant oblivion of sorrows and ills.  
They write in fine scorn of all social enjoyment,  
And vow that big dinners we ought to forsake,  
In short every year many pens find employment,  
In proving that Christmas is quite a mistake.

But is it? Go ask of the children who measure  
The time till the day when they're set free from school,  
They'll tell you be sure that they still can take pleasure,  
In all the delights and amusements of Yule.  
For them let the bright tree with presents be laden,  
For them let the holly adorn all the house,

While every small man and each miniature maiden,  
Will hang out a stocking for kind Santa Claus.

And as for the old folks, why pile on the splinter  
Of beechwood, and gather your friends one and all,  
Time was we wot well when this feast day of winter,  
Made rich and poor mingle in cottage and hall.  
So bring in the Yule log and fill up the flagon,  
Though storms roar without, we will feast on this night,  
And yonder the young ones shall play at snapdragon,  
Or blush 'neath the mistletoe berries so bright.

Away then with sneers, be it ours to endeavour,  
To keep the dear season as folks did of old;  
The fame of the Yuletide shall live on for ever,  
With warm hearts within, though the winter be cold.  
'Tis well in a wearisome world to remember,  
That holiday time may be ours now and then,  
And one day must come in each dreary December,  
Of peace upon earth and good will towards men!

THAT's a quaint-looking Christmas collection of verse and prose brought out by Mr. AUGUSTUS MOORE, and called *Walnuts and Wine*. The contents are as attractive as the originals in the title, and, thank goodness, far easier of digestion.



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